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THE WORKS
OF
SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

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THE WORKS
OF
SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

WITH A
PREFATORY CHAPTER OF BIOGRAPHICAL CRITICISM

BY
LESLIE STEPHEN.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. XI.

HENRY SOTHERAN & CO.,

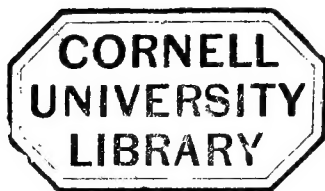
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THE HISTORY
OF
SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. .

In a Series of Letters.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

HENRY SOTHERAN & CO.,
LONDON: 136 STRAND—36 PICCADILLY.
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MDCCCLXXXIII.

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THE HISTORY

OF

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, BART.

LETTER I.

7 *Miss Byron.—In continuation.*

Saturday Night, April 9.

SIR CHARLES is already returned! he arrived at Windsor on Friday morning; but found that Lord W—— had set out the afternoon of the day before, for the house of his friend Sir Joseph Lawrence, which is but fifteen miles from Mansfield House.

Upon this intelligence, Sir Charles, wanting to return to town as soon as he could, followed him to the knight's: and having time enough himself to reach Mansfield House that night, he, by his uncle's consent, pursued his journey thither to the great joy of the family, who wished for his personal introduction of my lord to Miss Mansfield.

My lord arrived by breakfast-time, unfatigued, and in high spirits: stayed at Mansfield House all day; and promised so to manage as to be in town to-morrow, in order to be present at his niece's nuptials on Tuesday.

As for Sir Charles, he made the Mansfield family happy in his company the whole Friday evening; inquiring into their affairs relating to the oppression they lay under; pointing out measures for redress; encouraging Miss Mansfield; and informing the brothers, that the lawyers he had consulted on their deeds, told him, that a new trial might

be hoped for ; the result of which, probably, would be a means to do them justice, so powerfully protected and assisted as they would be now ; for new lights had broken in upon them, and they wanted but to recover a deed, which they understood was in the hands of two gentlemen, named Hartley, who were but lately returned from the Indies. Thus prepared, the Mansfields also were in high spirits the next morning ; and looked, Sir Charles said, on each other, when they met, as if they wanted to tell each other their agreeable dreams.

Sir Charles, in his way, had looked in upon Sir Harry Beauchamp and his lady. He found Sir Harry in high spirits expecting the arrival of his son ; who was actually landed from Calais, having met there his father's letter, allowing him to return to England, and wishing in his own, and in Lady Beauchamp's name, his speedy arrival.

Sir Charles's impatience to see his friend, permitted him only to breakfast with my lord and the Mansfields ; and to know the opinion each party formed of the other, on this first interview ; and then he set out to Sir Harry Beauchamp's. What an activity !—Heaven reward him with the grant of his own wishes, whatever they be, and make him the happiest of men !

My lord is greatly taken with the lady, and her whole family. Well he may, Sir Charles says. He blessed him, and called himself blessed in his sister's son for his recommendation of each to the other. The lady thinks better of him, as her mother owed to Sir Charles, than she thought she should, from report.

I begin to think, Lucy, that those who set out for happiness, are most likely to find it, when they live single till the age of *fancy* is over. Those who marry while it lasts, are often disappointed of that which they propose so largely to themselves : while those who wed for convenience, and deal with tolerable honesty by each other, are at a greater certainty. *Tolerable*, I repeat, since, it seems, we are to expect that both parties will turn the best side of the old garment outward. Hence arises consolation to old maidens, and cautions against precipitation.—Expatiate, my dear, on this fruitful subject : I would, were I at leisure.

Sir Charles says, that he doubts not but Lord W—— will be as happy a man as he wishes to be, in less than a month.

The deuce is in this brother of mine, whispered Miss Grandison to me, for huddling up of marriages! He don't consider, that there may be two chances for one, that his honest folks may, in half a year's time, bless him the contrary way.

Sir Charles told us that he had desired Lord W—— to give out everywhere (that the adversaries of the Mansfield family might know it) his intended alliance; and that he and his nephew were both determined to procure a retrospection of all former proceedings.

Sir Charles got to Sir Harry Beauchamp's a little before his friend arrived. Sir Harry took him aside at his alighting, and told him, that Lady Beauchamp had had clouds on her brow all the day; and, he was afraid would not receive his son with the graciousness that once he hoped for from her: but that he left *him* to manage with her. She never, said he, had so high an opinion either of man or woman as she has of you.

Sir Charles addressed himself to her, as not doubting her goodness upon the foot of their former conversation; and praised her for the graces that however appeared but faintly in her countenance till his compliments lighted them up, and made them shine full out in it. He told her that his sister and Lord G—— were to be married on the following Tuesday. He himself, he said, should set out for Paris on Friday after: but hoped to see a family intimacy begun between his sisters and Lady Beauchamp; and between their lords, and Sir Harry, and Mr. Beauchamp. He applauded her on the generosity of her intentions, as declared to him in their former conference; and congratulated her on the power she had, of which she made so noble a use, of laying at the same time an obligation on the tenderest of husbands, and the most deserving of sons: whose duty to her he engaged for.

All this set her in high good humour; and she took to herself, and *bridled* upon it, to express myself in Charlotte's manner, the praises and graces this adroit manager gave her, as if they were her unquestionable due.

This agreeable way they were all in, Sir Harry transported with his lady's goodness, when Mr. Beauchamp arrived.

The young gentleman bent his knee to his stepmother, as well as to his father; and thanked her for the high favours which, his father had signified to him by letter, he owed to her goodness. She confirmed them; but, Sir Charles observed, with an ostentation that showed she thought very highly of her own generosity.

They had a very cheerful evening. Not one cloud would hang on Lady Beauchamp's brow, though once or twice it seemed a little overshadowed, as Mr. Beauchamp displayed qualities for which his father was too ready to admire him. Sir Charles thought it necessary to caution Sir Harry on this subject; putting it in this light, that Lady Beauchamp loved her husband so well, that she would be too likely to dread a rivalry in his affections from a son so very accomplished. Sir Harry took the hint kindly.

Mr. Beauchamp was under a good deal of concern at Sir Charles's engagements to leave England so soon after his arrival; and asked his father's leave to attend him. Sir Harry declared that he could not part with him. Sir Charles chid his friend, and said, it was not quite so handsome a return as might have been expected from his Beauchamp to the joyful reception he had met with from his father and Lady Beauchamp. But she excused the young gentleman, and said, she wondered not, that anybody who was favoured with *his* friendship, should be unwilling to be separated from him.

Sir Charles expresses great satisfaction in Mr. Beauchamp's being arrived before his departure, that he may present to us himself, a man with whom he is sure we shall all be delighted, and leave *him* happy in the beloved society which he himself is obliged to quit.

A repining temper, Lucy, would consider only the hardship of meeting a long absent friend, just to feel the uneasiness of a second parting: but this man views everything in a right light. When his own happiness is not to be attained, he lays it out of his thoughts, and, as I have heretofore observed, rejoices in that of others. It is a pleasure to see

how Sir Charles seems to enjoy the love which Dr. Bartlett expresses for this friend of them both.

Sir Charles addressed himself to me, on several occasions, in so polite, in so tender a manner, that every one told me afterwards, they are sure he loves me. Dr. Bartlett at the time, as he sat next me, whispered on the regret expressed by all on losing him so soon—Ah, madam!—I know and pity my patron's struggles!—*Struggles*, Lucy! What could the doctor mean by this whisper to *me*? But I hope he guesses not at mine! If he does, would he have whispered his pity of Sir Charles to me?—Come, Lucy, this is some comfort, however; and I will endeavour to be brave upon it, that I may not, by my weakness, lessen myself in the doctor's good opinion.

It was agreed for Charlotte (whose assent was given in these words—'Do as you will—or, rather, as my brother will—What signifies opposing *him*?') that the nuptials shall be solemnised, as privately as possible, at St. George's Church. The company is to drop in at different doors, and with as few attendants as may be. Lord W——, the Earl of G——, and Lady Gertrude, Lord and Lady L——, Miss Jervois, and your Harriet, are to be present at the ceremony. I was very earnest to be excused; till Miss Grandison, when we were alone, dropt down on one knee, and held up her hands, to beg me to accompany her. Mr. Everard Grandison; if he can be found, is to be also there at Sir Charles's desire.

Dr. Bartlett, as I before hinted, at *her* earnest request, is to perform the ceremony. Sir Charles wished it to be at his own parish church: but Miss Grandison thought it too near to be private. He was indifferent, as to the place, he said—so it was at *church*; for he had been told of the difficulty we had to get Charlotte to desist from having it performed in her chamber; and seemed surprised.—Fie, Charlotte! said he—an office so solemn!—vows to receive and pay, as in the Divine Presence——

She was glad, she told me, that she had not left that battle to be fought with *him*.

—o—

Monday, April 10.

LORD W—— is come. Lord and Lady L—— are here, They, and Miss Grandison, received him with great respect.

He embraced his niece in a very affectionate manner. Sir Charles was absent. Lord W—— is in person and behaviour a much more agreeable man than I expected him to be. Nor is he so decrepit with the gout, as I had supposed. He is very careful of himself, it seems. This world has been kind to him; and I fancy he makes a great deal of a little pain, for want of stronger exercises to his patience; and so is a sufferer by self-indulgence. Had I not been made acquainted with his free living, and with the insults he bore from Mrs. Giffard, with a spirit so poor and so low, I should have believed I saw not only the man of quality, but the man of sense, in his countenance. I endeavoured, however, as much as I could, to look upon him as the brother of the late Lady Grandison. Had he been worthy of that relation, how should I have revered him!

But, whatever I thought of *him*, he expressed himself highly in *my* favour. He particularly praised me for the modesty which he said was visible in my countenance. Free livers, Lucy, taken with that grace in a woman, which they make it their pride to destroy! But all men, good and bad, admire modesty in a woman; and I am sometimes out of humour with our sex that they do not as generally like modesty in men. I am sure that this grace in Sir Charles Grandison is one of his principal glories with me. It emboldens one's heart, and permits one to behave before him with ease; and, as I may say, with *security*, in the consciousness of a right intention.

But what were Lord W——'s praises of his nephew! He called him, the glory of his sex and of human nature. How the cheeks of the dear Emily glowed at the praises given to her guardian!—She was the taller for them: when she moved, it was on tip-toe; stealing, as it were, across the floor, lest she should lose anything that was said on a subject so delightful to her.

My lord was also greatly pleased with her. He complimented her as the beloved ward of the best of guardians. He lamented, with us, the occasion that called his nephew abroad. He was full of his own engagements with Miss Mansfield, and declared that his nephew should guide and govern him as he pleased in every material case, respecting

either the conduct of his future life, or the management and disposition of his estate; adding, that he had made his will, and, excepting only his lady's jointure, and a few legacies, had left everything to him.

How right a thing, even in policy, is it, my dear, to be good and generous!

I must not forget, that my lord wished, *with all his soul*, that was his expression, that he might have the honour of giving to his nephew *my* hand in marriage.

I could feel myself blush. I half suppressed a sigh: I would have wholly suppressed it, if I could. I recovered the little confusion, his too plainly expressed wish gave me, by repeating to myself the word CLEMENTINA.

This Charlotte is a great coward. But I dare not tell her so, for fear of a retort. I believe I should be as great a one in her circumstances, so few hours to one of the greatest events of one's life! But I *pretend* not to bravery: yet hope, that in the cause of virtue or honour I should be found to have a soul.

I write now at my cousin's. I came hither to make an alteration in my dress. I have promised to be with the sweet Bully early in the morning of her important day.

—o—

LETTER II.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

*Tuesday Night, }
Wednesday Morning, } April 11, 12.*

MISS GRANDISON is no longer to be called by that name. She is Lady G——. May she make Lord G—— as happy as I dare say he will make her, if it be not her own fault!

I was early with her, according to promise. I found her more affected than she was even last night with her approaching change of condition. Her brother had been talking to her, she said; and had laid down the duties of the state she was about to enter into, in such a serious manner, and made the performance of them of so much importance to her happiness, both here and hereafter, that she was terrified at the thoughts of what she was about to undertake. She had

never considered matrimony in that formidable light before. He had told her, that he was afraid of her vivacity; yet was loath to discourage her cheerfulness, or to say anything that should lower her spirits. All he besought of her was, to regard times, tempers, and occasions; and then it would be impossible but her lively humour must give delight not only to the man whom she favoured with her hand, but to every one who had the pleasure of approaching her. If, Charlotte, said he, you would have the world around you respect your husband, *you* must set the example. While the wife gives the least room to suspect that she despises her husband, she will find that she subjects him to double contempt, if he resents it not; and if he does, can you be happy? Aggressors lay themselves open to severe reprisals. If you differ, you will be apt to make by-standers judges over you. They will remember, when you are willing to forget; and your fame will be the sport of those beneath you, as well in understanding as degree.

She believed, she told me, that Lord G—— had been making some complaints of her. *If he had——*

Hush, my dear, said I—not one word of threatening: are you more solicitous to conceal your fault than to amend it?

No—but you know, Harriet, for a man, before he has experienced what sort of a wife I shall make, to complain against me for foibles in courtship, when he can help himself if he *will*, has something so very little——

Your conscience, Charlotte, tells you, that he had *reason* for complaint; and therefore you think he *has* complained. Think the best of Lord G—— for *your own* reputation's sake, since you thought fit to go thus far with him. You have borne nothing from *him*: he has borne a great deal from *you*.

I am fretful, Harriet; I won't be chidden: I will be comforted by you: you *shall* sooth me: are you not my sister? She threw her arms around me, and kissed my cheek.

I ventured to rally her, though I was afraid of her retort, and met with it: but I thought it would divert her. I am glad, my dear, said I, that you are capable of this tenderness of temper: you blustering girls—but fear, I believe, will make cowards loving.

Harriet, said she, and flung from me to the window,

remember *this*: may I soon see you in the same situation! I will then have no mercy upon you.

The subject, which Sir Charles led to at breakfast, was the three weddings of Thursday last. He spoke honourably of marriage, and made some just compliments to Lord and Lady L——; concluding them with wishes, that his sister Charlotte and Lord G—— might be neither more nor less happy than they were. Then turning to Lord W——, he said he questioned not his lordship's happiness with the lady he had so lately seen; for I cannot doubt, said he, of your lordship's affectionate gratitude to her, if she behaves as I am sure she will.

My lord had tears in his eyes. Never man had such a nephew as I have, said he. All the joy of my present prospects, all the comforts of my future life, are and will be owing to you.

Here had he stopt, it would have been well: but turning to me, he unexpectedly said, Would to God, madam, that *you* could reward him! I cannot; and nobody *else* can.

All were alarmed for me; every eye was upon me. A sickishness came over my heart—I know not how to describe it. My head sunk upon my bosom. I could hardly sit; yet was less able to rise.

Sir Charles's face was overspread with blushes. He bowed to my lord. May the man, said he, who shall have the honour to call Miss Byron his, be, if *possible*, as deserving as *she* is! Then will they live together the life of angels.

He gracefully looked down; not at me; and I got a little courage to look up: yet Lady L—— was concerned for me: so was Lord L——: Emily's eye dropt a tear upon her blushing cheek.

Was it not, Lucy, a severe trial?—Indeed it was.

My lord, to mend the matter, lamented very pathetically, that Sir Charles was under an obligation to go abroad; and still more, that he could not stay to be present at the celebration of his nuptials with Miss Mansfield.

The Earl, Lord G——, Lady Gertrude, and the doctor, were to meet the bride and us at church. Lord and Lady L——, Sir Charles, and Emily, went in one coach: Miss Grandison and I in another.

As we went, I don't like this affair at all, Harriet, said she. My brother has long made all other men indifferent to me. Such an infinite difference!

Can anybody be happier than Lord and Lady L——, Charlotte? Yet Lady L—— admires her brother as much as you can do.

They happy!—and so they are. But Lady L——, soft soul! fell in love with Lord L—— before my brother came over. So the foundation was laid: and it being a first flame with her, she, in compliment to *herself*, could not but persevere. But the sorry creature Anderson, proving a sorry creature, made me despise the sex: and my brother's perfections contributed to my contempt of all other men.

Indeed, my dear, you are wrong. Lord G—— loves you: but were Sir Charles *not* your brother, it is not very certain that he would have returned your love.

Why, that's true. I believe he would not, in that case, have chosen *me*. I am sure he would not, if he had known *you*: but for the man one loves, one can *do* anything, *be* everything, that he would wish one to be.

Do you think you cannot love Lord G——? For Heaven's sake, Charlotte, though you are now almost within sight of the church, do not think of giving your hand, if you cannot resolve to make Lord G—— as happy as I have no doubt he will make you, if it be not your own fault.

What will my brother say?—What will——

Leave that to me. I will engage Sir Charles and Dr. Bartlett to lend me their ear in the vestry; and I am sure your brother, if he knows that you have an antipathy to Lord G——, or that you think you cannot be happy with him, will undertake your cause, and bring you off.

Antipathy! That's a strong word, Harriet. The man is a good-natured silly man——

Silly! Charlotte!—Silly then he must be for loving you so well, who, really, have never yet given him an opportunity to show his importance with you.

I do pity him sometimes.

The coach stopt:—Ah, Lord! Harriet! The church! The church!

Say, Charlotte, before you step out—shall I speak to your brother, and Dr. Bartlett, in the vestry?

I shall look like a fool either way.

Don't *act* like one, Charlotte, on this solemn occasion. Say, you will deserve, that you will *try* to deserve, Lord G——'s love.

Sir Charles appeared. Lord help me!—My brother!—I'll try, I'll try what can be done.

He gave each his hand in turn: in we flew: the people began to gather about us. Lord G——, all rapture, received her at the entrance. Sir Charles led me: and the Earl and Lady Gertrude received us with joy in their countenances. I overheard the naughty one say, as Lord G—— led her up to the altar, You don't know what you are about, man. I expect to have all my way: remember that's one of my articles before marriage.

He returned her an answer of fond assent to her condition. I am afraid, thought I, poor Lord G——, you will be more than *once* reminded of this previous article.

When she was led to the altar, and Lord G—— and she stood together, she trembled. Leave me not, Harriet, said she.—Brother! Lady L——!

I am sure she looked *sillier* than Lord G—— at that instant.

The good doctor began the office. *No dearly beloveds*, Harriet! whispered she, as I had said, on a really terrible occasion. I was offended with her in my heart: again, she whispered something against the office, as the doctor proceeded to give the reasons for the institution. Her levity did not forsake her even at that solemn moment.

When the service was over, every one (Sir Charles in a solemn and most affectionate manner) wished her happy. My Lord G—— kissed her hand with a bent knee.

She took my hand. Ah! Lord, what have I done?—And am I married? whispered she—and can it never be undone?—And is that the man to whom I am to be obedient?—Is *he* to be my lord and master?

Ah, Lady G——, said I, it is a solemn office. *You* have vowed: *he* has vowed.—It is a solemn office.

Lord G—— led her to the first coach. Sir Charles led me into the same. The people, to my great confusion, whispered,

That's the bride! What a charming couple! Sir Charles handed Miss Emily next. Lord G—— came in: as he was entering, Harkee, friend, said Charlotte, and put out her hand, you mistake the coach: you are not of our company.

The whole world, replied my lord, shall not now divide us: and took his seat on the same side with Emily.

The man's a rogue, Harriet, whispered she: See! he gives himself airs already!

This, said Lord G——, as the coach drove on, taking one hand, and eagerly kissing it, is the hand that blessed me.

And that, said she, pushing him from her with the other, is the hand that repulses your forwardness. What came you in here for?—Don't be silly.

He was in raptures all the way.

When we came home, every one embraced and wished joy to the bride. The Earl and Lady Gertrude were in high spirits. The lady re-saluted her niece, as her *dear* niece: the earl recognised his beloved daughter.

But prepare to hear a noble action of Lord W——.

When he came up to compliment her—My dearest niece, said he, I wish you joy with all my soul! I have not been a kind uncle. There is no fastening anything on your brother. Accept of this: [and he put a little paper into her hand—it was a bank note of 1000*l.*:] *My* sister's daughter, and *your* brother's sister, merits more than this.

Was not this handsomely presented, Lucy?

He then in a manner becoming Lady Grandison's brother, stepped to Lady L——. My niece Charlotte is not my *only* niece. I wish you, my dear, as if this was *your* day of marriage, all happiness: accept these two papers: [the one, Lucy, was a note for 1000*l.* and the other for 100*l.*:] and he said, The lesser note is due to you for interest on the greater.

When the ladies opened their notes, and saw what they were, they were at first at a loss what to say.

It was most gracefully done. But see, Lucy, the example of a good and generous man can sometimes alter natures; and covetous men, I have heard it observed, when, their hearts are opened, often act nobly.

As soon as Lady G—— (so now I must call her) recovered herself from the surprise into which my lord's present and

address had put her, she went to him: Allow me, my lord, said she, and bent one knee to him, to crave your blessing: and at the same time to thank you for your paternal present to your ever obliged Charlotte.

God bless you, my dear! saluting her—but thank your noble brother: you delight me with your graceful acceptance.

Lady L—— came up. My lord, you overcome me by your bounty.—How shall I——

Your brother's princely spirit, Lady L——, said he, makes this present look mean. Forgive me only, that it was not done before. And he saluted her.

Lord L—— came up. Lady L—— showed him the opened notes—See here, my lord, said she, what Lord W—— has done: and he calls this the interest due on that.

Your lordship oppresses me with your goodness to your niece, said Lord L——. May health, long life, and happiness, attend you in your own nuptials!

There, there, said Lord W——, pointing to Sir Charles (who had withdrawn, and then entered), make your acknowledgment; his noble spirit has awakened mine; it was only asleep. My late sister's brother wanted but the force of such an example. That son is all his mother.

Sir Charles joining them, having heard only the last words—If I am thought a son not unworthy of the most excellent of mothers, said he, and by *her* brother, I am happy.

Then you *are* happy, replied my lord.

Her memory, resumed Sir Charles, I cherish; and when I have been tempted to forget myself, that memory has been a means of keeping me steady in my duty. Her precepts, my lord, were the guide of my early youth. Had I not kept them in mind, how much more blamable than most young men had I been!—My Charlotte! have that mother in your memory, on this great change of your condition! You will not be called to her trials.—His eyes glistened. Tender be our remembrance of my father.—Charlotte, be worthy of your mother.

He withdrew with an air *so* noble!—but soon returning, with a cheerful look, he was told what Lord W—— had done.—Your lordship was *before*, said he, entitled to our duty, by the ties of blood: but what is the relation of body to that of

mind? You have bound me for my sisters, and that still more by the manner than by the act, in a bond of gratitude that never can be broken!

Thank yourself, thank yourself, my noble nephew.

Encourage, my lord, a family intimacy between your lady and her nieces and nephew. You will be delighted, my sisters, with Miss Mansfield; but when she obliges my lord with her hand, you will reverence your aunt. I shall have a pleasure, when I am far distant, in contemplating the family union. Your lordship must let me know your day in time; and I will be joyful upon it, whatever of a contrary nature I may have to struggle with on my own account.

My lord wept—My *lord* wept, did I say?—Not *one* of us had a dry eye!—This was a solemn scene, you will say, for a wedding-day: but how delightfully do such scenes dilate the heart!

The day, however, was not forgotten as a day of festivity. Sir Charles himself, by his vivacity and openness of countenance, made every one joyful: and, except that now and then a sigh, which could not be checked, stole from some of us, to think that he would so soon be in another country (far distant from the friends he now made happy), and engaged in difficulties, perhaps in dangers, every heart was present to the occasion of the day.

O Charlotte! Dear Lady G——! Hitherto it is in your power to make every *future* day worthy of *this*!—‘Have your mother, your noble mother, in your memory, ‘my dear,’ and give credit to the approbation of such a brother.

I should have told you, that my cousins Reeves came about two, and were received with the utmost politeness by everybody.

Sir Charles was called out just before dinner; and returned introducing a young gentleman, dressed as if for the day—This is an earlier favour than I had hoped for, said Sir Charles; and leading him to Lady G——. This, sir, is the queen of the day. My dear Lady G——, welcome (the house is yours—welcome) the man I love: welcome my Beauchamp.

Every one, except Emily and me, crowded about Mr.

Beauchamp, as Sir Charles's avowedly beloved friend, and bid him cordially welcome; Sir Charles presenting him to each by name.

Then leading him to me—I am half ashamed, Lucy, to repeat—but take it as he spoke it—Revere, said he, my dear friend, that excellent young lady: but let not your admiration stop at her face and person: she has a mind as exalted, my Beauchamp, as your own: Miss Byron, in honour to my sister, and to us all, has gilded this day by her presence.

Mr. Beauchamp approached me with polite respect. The lady whom Sir Charles Grandison admires, as he does you, madam, must be the first of women.

I might have said, that he, who was so eminently distinguished as the friend of Sir Charles Grandison, must be a most valuable man: but my spirits were not high. I courtesied to his compliment; and was silent.

Sir Charles presented Emily to him.—My Emily, Beauchamp. I hope to live to see her happily married. The man whose heart is but half so worthy as hers, must be an excellent man.

Modesty might look up, and be sensible to compliments from the lips of such a man. Emily looked at me with pleasure, as if she had said, Do you hear, Madam, what a fine thing my guardian has said of me?

Sir Charles asked Mr. Beauchamp, how he stood with my Lady Beauchamp?

Very well, answered he. After such an introduction as you had given me to her, I must have been to blame, had I *not*. She is my father's wife: I must respect her, were she ever so unkind to me: she is not without good qualities. Were every family so happy as to have Sir Charles Grandison for a mediator when misunderstandings happened, there would be very few lasting differences among relations. My father and mother tell me, that they never sit down to table together but they bless you: and to me they have talked of nobody else: but Lady Beauchamp depends upon your promise of making her acquainted with the ladies of your family.

My sisters, and their lords, will do honour to my promise in my absence. Lady L——, Lady G——, let me recom-

mend to you Lady Beauchamp as more than a common visiting acquaintance. Do you, sir, to Mr. Beauchamp, see it cultivated.

Mr. Beauchamp is an agreeable, and, when Sir Charles Grandison is not in company, a handsome and genteel man. I think, my dear, that I do but the same justice that everybody would do, in this exception. He is cheerful, lively, yet modest, and not too full of words. One sees both love and respect in every look he casts upon his friend; and that he is delighted when he hears him speak, be the subject what it will.

He once said to Lord W——, who praised his nephew to him, as he does to everybody near him: The universal voice, my lord, is in his favour wherever he goes. Every one joins almost in the *same* words, in different countries, allowing for the different languages, that for sweetness of manners, and manly dignity, he hardly ever had his equal.

Sir Charles was then engaged in talk with his Emily; she before him; he standing in an easy genteel attitude, leaning against the wainscot, listening, smiling to her prattle, with looks of indulgent love, as a father might do to a child he was fond of; while she looked back every now and then towards me, *so* proud, poor dear! of being singled out by her guardian.

She tript to me afterwards, and, leaning over my shoulder, as I sat, whispered—I have been begging of my guardian to use his interest with you, madam, to take me down with you to Northamptonshire.

And what is the result?

She paused.

Has he denied your request?

No, madam.

Has he allowed you to go, my dear, if I comply, turning half round to her with pleasure.

She paused, and seemed at a loss. I repeated my question.

Why, no, he has not consented neither—but he said such charming things, so obliging, so kind, both of you and of me, that I forgot to repeat my question, though it was so near my heart: but I will ask him again.

And thus, Lucy, can he decline complying, and yet send away a requester so much delighted with him, as to forget what her request was.

Miss Grandison—Lady G——, I would say—singled me out soon after—This Beauchamp is really a very pretty fellow, Harriet.

He is an agreeable man, answered I.

So I think.

She said no more of him at that time.

Between dinner and tea, at Lady L——'s motion, they made me play on the harpsichord; and, after one lesson, they besought Sir Charles to sing to my playing. He would not, he said, deny any request that was made him on that day.

He sung. He has a mellow manly voice, and great command of it.

This introduced a little concert. Mr. Beauchamp took the violin; Lord L—— the bass-viol; Lord G—— the German flute; and most of the company joined in the chorus. The song was from 'Alexander's Feast:' the words;

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the *good* deserves the fair:

Sir Charles, though himself equally *brave* and *good*, preferring the latter word to the former.

Lady L—— had always insisted upon dancing at her sister's wedding. We were not company enough for country dances: but music having been ordered, and the performers come, it was insisted upon that we should have a dance, though we were engaged in a conversation, which I thought infinitely more agreeable.

Lord G—— began by dancing a minuet with his bride: she danced charmingly! but, on my telling her so afterwards, she whispered me that she should have performed better had she danced with her brother. Lord G—— danced extremely well.

Lord L—— and Lady Gertrude, Mr. Beauchamp and Mrs. Reeves, Mr. Reeves and Lady L——, danced all of them very agreeably.

The earl took me out: but we had hardly done, when

asking pardon for disgracing me, as he too modestly expressed himself, he, and all but my cousins and Emily, called out for Sir Charles to dance with me.

I was abashed at the general voice calling upon us both : but it was obeyed.

He deserved all the praises that Miss Gran— Lady G——, I would say, gave him in her letter to me.

Lord bless me, my dear, this man is everything ! but his conversation has ever been among the politest people of different nations.

Lord W—— wished himself able, from his gout, to take out Miss Jervois.

The bridegroom was called upon by Sir Charles : and he took out the good girl, who danced very prettily. I fancied that he chose to call out Lord G—— rather than Mr. Beauchamp. He is the most delicate and considerate of men.

Sir Charles was afterwards called upon by the bride herself : and she danced then with a grace indeed ! I was pleased that she *could* perform so well at her own wedding.

Supper was not ready till twelve. Mr. Reeves's coach came about that hour ; but we got not away till two.

Perhaps the company would not have broke up so soon, had not the bride been perverse, and refused to retire.

Was she not at home ? she asked Lady L——, who was put upon urging her : and should she leave her company ?

She would make me retire with her. She took a very affectionate leave of me.

Marriage, Lucy, is an awful rite. It is supposed to be a joyful solemnity : but, on the woman's side, it can be only so when she is given to the man she loves above all the men in the world ; and, even to *her*, the anniversary day, when doubt is turned into certainty, must be much happier than the day itself.

What a victim must that woman look upon herself to be, who is compelled, or even *over-persuaded*, to give her hand to a man who has no share in her heart ? Ought not a parent or guardian, in such a circumstance, especially if the child has a *delicate*, an *honest* mind, to be chargeable with all the unhappy consequences that may follow from such a cruel compulsion ?

But this is not the case with Miss Grandison. Early she cast her eye on an improper object. Her pride convinced her in time of the impropriety. And this, as she owns, gave her an indifference to all men.

She hates not Lord G——. There is no man whom she prefers to him: and in this respect may, perhaps, be upon a par with eight women out of twelve who marry, and yet make not bad wives.

As she played with her passion till she lost it, she may be happy if she will: and since she intended to be, some time or other, Lady G——, her brother was kind in persuading her to shorten her days of coquetting and teasing, and to allow him to give her to Lord G—— before he went abroad.

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LETTER III.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Wednesday, April 12.

DR. BARTLETT was so good as to breakfast with my cousins and me this morning. He talks of setting out for Grandison Hall on Saturday or Monday next. We have settled a correspondence; and he gives me hope, that he will make me a visit in Northamptonshire. I know you will all rejoice to see him.

Emily came in before the doctor went. She brought me the compliments of the bride and Lord W——, with their earnest request, that I, and my two cousins, would dine with them. Sir Charles was gone, she said, to make a farewell visit to the Danby set; but would be at home at dinner.

It would be better for me, I think, Lucy, to avoid all opportunities of seeing him: don't you think so?—There is no such thing as seeing him with indifference. But, so earnestly invited, how could I deny; especially as my cousins were inclinable to go?

Miss Jervois whispered me at parting: I never before, said she, had an opportunity to observe the behaviour of the new-married couple to each other: but is it customary, madam, for the bride to be more snappish, as the bridegroom is more obliging?

Lady G—— is very naughty, my dear, if she so behaves, as to give you reason to ask this question.

She does: and, upon my word, I see more *obedience* where it was not promised than where it was. Dear madam, is not what is said at church to be thought of *afterwards*? But why did not the doctor make her speak out? What signified bowing, except a woman was so bashful that she *could* not speak?

The bowing, my dear, is an assent. It is as efficacious as words. Lord G—— only bowed, you know. Could you like to be called upon, Emily, to speak out on such an occasion?

Why, no. But then I would be very civil and good-natured to my husband, if it were but for fear he should be cross to me: but I should think it my duty as well.

Sweet innocent!

She went away and left the doctor with me.

When our hearts are set upon a particular subject, how impertinent, how much beside the purpose, do we think every other! I wanted the doctor to talk of Sir Charles Grandison: but as he fell not into the subject, and as I was afraid he would think me to be always leading him into it, if I began it, I suffered him to go away at his first motion: I never knew him so shy upon it, however.

Sir Charles returned to dinner. He has told Lady L——, who afterwards told us, that he had a hint from Mr. Galliard, senior, that if he were not engaged in his affection, he was commissioned to make him a very great proposal in behalf of one of the young ladies he had seen the Thursday before; and that from her father.

Surely, Lucy, we may pronounce without doubt, that we live in an age in which there is a great dearth of good men, that so many offers fall to the lot of one.

But, I am thinking, 'tis no small advantage to Sir Charles, that his time is so taken up that he cannot stay long enough in any company to suffer them to cast their eyes on other objects, with distinction. He left the numerous assembly at Enfield, while they were in the height of their admiration of him. Attention, love, admiration, cannot be always kept at the stretch. You will observe, Lucy, that on the return of a long-absent dear friend, the *rapture* lasts not more than an

hour: gladdened as the heart is, the friend received, and the friends receiving, perhaps, in less than that time, can sit down quietly together, to hear and to tell stories, of what has happened to either in the long regretted absence. It will be so with us, Lucy, when I return to the arms of *my* kind friends: and now, does not Sir Charles's proposed journey to Italy endear his company to us?

The Earl of G——, Lady Gertrude, and two agreeable nieces of that nobleman, were here at dinner. Lady G—— behaved *pretty* well to her lord before them: but I, who understood the language of her eyes, *saw* them talk very saucily to him on several occasions. My lord is a little officious in his obligingness; which takes off from that graceful, that polite frankness, which so charmingly, on all occasions, distinguishes one happy man, who was then present. Lord G—— will, perhaps, appear more to advantage in that person's absence.

Mr. Beauchamp was also present. He is indeed an agreeable, a modest young man. He appeared to great advantage, as well in his conversation, as by his behaviour: and not the less for subscribing in both to the superiority of his friend; who, nevertheless, endeavoured to draw him out as the first man.

After dinner, Lady L——, Lady G——, and I, found an opportunity to be by ourselves for one half-hour. Lady G—— asked Lady L—— what she intended to do with the thousand pounds with which Lord W—— had so generously presented her?—Do with it, my dear!—what do you think I *intend* to do with it?—it is already disposed of.

I'll be hanged, said Lady G——, if this good creature has not given it to her husband.

Indeed, Charlotte, I have. I gave it to him before I slept.

I thought so! She laughed. And Lord L—— took it! Did he?

To be sure he did. I should otherwise have been displeased with him.

Dear, good soul!—And so you gave him a thousand pounds, to take part of it back from him by four or five paltry guineas at a time, at his pleasure?

Lord L—— and I, Charlotte, have but one purse. You may not, perhaps, know how we manage it.

Pray, good, meek, dependent creature! how *do* you manage it?

Thus, Charlotte: My lord knows that his wife and he have but one interest; and, from the first of our happy marriage, he would make me take one key, as he has another, of the private drawer, where his money and money-bills lie. There is a little memorandum-book in the drawer, in which he enters on one page the money he receives; on the opposite, the money he takes out: and, when I want money, I have recourse to my key. If I see but little in the drawer, I am the more moderate; or, perhaps, if my want is not urgent, defer the supplying of it till my lord is richer: but, little or much, I minute down the sum, as he himself does what he takes out: and so we know what we are about; and I never put it out of my lord's power, by my unseasonable expenses, to preserve that custom of his, for which he is as much respected as well served; not to suffer a demand to be twice made upon him where he is a debtor.

Good soul!—And, pray, don't you minute down, too, the *use* to which you put the money you take out?

Indeed I often do: always, indeed, when I take out more than five guineas at one time: I found my lord did so: and I followed the example of my own accord.

Happy pair! said I—O Lady G——, what a charming example is this!—I hope you will follow it.

Thank you, Harriet, for your advice. Why, I can't but say that this is one pretty way of coaxing each other into frugality: but don't you think, that where an honest pair are so *tender* of disobliging, and so *studious* of obliging each other, they seem to confess that the matrimonial good understanding hangs by very slender threads?

And do not the tenderest friendships, said I, hang by *as* slender? Can delicate minds be united to each other but by delicate observances?

Why *thou* art a good soul, too, Harriet!—and so you would both have me make a present to Lord G—— of my thousand pounds before we have chosen our private drawer; before he has got two keys made to it?

Let him know, Charlotte, what Lord L—— and I do, if you think the example worth following—and then——

Ay, and *then* give him my thousand pounds for a beginning, Lady L——? But see you not that this proposal should come from *him* and not from *me*?—And should we not let each other see a little of each other's merits first?

See, *first*, the merits of the man you have actually married, Charlotte!

Yes, Lady L——. But yesterday married, you know. Can there be a greater difference between any two men in the world, than there often is between the same man, a lover and a husband?—And now, my *generous* advisers, be pleased to continue silent. You cannot answer me fairly. And, besides, wot ye not the indelicacy of an early present, which you are not *obliged* to make?

We were both silent, each expecting the other to answer the strange creature.

She laughed at us both. Soft souls, and tender! said she, let me tell you, that there is more indelicacy in delicacy than you *very* delicate people are aware of.

You, Charlotte, said Lady L——, have odder notions than anybody else. Had you been a man you would have been a sad rake.

A rake, perhaps, I might have been; but not a *sad* one, Lady L——.

Lady G—— can't help being witty, said I: it is sometimes *her* misfortune, sometimes *ours*, that she cannot: however, I highly approve of the example set by Lord L——, and followed by Lady L——.

And so do I, Harriet. And when Lord G—— sets the example, I shall—consider of it. I am not a bad economist. Had I *ten* thousand pounds in my hands, I would not be extravagant: had I but one hundred, I would not be mean. I value not money but as it enables me to lay an obligation, instead of being under the necessity of receiving one. I am my mother's daughter, and brother's sister, and *yours*, Lady L——, in this particular; and *yours* too, Harriet: different means may be taken to arrive at the same end. Lord G—— will have no reason to be dissatisfied with my prudence in money matters, although I should not make him one of my best courtesies, as if—as if—(and she laughed; but checking herself)—I were conscious—again she laughed—

that I had signed and sealed to my absolute dependence on his bounty.

What! a mad creature! said Lady L——; but, my Harriet, don't you think that she behaved pretty well to Lord G—— at table?

Yes, answered I, as those would think who observe not her arch looks: but she gave me pain for her several times: and, I believe, her brother was not without his apprehensions.

He had his eyes upon you, Harriet, replied Lady G——, more earnestly than he had upon me, or anybody else.

That's true, said Lady L——, I looked upon both him and you, my dear, with pity. My tears were ready to start more than once, to reflect how happy you two might be in each other, and how greatly you would love each other, were it not——

Not one word more on this subject, dear Lady L——! I cannot bear it. I thought *my-self*, that he often cast an eye of tenderness upon me. I cannot bear it. I am afraid of myself; of my *justice*——

His tender looks did not escape me, said Lady G——. Nor yet did my dear Harriet's. But we will not touch this string: it is *too* tender a one. I, for my part, was forced, in order to divert myself, to turn my eyes on Lord G——. He got nothing by that. The most *officious*——

Nay, Lady G——, interrupted I, you shall not change the discourse at the expense of the man you have vowed to honour. I will take pain to myself, by the continuation of the former subject, rather than that shall be.

Charming Harriet! said Lady L——. I hope your generosity will be rewarded. Yet, tell me, my dear, can you wish Lady Clementina may be his? I have no doubt but you wish her *recovery*; but can you wish her to be *his*?

I have debated the matter, my dear Lady L——, with myself. I am sorry it has *admitted* of debate. So excellent a creature! Such an honour to her sex! So nobly sincere! so pious!—But I will confess the truth: I have called upon *justice* to support me in my determination: I have supposed *myself* in *her* situation, her unhappy malady excepted: I have supposed *her* in *mine*: and ought I then to have hesitated to which to give the preference?—Yet——

What yet, most frank and most generous of women? said Lady L——, clasping her arms about me: what yet——

Why, yet—Ah, ladies—Why, yet, I have many a pang; many a twitch, as I may call it!—Why is your brother so tender-hearted, so modest, so faultless?—Why did he not insult me with his pity? Why does he on every occasion show a tenderness for me, that is more affecting than pity? And why does he give me a consequence that exalts, while it depresses me?

I turned my head aside to hide my emotion. Lady G—— snatched my handkerchief from me; and wiped away a starting tear; and called me by very tender names.

Am I dear, continued I, to the heart of such a man? You think I am. Allow me to say, that he is indeed dear to mine: yet I have not a wish but for his happiness whatever becomes of me.

Emily appeared at the door—May I come in, ladies?—I *will* come in!—My dear Miss Byron affected! My dear Miss Byron in tears!

Her pity, without knowing the cause, sprung to her eyes. She took my hand in both hers, and repeatedly kissed it!—My guardian asks for you. Oh, with what tenderness of voice—Where is your Miss Byron, love? He calls every one by gentle names, when he speaks of *you*—his voice then is the voice of love—*love*, said he, to *me*! Through *you*, madam, he will love his ward—and on your love will I build all my merit. But you sigh, dear Miss Byron! you sigh—forgive your prating girl!—you must not be grieved.

I embraced her. Grief, my dear, reaches not my heart at this time. It is the merit of your guardian that affects me.

God bless you, madam, for your gratitude to my guardian!

A Clementina and a Harriet! said Lady L——, two women so excellent! What a fate is *his*! How must his heart be divided!

Divided, say you, Lady L——? resumed Lady G——. The man who loves virtue, for virtue's sake, loves it wherever he finds it. Such a man may *distinguish* more virtuous women than one: and if he be of a gentle and beneficent nature, there will be tenderness in his distinction to every one,

varying only according to the difference of circumstance and situation.

Let me embrace you, my Charlotte! resumed Lady L——, for that thought. Don't let me hear, for a month to come, one word from the same lips, that may be unworthy of it.

You have Lord G—— in your head, Lady L——; but never mind us. He must, now and then, be made to look about him. I'll take care to keep up my consequence with him, never fear: nor shall he have reason to doubt the virtue of his wife.

Virtue, my dear! said I: what is virtue only? She who will not be virtuous for *virtue's* sake is not worthy to be called a woman: but she must be something more than virtuous for her *husband's*, nay, for her *vow's* sake. Complacency, obligingness——

Obedience too, I warrant—Hush, hush, my sweet Harriet! putting her hand before my mouth; we will behave as well as we can: and that will be very well, if nobody minds us. And now let us go down together.



LETTER IV.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Thursday, April 13.

WE played at cards last night till supper-time. When that was over every one sought to engage Sir Charles in discourse. I will give you some particulars of our conversation, as I did of one before.

Lord W—— began it with a complaint of the insolence and profligateness of servants. What he said was only answered by Sir Charles, with the word, *Example, example*, my good lord, repeated.

You, Sir Charles, replied my lord, may, indeed, insist upon the force of example; for I cannot but observe, that all those of yours, whom I have seen, are entitled to regard. They have the looks of men at ease, and of men grateful for that ease: they know their duty, and need not a reminding look. A servant of yours, Sir Charles, looks as if he would one day make a figure as a master. How do you manage it?

Perhaps I have been peculiarly fortunate in worthy servants. There is nothing in my management deserving the attention of this company.

I am going to begin the world anew, nephew. Hitherto servants have been a continual plague to me. I must know how *you* treat them.

I treat them, my lord, as necessary parts of my family. I have no secrets, the keeping or disclosing of which might give them self-importance. I endeavour to set them no bad example. I am never angry with them but for wilful faults; if those are not habitual, I shame them into amendment by gentle expostulation and *forgiveness*. If they are not capable of a generous shame, and the faults are repeated, I part with them; but with such kindness, as makes their fellow-servants blame them, and take warning. I am fond of seeking occasions to praise them: and even when they mistake, if it be with a good intention, they have my approbation of the *intention*, and my endeavours to set them right as to the *act*. Sobriety is an indispensable qualification for my service; and, for the rest, if we receive them not quite good, we make them better than they were before. Generally speaking, a master may make a servant what he pleases. Servants judge by example rather than precept, and almost always by their feelings. One thing more permit me to add; I always insist upon my servants being kind and compassionate to one another. A compassionate heart cannot habitually be an unjust one. And thus do I make their good-nature contribute to my security as well as quiet.

My lord was greatly pleased with what his nephew said.

Upon some occasion, Lady G—— reflected upon a lady for *prudery*, and was going on, when Sir Charles interrupting her, said, Take care, Lady G——. You, ladies, take care; for I am afraid that *MODESTY*, under this name, will become ignominious, and be banished the hearts, at least the behaviour and conversation, of all those whose fortunes or inclinations carry them often to places of public resort.

Talk of places of public resort! said Lord L——: it is vexatious to observe at such, how men of real merit are neglected by the fine ladies of the age, while every distinction is shewn to fops and foplings.

But who, my lord, said Sir Charles, are those women? Are they not generally of a class with those men? Flippant women love empty men, because they cannot reproach them with a superiority of understanding, but keep their folly in countenance. They are afraid of a wise man: but I would by no means have such a one turn fool to please them: for they will despise the wise man's folly more than the silly man's, and with reason; because being uncharacteristic, it must sit more awkwardly upon him than the other's can do.

Yet wisdom itself, and the truest wisdom, *goodness*, said Mrs. Reeves, is sometimes thought to sit ungracefully, when it is uncharacteristic, not to the man, but to the times. She then named a person who was branded as a hypocrite for performing all his duties publicly.

He will be worse spoken of if he declines doing so, said Dr. Bartlett. His enemies will *add* the charge of cowardice; and not acquit him of the other.

Lady Gertrude being withdrawn, it was mentioned as a wonder, that so agreeable a woman as she must have been in her youth, and still was for her years, should remain single. Lord G—— said that she had had many offers: and once, before she was twenty, had like to have stolen a wedding: but her fears, he said, since that, had kept her single.

The longer, said Sir Charles, a woman remains unmarried, the more apprehensive she will be of entering into the state. At *seventeen* or *eighteen* a girl will plunge into it, sometimes without either fear or wit; at *twenty*, she will begin to think; at *twenty-four* will weigh and discriminate; at *twenty-eight* will be afraid of venturing; at *thirty* will turn about and look down the hill she has ascended; and, as occasions offer, and instances are given, will sometimes repent, sometimes rejoice, that she has gained that summit *sola*.

Indeed, said Mrs. Reeves, I believe in England many a poor girl goes up the hill with a companion she would little care for, if the state of a single woman were not here so peculiarly unprovided and helpless: for girls of slender fortunes, if they have been genteelly brought up, how can they, when family connexions are dissolved, support themselves? A man can rise in a profession, and, if he acquires wealth in a trade, can get above it, and be respected. A

woman is looked upon as demeaning herself, if she gains a maintenance by her needle, or by domestic attendance on a superior ; and without them where has she a retreat ?

You speak, good Mrs. Reeves, said Sir Charles, as if you would join with Dr. Bartlett and me in wishing the *establishment* of a scheme we have often talked over, though the name of it would make many a lady start. We want to see established in every county, *Protestant Nunneries*, in which single women of small or no fortunes, might live with all manner of freedom, under such regulations as it would be a disgrace for a modest or good woman not to comply with, were she absolutely on her own hands ; and to be allowed to quit it whenever they pleased. .

Well, brother, said Lady G——, and why could you not have got all this settled a fortnight ago (you that can carry every point) and have made poor me a lady abbess ?

You are still better provided for, my sister. But let the doctor and me proceed with our scheme. The governesses or matrons of the society I would have to be women of family, of unblamable characters from infancy, and noted equally for their prudence, good-nature, and gentleness of manners. The attendants, for the slighter services, should be the hopeful female children of the honest industrious poor.

Do you not, ladies, imagine, said Dr. Bartlett, that such a society as this, all women of unblemished reputation, employing themselves as each (consulting her own genius), at her admission, shall undertake to employ herself, and supported genteelly, some at more, some at less expense to the foundation, according to their circumstances, might become a *national* good ; and particularly a seminary for good wives and the institution a stand for virtue, in an age given up to luxury, extravagance, and amusements little less than riotous ?

How could it be supported ? said Lord W——.

Many of the persons, of which each community would consist, would be, I imagine, replied Sir Charles, no expense to it at all ; as numbers of young women, joining their small fortunes, might be able, in such a society, to maintain themselves genteelly on their own income ; though each, singly in the world, would be distressed. Besides, liberty might be given for wives, in the absence of their husbands, in this

maritime country; and for widows, who, on the deaths of theirs, might wish to retire from the noise and hurry of the world, for three, six, or twelve months, more or less; to reside in this well-regulated society: and such persons, we may suppose, would be glad, according to their respective abilities, to be benefactresses to it. No doubt but it would have, besides, the countenance of the well-disposed of both sexes; since every family in Britain, in their connexions and relations, near or distant, might be benefited by so reputable and useful an institution: to say nothing of the works of the ladies in it, the profits of which, perhaps, will be thought proper to be carried towards the support of a foundation that so genteelly supports them. Yet I would have a number of hours in each day, for the encouragement of industry, that should be called their own; and what was produced in them, to be solely appropriated to their own use.

A truly worthy divine, at the appointment of the bishop of the diocese, to direct and animate the devotion of such a society, and to guard it from that superstition and enthusiasm which soars to wild heights in almost all nunneries, would confirm it a blessing to the kingdom.

I have another scheme, my lord, proceeded Sir Charles—An hospital for female penitents: for such unhappy women, as having been once drawn in, and betrayed by the perfidy of men, find themselves, by the cruelty of the world, and principally by that of their own sex, unable to recover the path of virtue, when, perhaps (convinced of the wickedness of the men in whose honour they confided), they would willingly make their first departure from it the last.

These, continued he, are the poor creatures who are eminently entitled to our pity, though they seldom meet with it. Good nature; and *credulity*, the child of good-nature; are generally, as I have the charity to believe, rather than viciousness, the foundation of their crime. Those men who pretend they would not be the first destroyers of a woman's innocence, look upon these as fair prize. But what a wretch is he, who, seeing a poor creature exposed on the summit of a dangerous precipice, and unable, without an assisting hand, to find her way down, would rather push her into the gulf below, than convey her down in safety!

Speaking of the force put upon a daughter's inclinations in wedlock; Tyranny and ingratitude, said Sir Charles, from a man beloved, will be more supportable to a woman of strong passions, than even kindness from a man she loves not: shall not parents, then, who hope to see their children happy, avoid compelling them to give their hands to a man who has no share in their hearts?

But would you allow young ladies to be their own choosers, Sir Charles? said Mr. Reeves.

Daughters, replied he, who are earnest to choose for themselves, should be *doubly* careful that prudence justifies their choice. Every widow who marries imprudently (and very many there are who do), furnishes a strong argument in favour of a parent's authority over a maiden daughter. A designing man looks out for a woman who has an independent fortune, and has no questions to ask. He seems *assured* of finding indiscretion and rashness in such a one, to befriend him. But ought not she to think herself affronted, and resolve to disappoint him?

But how, said Lady G——, shall a young creature be able to judge——

By his application to *her*, rather than to her natural friends and relations; by his endeavouring to alienate her affections from them; by wishing her to favour private and clandestine meetings (conscious that his pretensions will not stand discussion); by the inequality of his fortune to hers: and has not our excellent Miss Byron, in the letters to her Lucy (bowing to me), which she has had the goodness to allow us to read, helped us to a criterion? 'Men in their addresses 'to young women,' she very happily observes, 'forget not 'to set forward the advantages by which they are distinguished, whether hereditary or acquired; while love, love, 'is all the cry of him who has no other to boast of.'

And by that means, said Lady Gertrude, setting the silly creature at variance with all her friends, he makes her fight his battles for him; and become herself the cat'spaw to help him to the ready roasted chesnuts.

But, dear brother, said Lady G——, do you think love is such a staid deliberate passion, as to allow a young creature to take time to ponder and weigh all the merits of the cause?

Love at first sight, answered Sir Charles, must indicate a mind *prepared* for impression, and a sudden gust of passion, and that of the least noble kind; since there could be no opportunity of knowing the *merit* of the object. What women would have herself supposed capable of such a *tindery fit*? In a *man*, it is an indelicate paroxysm: but in a *woman*, who expects protection and instruction from a man, much more so. Love, at first, may be only fancy. Such a young love may be easily given up, and ought, to a parent's judgment. Nor is the conquest so difficult as some young creatures think it. One thing, my good Emily, let me say to *you*, as a rule of some consequence in the world you are just entering into—Young persons, on arduous occasions, especially in love-cases, should not presume to advise young persons; because they seldom can divest themselves of passion, partiality, or prejudice; that is, indeed, of *youth*; and forbear to mix their own concerns and biases with the question referred to them. It should not be put from young friend to young friend, What would *you* do in such a case? but, What *ought* to be done?

How the dear girl blushed, and how pleased she looked, to be particularly addressed by her guardian!

Lady Gertrude spoke of a certain father, who, for interested views, obliged his daughter to marry at fifteen, when she was not only indifferent to the man, but had formed no right notions of the state.

And are they not unhappy? asked Sir Charles.

They are, replied she.

I knew such an instance, returned he. The lady was handsome, and had her full share of vanity. She believed every man who said civil things to her was in love with her; and had she been single, that he would have made his addresses to her. She supposed that she might have had *this* great man, or *that*, had she not been precipitated. And this brought her to slight the man who had, as she concluded, deprived her of better offers. They were unhappy to the end of their lives. Had the lady lived single long enough to find out the difference between compliment and sincerity, and that the man who flattered her vanity meant no more than to take advantage of her folly, she would have thought

herself not unhappy with the very man with whom she was so dissatisfied.

Lady L—— speaking afterwards of a certain nobleman, who is continually railing against matrimony, and who makes a very indifferent husband to an obliging wife: I have known more men than one, said Sir Charles, inveigh against matrimony, when the invective would have proceeded with a much better grace from their wives' lips than from theirs. But let us inquire, would this complainer have been, or deserved to be, happier in *any* state than he now is?

A state of suffering, said Lady L——, had probably humbled the spirit of the poor wife into perfect meekness and patience.

You observe rightly, replied Sir Charles: and surely a most kind disposition of Providence it is that adversity, so painful in itself, should conduce so peculiarly as it does to the improvement of the human mind: it teaches modesty, humility, and compassion.

You speak feelingly, brother, said Lady L——, with a sigh. Do you think, Lucy, nobody sighed but she?

I do, said he. I speak with a sense of gratitude. I am naturally of an imperious spirit: but I have reaped advantages from the early stroke of a mother's death. Being for years, against my wishes, obliged to submit to a kind of exile from my native country, which I considered as a heavy evil, though I thought it my duty to acquiesce, I was determined, as much as my capacity would allow, to make my advantage of the compulsion, by qualifying myself to do credit, rather than discredit, to my father, my friends, and my country. And, let me add, that if I have in any tolerable manner succeeded, I owe much to the example and precepts of my dear Dr. Bartlett.

The doctor blushed and bowed, and was going to disclaim the merit which his patron had ascribed to him; but Sir Charles confirmed it in still stronger terms. You, my dear Dr. Bartlett, said he, as I have told Miss Byron, was a second conscience to me in my earlier youth: your precepts, your excellent life, your pure manners, your sweetness of temper, could not but open and enlarge my mind. The soil, I hope I may say, was not barren; but you, my dear

paternal friend, was the cultivator: I shall ever acknowledge it—and he bowed to the good man, who was covered with modest confusion, and could not look up.

And think you, Lucy, that this acknowledgment lessened the excellent man with any one present? No! It raised him in every eye: and I was the more pleased with it, as it helped me to account for that deep observation, which otherwise one should have been at a loss to account for in so young a man. And yet I am convinced, that there is hardly a greater difference in intellect between angel and man, than there is between man and man.

—o—

LETTER V.

Lady G—— to Miss Byron.

Thursday, April 13.

FOR Heaven's sake, my dearest Harriet, dine with us to-day, for two reasons: one relates to myself; the other you shall hear by and by: to myself, first, as is most fit—this silly creature has offended me, and presumed to be sullen upon my resentment. Married but two days, and show his airs!—Were I in fault, my dear (which, upon my honour, I am not), for the man to lose his patience with me, to forget his obligations to me, in two days!—What an ungrateful wretch is he! What a poor powerless creature your Charlotte!

Nobody knows of the matter, except he has complained to my brother—*If* he has! But what if he has?—Alas! my dear, I am married; and cannot help myself.

We seem, however, to be drawing up our forces on both sides—one struggle for my dying liberty, my dear! The success of one pitched battle will determine which is to be the general, which the subaltern, for the rest of the campaign. To *dare* to be sullen already!—as I hope to live, my dear, I was in high good humour within myself; and when he was *foolish*, only intended a little play with him; and he takes it in earnest. He worships you: so I shall rally him before you: but I charge you, as the man by his sullenness has taken upon him to fight his own battle, either

to be on my side, or be silent. I shall take it very ill of my Harriet, if she strengthen his hands.

Well, but enough of this husband—HUSBAND! What a word! Who do you think is arrived from abroad?—You cannot guess for your life—Lady OLIVIA!—True as you are alive! accompanied, it seems, by an aunt of hers; a widow, whose years and character are to keep the niece in countenance in this excursion. The pretence is, making the tour of Europe; and England was not to be left out of the scheme. My brother is excessively disturbed at her arrival. She came to town but last night. He had notice of it but this morning. He took Emily with him to visit her: Emily was known to her at Florence. She and her aunt are to be here at dinner. As she *is* come, Sir Charles says, he must bring her acquainted with his sisters, and their lords, in order to be at liberty to pursue the measures he has unalterably resolved upon: and this, Harriet, is my second reason for urging you to dine with us.

Now I do wish we had known her history at large. Dr. Bartlett shall tell it us. Unwelcome as she is to my brother, I long to see her. I hope I shall not hear something in *her* story, that will make me pity her.

Will you come?

I wonder whether she speaks English, or not. I don't think I can converse in Italian.

I won't forgive you, if you refuse to come.

Lady L—— and her good man will be here. We shall therefore, if *you* come, be our whole family together.

My brother has presented this house to me, till his return. He calls himself Lord G——'s guest and mine: so you can have no punctilio about it. Besides, Lord W—— will set out to-morrow morning for Windsor. He dotes upon you: and perhaps it is in your power to make a new-married man penitent and polite.

So you must come.

Hang me, if I sign by any other name, while this man is in fits, than that of

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.

LETTER VI.

*Miss Byron to Miss Selby.**Thursday, April 13.*

I SEND you enclosed a letter I received this morning from Lady G——. I will suppose you have read it.

Emily says that the meeting between Sir Charles and the lady mentioned in it, was very polite on both sides: but more cold on his than on hers. She made some difficulty, however, of dining at his house; and her aunt, Lady Maffei, more. But on Sir Charles's telling them, that he would bring his elder sister to attend them thither, they complied.

When I went to St. James's Square, Sir Charles and Lady L—— were gone in his coach to bring the two ladies.

Lady G—— met me on the stairs-head leading into her dressing-room. Not a word, said she, of the man's sullenness: he repents: a fine figure, as I told him, of a bridegroom, would he make in the eyes of foreign ladies, at dinner, were he to retain his gloomy airs. He has begged my pardon; as good as promised amendment; and I have forgiven him.

Poor Lord G——, said I.

Hush, hush! He is within: he will hear you: and then perhaps repent of his repentance.

She led me in: my lord had a glow in his cheeks, and looked as if he had been nettled, and was but just recovering a smile, to help to carry off the petulance. Oh how saucily did her eyes look! Well, my lord, said she, I hope—but you say, I misunderstood—

No more, madam, no more, I beseech you—

Well, sir, not a word more, since you are—

Pray, madam—

Well, well, give me your hand—you must leave Harriet and me together.

She humorously courtesied to him as he bowed to me, taking the compliment as to herself. She nodded her head to him, as he turned back his when he was at the door; and when he was gone, If I can but make this man orderly, said she, I shall not quarrel with my brother for hurrying me, as he has done.

You are wrong, excessively wrong, Charlotte. You call my lord a silly man, but can have no proof that he is so, but by his bearing this treatment from you.

None of your grave airs, my dear. The man is a good sort of man, and will be so, if you and Lady L—— don't spoil him. I have a vast deal of roguery, but no ill-nature in my heart. There is luxury in jesting with a solemn man, who wants to assume airs of privilege, and thinks he has a right to be impertinent. I'll tell you how I will manage—I believe I shall often try his patience, and when I am conscious that I have gone too far, I will be patient if he is angry with me; so we shall be quits. Then I'll begin again: he will resent: and if I find his aspect very solemn—Come, come, no glouting, friend, I will say, and perhaps smile in his face: I'll play you a tune, or sing you a song—Which, which? Speak in a moment, or the humour will be off.

If he was ready to cry before, he will laugh then, though against his will: and as he admires my finger, and my voice, shall we not be instantly friends?

It signified nothing to rave at her: she will have her way. Poor Lord G——! At my first knowledge of her, I thought her very lively; but imagined not that she was indiscreetly so.

Lord G——'s fondness for his saucy bride was, as I have reason to believe, his fault. I dared not to ask for particulars of their quarrel: and if I had, and *found* it so, could not, with such a rallying creature, have entered into his defence, or censured her.

I went down a few moments before her. Lord G—— whispered me, that he should be the happiest man in the world, if I, who had such an influence over her, would stand his friend.

I hope, my lord, said I, that you will not want any influence but your own. She has a thousand good qualities. She has charming spirits. You will have nothing to bear with but from them. They will not last always. Think only, that she can mean nothing by the exertion of them, but innocent gaiety; and she will every day love your lordship the better for bearing with her. You know she is generous and noble.

I see, madam, said he, she has led you into——

She has not acquainted me with the particulars of the

little misunderstanding; only has said, that there had been a slight one; which was quite made up.

I am ashamed, replied he, to have it thought by Miss Byron, that there *could* have been a misunderstanding between us, especially so early. She knows her power over me. I am afraid she despises me.

Impossible, my lord! Have you not observed, that she spares nobody when she is in a lively humour?

True—but here she comes!—Not a word, madam!—I bowed assenting silence. Lord G——, said she, approaching him, in a low voice, I shall be jealous of your conversations with Miss Byron.

Would to Heaven, my dearest life! snatching at her withdrawn hand, that——

I were half as good as Miss Byron: I understand you: but time and patience, sir; nodding to him, and passing him.

Admirable creature! said he, how I adore her!

I hinted to her, afterwards, his fear of her despising him. Harriet, answered she, with a serious air, I will do my duty by him. I will abhor my own heart, if I ever find in it the shadow of a regard for any man in the world, inconsistent with that which he has a right to expect from me.

I was pleased with her. And found an opportunity to communicate what she said, in confidence, to my lord; and had his blessings for it.

But now for some account of Lady Olivia. With which I will begin a new letter.



LETTER VII.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

SIR CHARLES returned with the ladies. He presented to Lady Olivia and her aunt, Lady G——, Lord L——, and Lord W——. I was in another apartment talking with Dr. Bartlett.

Lady Olivia asked for the doctor. He left *me* to pay his respects to *her*.

Sir Charles being informed that I was in the house, told Lady Olivia, that he hoped he should have the honour of

presenting to her one of our English beauties; desiring Lady G—— to request my company.

Lady G—— came to me—A lovely woman, I assure you, Harriet; let me lead you to her.

Sir Charles met me at the entrance of the drawing-room: Excuse me, madam, said he, taking my hand, with profound respect, and allow me to introduce to you a very amiable Italian lady, one who does so much honour to Britain.—Miss Byron, madam, addressing himself to her, salutes you. The advantages of person are her least perfection.

Her face glowed, Miss Byron, said she, in French, is all loveliness. A relation, sir? In Italian.

He bowed; but answered not her question.

I would sooner forgive you *here*, whispered Lady Olivia to Sir Charles, in Italian, looking at me, than at Bologna.

I heard her; and by my confusion showed that I understood her. She was in confusion too.

Mademoiselle, said she, in French, understands Italian.—I am ashamed, monsieur.

Miss Byron does, answered Sir Charles; and French too.

I must have the honour, said she, in French, to be better known to you, mademoiselle.

I answered her as politely as I could in the same language.

Lady OLIVIA is really a lovely woman. Her complexion is fine. Her face oval. Every feature of it is delicate. Her hair is black; and, I think, I never saw brighter black eyes in my life: if possible, they are brighter, and shine with a more piercing lustre, than even Sir Charles Grandison's: but yet I give his the preference; for we see in them a benignity, that hers, though a woman's, has not; and a thoughtfulness, as if something lay upon his mind, which nothing but patience could overcome; yet mingled with an air that shows him to be equal to anything that can be undertaken by man; while Olivia's eyes show more fire and impetuosity than sweetness. Had I not been *told* it, I should have been sure that she has a violent spirit: but on the whole she is a very fine figure of a woman.

She talked of taking a house, and staying in England a year at least; and was determined, she said, to perfect herself in the language, and to become an Englishwoman: but

when Sir Charles, in the way of discourse, mentioned his obligation to leave England, as on next Friday morning, how did she and her aunt look upon each other! And how was the sunshine that gilded her fine countenance, shut in: Surely, sir, said her aunt, you are not in earnest!

After dinner, the two ladies retired with Sir Charles, at his motion. Dr. Bartlett, at Lady G——'s request, then gave us this short sketch of her history. He said, she had a vast fortune: she had had indiscretions; but none that had affected her character as to virtue: but her spirit could not bear control. She had shown herself to be vindictive, even to a criminal degree. Lord bless me, my dear! the doctor has mentioned to me in confidence, that she always carries a poniard about her; and that once she used it. Had the person died, she would have been called to public account for it. The man, it seems, was of rank, and offered some slight affront to her. She now comes over, the doctor said, as he had reason to believe, with a resolution to sacrifice even her religion, if it were insisted upon, to the passion she had so long in vain endeavoured to conquer.

She has, he says, an utter hatred to Lady Clementina; and will not be able to govern her passion, he is sure, when Sir Charles shall acquaint her, that he is going to attend that lady, and her family: for he has only mentioned his obligation to go abroad; but not said whither.

Lord W—— praised the person of the lady, and her majestic air. Lord L—— and Lord G—— wished to be within hearing of the conference between her and Sir Charles: so did Lady G——: and while they were thus wishing, in came Sir Charles, his face all in a glow; Lady L——, said he, be so good as to attend Lady Olivia.

She went to her; Sir Charles stayed not with us, yet went not to the lady, but into his study. Dr. Bartlett attended him there: the doctor returned soon after to us. His noble heart is vexed, said he; Lady Olivia has greatly disturbed him: he chooses to be alone.

Lady L—— afterwards told us, that she found the lady in violent anguish of spirit, her aunt endeavouring to calm her: she, however, politely addressed herself to Lady L——, and begging her aunt to withdraw for a few moments, she

owned to her, in French, her passion for her brother: She was not, she said, ashamed to own it to his sister, who must know that his merit would dignify the passion of the noblest woman. She had endeavoured, she said, to conquer hers: she had been willing to give way to the prior attachments that he had pleaded for a lady of her own country, Signora Clementina della Porretta, whom she allowed to have had great merit; but who, having irrecoverably been put out of her right mind, was shut up at Naples by a brother, who vowed eternal enmity to Sir Charles; and from whom his life would be in the utmost hazard, if he went over. She owned that her chief motive for her coming to England was to cast her fortune at her brother's feet; and, as she knew him to be a man of honour, to comply with any terms he should propose to her. He had offered to the family della Porretta to allow their daughter her religion, and her confessor, and to live with her every other year in Italy. She herself, not inferior in birth, in person, in mind, as she said, she presumed, and superior in fortune, the riches of three branches of her family, all rich, having centered in *her*, insisted not now upon such conditions. Her aunt, she said, knew not that she proposed, on conviction, a change of her religion; but she was resolved not to conceal anything from Lady L——. She left her to judge how much she must be affected, when he declared his obligation to leave England; and especially when he owned that it was to go to Bologna, and that so suddenly, as if, as she apprehended at first, it was to avoid *her*. She had been in tears, she said, and even would have kneeled to him to induce him to suspend his journey for one month, and then to have taken her over with him, and seen her safe in her own palace, if he *would* go upon so hated, and so fruitless, as well as so hazardous an errand: but he had denied her this poor favour.

This refusal, she owned, had put her out of all patience. She was unhappily passionate; but was the most placable of her sex. What, madam, said she, can affect a woman, if slight, indignity, and repulse, from a favoured person, is not able to do it? A woman of my condition to come over to England, to solicit—how can I support the thought—and to be refused the protection of the man she prefers to all

men; and her request to see her safe back again, though but as the fool she came over!—You may blame me, madam—but you must pity me, even were you to have a heart the sister heart of your inflexible brother.

In vain did Lady L—— plead to her Lady Clementina's deplorable situation; the reluctance of his own relations to part with him; and the magnanimity of his self-denial in a hundred instances, on the bare possibility of being an instrument to restore her: she could not bear to hear her speak highly of the unhappy lady. She charged Clementina with the pride of her family, to which she attributed the deserved calamity; [*Deserved!* Cruel lady! How could her pitiless heart allow her lips to utter such a word!] and imputed meanness to the noblest of human minds, for yielding to the entreaties of a family, some of the principals of which, she said, had entreated him with an arrogance that a man of his spirit ought not to bear.

Lady Maffei came in. She seems dependent upon her niece. She is her aunt by marriage only: and Lady L—— speaks very favourably of her, from the advice she gave, and her remonstrances to her kinswoman. Lady Maffei besought her to compose herself, and return to the company.

She could not bear, she said, to return to the company, the slighted, the contemned object, she must appear to be to every one in it. I am an intruder, said she haughtily; a beggar, with a fortune that would purchase a sovereignty in some countries. Make my excuses to your sister, to the rest of the company—and to that fine young lady—whose eyes, by their officious withdrawing from his, and by the consciousness that glowed in her face whenever he addressed her, betrayed, at least to a jealous eye, more than she would wish to have seen—but tell her, that all lovely and blooming as she is, she must have no hope, while Clementina lives.

I hope, Lucy, it is *only* to a jealous eye that my *heart* is so discoverable!—I thank her for her caution. But I can say what she cannot; that from my heart, cost me what it may, I do subscribe to a preference in favour of a lady, who has acted, in the most arduous trials, in a greater manner than I fear either Olivia or I could have acted, in the same circumstances. We see that her reason, but not her piety,

deserted her in the noble struggle between her love and her religion. In the most affecting absences of her reason, the soul of the man she loved was the object of her passion. However hard it is to prefer another to one's self, in such a case as this; yet if my judgment is convinced, my acknowledgment shall follow it. Heaven will enable me to be reconciled to the event, because I pursue the dictates of that judgment, against the biases of my more partial heart. Let that Heaven, which only *can*, restore Clementina, and dispose as it pleases of Olivia and Harriet. We cannot either of us, I humbly hope, be so unhappy as the lady has been whom I rank among the first of women; and whose whole family deserves almost equal compassion.

Lady Olivia asked Lady L——, if her brother had not a very tender regard for me? He had, Lady L—— answered; and told her, that he had rescued me from a very great distress; and that mine was the most grateful of human hearts.

She called me sweet young creature (supposing me, I doubt not, younger than I am); but said that the graces of my person and mind alarmed her not, as they would have done, had not his attachment to Clementina been what now she saw, but never could have believed it was; having supposed, that compassion only was the tie that bound him to her.

But compassion, Lucy, from such a heart as his, the merit so great in the lady, must be love; a love of the nobler kind—and if it were *not*, it would be unworthy of Clementina's.

Lady Maffei called upon her dignity, her birth, to carry her above a passion that met not with a grateful return. She advised her to dispose herself to stay in England some months, now she was here. And as her friends in Italy would suppose what her view was in coming to England, their censures would be obviated by her continuing here for some time, while Sir Charles was abroad, and in Italy: and that she should divert herself with visiting the court, the public places, and in seeing the principal curiosities of this kingdom, as she had done those of others; in order to give credit to an excursion that might otherwise be freely spoken of, in her own country.

She seemed to listen to this advice. She bespoke, and was promised, the friendship of the two sisters: and included

in her request, through their interests, mine; and Lady G—— was called in, by her sister, to join in the promise.

She desired that Sir Charles might be requested to walk in; but would not suffer the sisters to withdraw, as they would have done, when he returned. He could not but be polite; but, it seems, looked still disturbed. I beg you to excuse, sir, said she, my behaviour to you: it was passionate; it was unbecoming. But, in compliment to your own consequence, you *ought* to excuse it. I have only to request one favour of you: That you will suspend for *one* week, in regard to me, your proposed journey; *but* for one week; and I will, now I am in England, stay some months; perhaps till you return.

Excuse me, madam.

I will *not* excuse you—but *one* week, sir. Give me so much importance with myself, as for one week's suspension. *You will. You must.*

Indeed I cannot. My soul, I own to you, is in the distresses of the family of Porretta. Why should I repeat what I said to you before?

I have bespoken, sir, the civilities of your sisters, of your family: you forbid them not?

You expect not an answer, madam, to that question. My sisters will be glad, and so will their lords, to attend you wherever you please, with a hope to make England agreeable to you.

How long do you propose to stay in *Italy*, sir?

It is not possible for me to determine.

Are you not apprehensive of danger to your person?

I am not.

You *ought* to be.

No danger shall deter me from doing what I think to be right. If my motives justify me, I cannot fear.

Do you wish me, sir, to stay in England till your return?

A question so home put, disturbed him. Was it a prudent one in the lady? It must either subject her to a repulse; or him, by a polite answer, to give her hope, that her stay in England might not be fruitless as to the view she had in coming. He reddened. It is fit, answered he, that

your own pleasure should determine you. It did, pardon me, madam, in your journey hither.

She reddened to her very ears. Your brother, ladies, has the reputation of being a polite man : bear witness to this instance of it. I am ashamed of myself !

If I am unpolite, madam, my sincerity will be my excuse : at least to my own heart.

Oh, that inflexible heart ! But, ladies, if the inhospitable Englishman refuse his protection in his own country, to a foreign woman, of no mean quality ; do not you, his sisters, despise her.

They, madam, and their lords, will render you every cheerful service. Let me request you, my sisters, to make England as agreeable as possible to this lady. She is of the first consideration in her own country : she will be of such where-ever she goes. My Lady Maffei deserves likewise your utmost respect. Then addressing himself to them ; Ladies, said he, encourage my sisters : they will think themselves honoured by your commands.

The two sisters confirmed, in an obliging manner, what their brother had said ; and both ladies acknowledged themselves indebted to them for their offered friendship : but Lady Olivia seemed not at all satisfied with their brother : and it was with some difficulty he prevailed on her to return to the company, and drink coffee.

I could not help reflecting, on occasion of this lady's conduct, that fathers and mothers are great blessings, to *daughters*, in particular, even when women grown. It is not every woman that will shine in a state of independency. Great fortunes are snares. If independent women escape the machinations of men, which they have often a difficulty to do, they will frequently be hurried by their own imaginations, which are said to be livelier than those of men, though their judgments are supposed less, into inconveniences. Had Lady Olivia's parents or uncles lived, she hardly would have been permitted to make the tour of Europe : and not having so great a fortune to support vagaries, would have shone, as she is well qualified to do, in a dependent state, in Italy, and made some worthy man and herself happy.

Had she a mind great enough to induce her to pity

Clementina, I should have been apt to pity *her*; for I saw her soul was disturbed. I saw that the man she loved was not able to return her love: a pitiable case!—I saw a starting tear now and then with difficulty dispersed. Once she rubbed her eye, and, being conscious of observation, said something had got into it: so it had. The something was a tear. Yet she looked with haughtiness, and her bosom swelled with indignation ill-concealed.

Sir Charles repeated his recommendation of her to Lord L—— and Lord G——. They offered their best services: Lord W—— invited her and all of us to Windsor. Different parties of pleasure were talked of: but still the enlivener of every party was not to be in any one of them. She tried to look pleased; but did not always succeed in the trial: an eye of love and anger mingled was often cast upon the man whom everybody loved. Her bosom heaved, as it seemed sometimes, with indignation against herself: that was the construction which I made of some of her looks.

Lady Maffei, however, seemed pleased with the parties of pleasure talked of. She often directed herself to me in Italian. I answered her in it as well as I could. I do not talk it well: but as I am not an Italian, and little more than book-learned in it (for it is a long time ago since I lost my grandpapa, who used to converse with me in it, and in French), I was not scrupulous to answer in it. To have forborne, because I did not excel in what I had no opportunity to excel in, would have been false modesty, nearly bordering upon pride. Were any lady to laugh at me for not speaking well *her* native tongue, I would *not* return the smile, were she to be less perfect in mine, than I am in hers. But Lady Olivia made me a compliment on my faulty accent, when I acknowledged it to be so. Signora, said she, you show us that a pretty mouth can give beauty to a defect. A *master* teaching you, added she, would perhaps find some fault; but a *friend* conversing with you, must be in love with you for the very imperfection.

Sir Charles was generously pleased with the compliment, and made her a fine one on her observation.

He attended the two ladies to their lodgings in his coach. He owned to Dr. Bartlett, that Lady Olivia was in tears all

the way, lamenting her disgrace in coming to England, just as he was quitting it; and wishing she had stayed at Florence. She would have engaged him to correspond with her: he excused himself. It was a very afflicting thing to him, he told the doctor, to deny any request that was made to him, especially by a lady: but he thought he ought in conscience and honour to forbear giving the shadow of an expectation that might be improved into hope, where none was intended to be given. Heaven, he said, had, for laudable ends, implanted such a regard in the sexes towards each other, that both man and woman who hoped to be innocent, could not be too circumspect in relation to the friendships they were so ready to contract with each other. He thought he had gone a great way, in recommending an intimacy between her and his sisters, considering her views, her spirit, her perseverance, and the free avowal of her regard for him, and her menaces on his supposed neglect of her. And yet, as she *had* come over, and he was obliged to leave England so soon after her arrival; he thought he could not do less: and he hoped his sisters, from whose example she might be benefited, would, while she behaved prudently, cultivate her acquaintance.

The doctor tells me, that now Lady Olivia is so unexpectedly come hither in person, he thinks it best to decline giving me, as he had once intended, her history at large; but will leave so much of it as may satisfy my curiosity, to be gathered from my own observation; and not only from the violence and haughtiness of her temper, but from the freedom of her declarations. He is sure, he said, that his patron will be best pleased, that a veil should be thrown over the weaker part of her conduct; which, were it known, would indeed be glorious to Sir Charles, but not so to the lady; who, however, never was suspected, even by her enemies, of giving any other man reason to tax her with a thought that was not strictly virtuous: and she had engaged his pity and esteem, for the sake of her other fine qualities, though she could not his love. Before she saw *him* (which, it seems, was at the opera at Florence for the first time, when he had an opportunity to pay her some slight civilities) she set all men at defiance.

To-morrow morning Sir Charles is to breakfast with *me*. My cousins and I are to dine at Lord L——'s. The Earl and Lady Gertrude are also to be there. Lord W—— has been prevailed upon to stay, and be there also, as it is his nephew's last day in England—'Last day in England!' Oh, my Lucy! what words are those! Lady L—— has invited Lady Olivia and her aunt, at her own motion, Sir Charles (his time being so short) not disapproving.

I thank my grandmamma and aunt for their kind summons. I will soon set my day: I will, my dear, soon set my day.

—o—

LETTER VIII.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Friday, Noon, April 14.

NOT five hours in bed; not one hour's rest for many uneasy nights before; I was stupid till Sir Charles came: I then was better. He inquired, with tender looks and voice, after my health; as if he thought I did not look well.

We had some talk about Lord and Lady G——. He was anxious for their happiness. He complimented me with hopes from my advice to her. Lord G——, he said, was a good-natured honest man. If he thought his sister would make him unhappy, he should himself be so.

I told him, that I dared to answer for her heart. My lord must bear with some innocent foibles, and all would be well.

We then talked of Lady Olivia. *He* began the subject, by asking me my opinion of her. I said she was a very fine woman in her person; and that she had an air of grandeur in her mien.

And she has good qualities, said he; but she is violent in her passions. I am frequently grieved for her. She is a fine creature in danger of being lost, by being made too soon her own mistress.

He said not one word of his departure to-morrow morning: I could not begin it; my heart would not let me; my spirits were not high: and I am afraid, if that key had been touched, I should have been too visibly affected. My cousins forbore, upon the same apprehension.

He was excessively tender and soothing to me, in his air, his voice, his manner. I thought of what Emily said; that his voice, when he spoke of me, was the voice of love. Dear flattering girl!—But *why* did she flatter me?

We talked of *her* next. He spoke of her with the tenderness of a father. He besought me to love her. He praised her heart.

Emily, said I, venerates her guardian. She never will do anything contrary to his advice.

She is very young, replied he. She will be happy, madam, in yours. She both loves and reverences you.

I greatly love the dear Emily, sir. She and I shall be always sisters.

How happy am I, in your goodness to her! Permit me, madam, to enumerate to you my own felicities in those of my dearest friends.

Mr. Beauchamp is now in the agreeable situation I have long wished him to be in. His prudence and obliging behaviour to his mother-in-law have won her. His father grants him everything through her; and she, by this means, finds that power enlarged, which she was afraid would be lessened, if the son were allowed to come over. How just is this reward of his filial duty!

Thus, Lucy, did he give up the merit to his Beauchamp, which was solely due to himself.

Lord W——, he hoped, would soon be one of the happiest men in England: and the whole Mansfield family had now fair prospects opening before them.

Emily [not *he*, you see] had made it the interest of her mother to be quiet.

Lord and Lady L—— gave him pleasure whenever he saw them, or thought of them.

Dr. Bartlett was in heaven while on earth. He would retire to his beloved Grandison Hall, and employ himself in distributing, as objects offered, at least a thousand pounds of the three thousand bequeathed to charitable uses by his late friend Mr. Danby. His sister's fortune was paid. His estates in both kingdoms were improving.—See, madam, said he, how, like the friend of my soul, I claim your attention to affairs that are of consequence to myself; and

in some of which your generosity of heart has interested you.

I bowed. Had I spoken, I had burst into tears. I had something arose in my throat, I know not what. Still, thought I, excellent man, you are not yourself happy!—Oh pity! pity! Yet, Lucy, he plainly had been enumerating all these things, to take off from my mind that impression which I am afraid he too well knows it is affected with, from his difficult situation.

And now, madam, resumed he, how are all my dear and good friends, whom you more particularly call yours?—I hope to have the honour of a personal knowledge from them. When heard you of our good friend Mr. Deane? He is well, I hope.

Very well, sir.

Your grandmamma Shirley, that ornament of advanced years?

I bowed: I dared not to trust to my voice.

Your excellent aunt Selby?

I bowed again.

Your uncle, your Lucy, your Nancy: Happy family! all harmony! all love!—how do they?

I wiped my eyes.

Is there any service in my power to do them, or any of them? Command me, good Miss Byron, if there be: my Lord W—— and I are one. Our influence is not small.—Make me still *more* happy, in the power of serving any one favoured by you.

You oppress me, sir, by your goodness!—I cannot speak my grateful sensibilities.

Will you, my dear Mr. Reeves, will you, madam (to my cousin), employ me in any way that I can be of use to you, either abroad or at home? Your acquaintance has given me great pleasure. To what a family of worthies has this excellent young lady introduced me!

Oh, sir! said Mrs. Reeves, tears running down her cheeks, that you were not to leave people whom you have made so happy in the knowledge of the best of men.

Indispensable calls must be obeyed, my dear Mrs. Reeves. If we cannot be as happy as we wish, we will rejoice in the

happiness we *can* have. We must not be our own carvers.— But I make you all serious. I was enumerating, as I told you, my present felicities! I was rejoicing in your friendships. I *have* joy; and, I presume to say, I *will* have joy. There is a bright side in every event; I will not lose sight of it: and there is a dark one; but I will endeavour to see it only with the eye of prudence, that I may not be involved by it at unawares. Who, that is not reproached by his own heart, and is blessed with health, can grieve for inevitable evils; evils that can be only evils as we make them so? Forgive my seriousness: my dear friends, you *make* me grave. Favour me, I beseech you, my good Miss Byron, with one lesson: we shall be too much engaged, perhaps, by and by.

He led me (I thought it was with a *cheerful* air; but my cousins both say, his eyes glistened) to the harpsichord: he sung unasked; but with a low voice; and my mind was calmed. O Lucy! How can I part with such a man? How can I take my leave of him?—But, perhaps, he has taken his leave of me already, as to the solemnity of it, in the manner I have recited.



LETTER IX.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Saturday Morning, April 15.

O LUCY, Sir Charles Grandison is gone! Gone, indeed! He set out at three this morning; on purpose, no doubt, to spare his sisters, and friends, as well as himself, concern.

We broke not up till after two. Were I in the writing humour, which I have never known to fail me till now, I could dwell upon a hundred things, some of which I can now only briefly mention.

Dinner-time, yesterday, passed with tolerable cheerfulness: every one tried to be cheerful. Oh, what pain attends loving too well, and being too well beloved! He must have pain, as well as we.

Lady Olivia was the most thoughtful, at dinner-time; yet poor Emily! Ah, the poor Emily! she went out four or five times to weep; though only I perceived it.

Nobody was cheerful after dinner but Sir Charles. He seemed to exert himself to be so. He prevailed on me to give them a lesson on the harpsichord. Lady L—— played: Lady G—— played: we *tried* to play, I should rather say. He himself took the violin, and afterwards sat down to the harpsichord, for one short lesson. He was not known to be such a master: but he was long in Italy. Lady Olivia, indeed, knew him to be so. She was induced to play upon the harpsichord: she surpassed everybody. Italy is the land of harmony.

About seven at night he singled me out, and surprised me greatly by what he said. He told me, that Lady D—— had made him a visit. I was before low: I was then ready to sink. She has asked me questions, madam.

Sir, sir! was all I could say.

He himself trembled as he spoke—Alas! my dear, he surely loves me! Hear how solemnly he spoke—God Almighty be your director, my dear Miss Byron! I wish not more happiness to my own soul, than I do to you.—In discharge of a promise made, I mentioned this visit to you: I might otherwise have spared you and myself——

He stopt there—then resumed; for I was silent. I could not speak—Your friends will be entreated for a man that loves you; a very worthy young nobleman.—I give you emotion, madam.—Forgive me.—I have performed my promise. He turned from me with a seeming cheerful air. How *could* he appear to be cheerful!

We made parties at cards. I knew not what I played. Emily sighed, and tears stole down her cheeks, as she played. Oh, how she loves her guardian! Emily, I say—I don't know what I write!

At supper we were all very melancholy. Mr. Beauchamp was urgent to go abroad with him. He changed the subject, and gave him an *indirect* denial, as I may call it, by recommending the two Italian ladies to his best services.

Sir Charles, kind, good, excellent! wished to Lord L—— to have seen Mr. Grandison:—unworthy as that man has made himself of his attention.

He was a few moments in private with Lady Olivia. She returned to company with red eyes.

Poor Emily watched an opportunity to be spoken to by him alone—so diligently! He led her to the window—about one o'clock it was—he held both her hands. He called her, she says, *his* Emily. He charged her to write to him.

She could not speak; she could only sob; yet thought she had a thousand things to say to him.

He contradicted not the hope his sisters and their lords had of his breakfasting with them. They invited me; they invited the Italian ladies: Lady L——, Lord L——, did go, in expectation: but Lady G——, when she found him gone, sent me and the Italian ladies word, that he was. It would have been cruel if she had not. How *could* he steal away so! I find, that he intended that his morning visit to me (as, indeed, I half suspected) should be a taking leave of my cousins, and your Harriet. How many things did he say then—how many questions ask—in tender woe—he wanted to do us all service—he seemed not to know what to say.—Surely he hates not your poor Harriet—What struggles in his noble bosom!—But a man cannot complain: a man cannot ask for compassion, as a woman can. But, surely, his is the gentlest of manly minds!

When we broke up, he handed my cousin Reeves into her coach. He handed me. Mr. Reeves said, We see you again Sir Charles, in the morning? He bowed. At handing me in, he sighed—he pressed my hand—I think he did—that was all—he saluted nobody. He will not meet his Clementina as he parted with us.

But, I doubt not, Dr. Bartlett was in the secret.

HE was. He has just been here. He found my eyes swelled. I had had no rest; yet knew not, till seven o'clock, that he was gone.

It was very good of the doctor to come: his visit soothed me: yet he took no notice of my red eyes. Nay, for that matter, Mrs. Reeves's eyes were swelled, as well as mine. Angel of a man! how is he beloved!

The doctor says, that his sisters, their lords, Lord W——, are in as much grief as if he were departed for ever—and who knows—but I will not torment myself with supposing

the worst: I will endeavour to bear in mind what he said yesterday morning to us, no doubt for an instruction, that he *would* have joy.

And did he then think that I should be so much grieved as to want such an instruction?—and, therefore, did he vouchsafe to give it?—But, vanity, be quiet—lie down, hope—hopelessness, take place!—Clementina shall be his. He shall be hers.

— Yet his emotion, Lucy, at mentioning Lady D——’s visit—Oh! but that was only owing to his humanity. He saw *my* emotion; and acknowledged the tenderest friendship for me! Ought I not to be satisfied with that? *I am. I will be* satisfied. Does he not love me with the love of mind? The poor Olivia has not this to comfort herself with. The poor Olivia! if I see her sad and afflicted, how I shall pity her! All her expectations frustrated; the expectations that engaged her to combat difficulties, to travel, to cross many waters, and to come to England—to come just time enough to take leave of him; he hastening on the wings of love and compassion to a dearer, a *deservedly* dearer object, in the country she had quitted on purpose to visit him in his—is not hers a more grievous situation than mine?—It is. Why, then, do I lament?

But here, Lucy, let me in confidence hint, what I have gathered from several intimations from Dr. Bartlett, though as tenderly made by him as possible, that had Sir Charles Grandison been a man capable of taking advantage of the violence of a lady’s passion for him, the unhappy Olivia would not have scrupled, great, haughty, and noble as she is, by birth and fortune, to have been his, without conditions, if she could not have been so with: the Italian world is of this opinion, at least. Had Sir Charles been a Rinaldo, Olivia had been an Armida.

Oh, that I could hope, for the honour of the sex, and of the lady, who is so fine a woman, that the Italian world is mistaken!—I will presume that it is.

My good Dr. Bartlett, will you allow me to accuse you of a virtue too rigorous? That is sometimes the fault of very good people. You own that Sir Charles has not, even to *you*, revealed a secret so disgraceful to her. You own,

that he has only blamed her for having too little regard for her reputation, and for the violence of her temper: yet how patiently, for one of such a temper, has she taken his departure, almost on the day of her arrival! *He* could not have given her an *opportunity* to indicate to him a concession so criminal: *she* could not, if he *had*, have made the overture. Wicked, wicked world! I will not believe you! And the less credit shall you have with me, Italian world, as I have *seen* the lady. The innocent heart will be a charitable one. Lady Olivia is only too intrepid. Prosperity, as Sir Charles observed, has been a snare to her, and set her above a proper regard to her reputation.—Merciless world! I do not love you. Dear Dr. Bartlett, you are not yet absolutely perfect! These hints of yours against Olivia, gathered from the malevolence of the envious, are proofs (the first, indeed, that I have met with) of *your* imperfection!

Excuse me, Lucy: how have I run on! Disappointment has mortified me, and made me good-natured.—I will welcome adversity, if it enlarge my charity.

The doctor tells me, that Emily, with her half-broken heart, will be here presently. If I can be of comfort to her—but I want it myself, from the same cause. We shall only weep over each other.

As I told you, the doctor, and the doctor only, knew of his setting out so early. He took leave of him. Happy Dr. Bartlett!—Yet I see, by his eyes, that this parting cost him some paternal tears.

Never father better loved a son than this good man loves Sir Charles Grandison.

Sir Charles, it seems, had settled all his affairs three days before. His servants were appointed.

The doctor tells me, that he had last week presented the elder Mr. Oldham with a pair of colours, which he had purchased for him. Nobody had heard of this.

Lord W——, he says, is preparing for Windsor; Mr. Beauchamp for Hampshire, for a few days; and then he returns to attend the commands of the noble Italians.

Lady Olivia will soon have her equipage ready.

She will make a great appearance.—But SIR CHARLES

GRANDISON will not be with her. What is grandeur to a disturbed heart?

The Earl of G—— and Lady Gertrude are setting out for Hertfordshire. Lord and Lady L—— talk of retiring, for a few weeks, to Colnebrook: the doctor is preparing for Grandison Hall; your poor Harriet for Northamptonshire—bless me, my dear, what a dispersion!—But Lord W——’s nuptials will collect some of them together at Windsor.

EMILY, the dear weeping girl! is just come. She is with my cousin. She expects my permission for coming up to me. Imagine us weeping over each other; praying for, blessing the guardian of us both. Your imagination cannot form a scene too tender.—Adieu, my Lucy.



LETTER X.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Sunday, April 16.

OH, what a blank, my dear!—But I need not say what I was going to say. Poor Emily!—but, to mention her grief, is to paint my own.

Lord W—— went to Windsor yesterday.

A very odd behaviour of Lady Olivia. Mr. Beauchamp went yesterday, and offered to attend her to any of the public places, at her pleasure; in pursuance of Sir Charles’s reference to him, to do all in his power to make England agreeable to her: and she thought fit to tell him, before her aunt, that she thanked him for his civility; but she should not trouble him during her stay in England. She had *gentlemen* in her train; and one of them had been in England before——

He left her in disgust.

Lady L—— making her a visit in the evening, she told her of Mr. Beauchamp’s offer, and of her answer. The gentleman, said she, is a polite and very agreeable man; and *this* made me treat his kind offer with abruptness: for I can hardly doubt your brother’s view in it. I *scorn* his view: and, if I were sure of it, perhaps I should find a way

to make him repent of the indignity. Lady L—— was sure, she said, that neither her brother, nor Mr. Beauchamp, had any other views than to make England as agreeable to her as possible.

Be this as it may, madam, said she, I have no service for Mr. Beauchamp : but if your ladyship, your sister, and your two lords, will allow me to cultivate your friendship, you will do me honour. Dr. Bartlett's company will be very agreeable to me likewise, as often as he will give it me. To Miss Jervois I lay some little claim. I would have had her for my companion in Italy; but your cruel brother—no more, however, of him. Your English beauty, too, I admire her: but, poor young creature, I admire her the more, because I can pity *her*. I should think myself very happy to be better acquainted with her.

Lady L—— made her a very polite answer for herself and her sister, and their lords. But told her, that I was very soon to set out for my own abode in Northamptonshire: and that Dr. Bartlett had some commissions, which would oblige him, in a day or two, to go to Sir Charles's seat in the country. She herself offered to attend her to Windsor, and to every other place, at her command.

LADY L—— took notice of her wrist being bound round with a broad black ribband, and asked, if it were hurt? A kind of sprain, said she. But you little imagine how it came; and must not ask.

This made Lady L—— curious; and Olivia requesting that Emily might be allowed to breakfast with her as this morning, she has bid the dear girl endeavour to know how it came, if it fell in her way: for Olivia reddened, and looked up, with a kind of consciousness, to Lady L——, when she told her that she must not ask questions about it.

Lady G—— is very earnest with me to give into the town diversions for a month to come: but I have now no desire in my heart so strong, as to return to all my dear Northamptonshire friends.

I am only afraid of my uncle. He will rally his Harriet; yet only, I know, in hopes to divert her, and us all: but my

jesting days are over: my situation will not bear it. Yet, if it will divert him, let him rally.

I shall be so much importuned to stay longer than I ought, or *will* stay, that I may as well fix a peremptory day at once. Will you, my ever-indulgent friends, allow me to set out for Selby House on Friday next? Not on a Sunday, as Lady Betty Williams advises, for fear of the *odious waggons*. But I have been in a different school. Sir Charles Grandison, I find, makes it a *tacit* rule with him, never to *begin* a journey on a Sunday; nor, except when in pursuit of works of mercy or necessity, to travel in time of divine service. And this rule he observed last Sunday, though he reached us here in the evening. Oh, my grandmamma! How much is he what you all are, and ever have been!—but he is now pursuing a work of mercy. God succeed to him the end of his pursuit!

But why *tacit*? you will ask. Is Sir Charles Grandison ashamed to make an open appearance in behalf of his Christian duties? He is not. For instance; I have never seen him sit down at his own table, in the absence of Dr. Bartlett, or some other clergyman, but he himself says grace; and that with such an easy dignity as commands every one's reverence; and which is succeeded by a cheerfulness that looks as if he were the better pleased for having shown a thankful heart.

Dr. Bartlett has also told me, that he begins and ends every day, either in his chamber, or in his study, in a manner worthy of one who is in earnest in his Christian profession. But he never frights gay company with grave maxims. I remember one day, Mr. Grandison asked him, in his absurd way, Why he did not *preach* to his company now and then? Faith, Sir Charles, said he, if you did, you would reform many a poor ignorant sinner of us; since you could do it with more weight, and more certainty of attention, than any parson in Christendom.

It would be an affront, said Sir Charles, to the understanding, as well as education, of a man who took rank above a peasant, in such a country as this, to seem to question whether he *knew* his general duties, or not, and the necessity of practising what he knew of them. If he should

be at a loss, he *may* once a week be reminded, and his heart kept warm. Let you and me, cousin Everard, show our conviction by our practice; and not invade the clergyman's province.

I remember that Mr. Grandison showed his conviction by his blushes; and by repeating the three little words, *You and me!* Sir Charles.

—o—

Sunday Evening.

OH, my dear friends! I have a strange, a shocking piece of intelligence to give you! Emily has just been with me in tears: she begged to speak with me in private. When we were alone she threw her arms about my neck: Ah, madam! said she, I am come to tell you, that there is a person in the world that I hate, and must and will hate, as long as I live. It is Lady Olivia—take me down with you into Northamptonshire, and let me never see her more.

I was surprised.

Oh, madam! I have found out, that she would, on Thursday last, have killed my guardian.

I was astonished, Lucy.

They retired together, you know, madam: my guardian came from her, his face in a glow; and he sent in his sister to her, and went not in himself till afterwards. She would have had him put off his journey. She was enraged because he would not; and they were high together; and, at last, she pulled out of her stays, in fury, a poniard, and vowed to plunge it into his heart. He should never, she said, see his Clementina more. He went to her. Her heart failed her. Well it might, you know, madam. He seized her hand. He took it from her. She struggled, and, in struggling, her wrist was hurt; that's the meaning of the broad black ribband!—Wicked creature! to have such a thought in her heart!—He only said, when he had got it from her, Unhappy, violent woman! I return not this instrument of mischief! You will have no use for it in England—and would not let her have it again.

I shuddered. Oh, my dear! said I, he has been a sufferer, we are told, by good women: but this is *not* a good woman. But can it be true? Who informed you of it?

Lady Maffei herself. She thought that Sir Charles must have spoken of it : and when she found *he* had not, she was sorry *she* had, and begged I would not tell anybody : but I could not keep it from you. And she says that Lady Olivia is grieved on the remembrance of it ; and arraigns herself and her wicked passion ; and the more, for his noble forgiveness of her on the spot, and recommending her afterwards to the civilities of his sisters, and their lords. But I hate her, for all that.

Poor unhappy Olivia ! said I. But what, my Emily, are we women, who should be the meekest and tenderest of the whole animal creation, when we give way to passion ! But if she is so penitent, let not the shocking attempt be known to his sisters, or their lords. I may take the liberty of mentioning it, in *strict confidence*, [observe that, Lucy,] to those from whom I keep not any secret : but let it not be divulged to any of the relations of Sir Charles. Their detestation of her, which must follow, would not be concealed ; and the unhappy creature, made desperate, might—who knows what she might do ?

The dear girl ran on upon what might have been the consequence, and what a loss the world would have had, if the horrid fact had been perpetrated. Lady Maffei told her, however, that had not her heart relented, she might have done him mischief ; for he was too rash in approaching her. She fell down on her knees to him, as soon as he had wrested the poniard from her. I forgive, and pity you, madam, said he, with an air that had, as Olivia and her aunt have recollected since, both majesty and compassion in it : but, against her entreaty, he would withdraw : yet, at her request, sent in Lady L—— to her ; and, going into his study, told not even Dr. Bartlett of it, though he went to him there immediately.

From the consciousness of this violence, perhaps, the lady was more temperate afterwards, even to the very time of his departure.

LORD bless me, what shall I do ? Lady D—— has sent a card to let me know, that she will wait upon Mrs. Reeves and me to-morrow to breakfast. She comes, no doubt, to tell me, that Sir Charles, having no thoughts of Harriet

Byron, Lord D—— may have hopes of succeeding with her : and, perhaps, her ladyship will plead Sir Charles's recommendation and interest in Lord D——'s favour. But should this plea be made, good Heaven, give me patience ! I am afraid I shall be uncivil to this excellent woman.

—o—

LETTER XI.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Monday, April 17.

THE countess is just gone.

Mr. Reeves was engaged before to breakfast with Lady Betty Williams ; and we were only Mrs. Reeves, Lady D——, and I.

My heart ached at her entrance ; and every moment still more, as we were at breakfast. Her looks, I thought, had such a particular kindness and meaning in them, as seemed to express, ' You have no hopes, Miss Byron, anywhere else ; and I will have you to be mine.'

But my suspense was over the moment the tea-table was removed. I see your confusion, my dear, said the countess ; [Mrs. Reeves, you must not leave us ;] and I have sat in pain for you, as I saw it increase. By this I know that Sir Charles Grandison has been as good as his word. Indeed I doubted not but he would. I don't wonder, my dear, that you love him. He is the finest man in his manners, as well as person, that I ever saw. A woman of virtue and honour cannot *but* love him. But I need not praise him to you ; nor to *you*, neither, Mrs. Reeves ; I see that. Now you must know, proceeded she, that there is an alliance proposed for my son, of which I think very well ; but still should have thought better, had I never seen you, my dear. I have talked to my lord about it : you know I am very desirous to have him married. His answer was ; I never can think of any proposal of this nature, while I have any hope that I can make myself acceptable to Miss Byron.

What think you, my lord, said I, if I should directly apply to Sir Charles Grandison to know his intentions ; and whether he has any hopes of obtaining her favour ? He is said to be

the most unreserved of men. He knows our characters to be as unexceptionable as his own; and that our alliance cannot be thought a discredit to the first family in the kingdom. It is a free question, I own, as I am unacquainted with him by person: but he is such a man, that, methinks, I can take pleasure in addressing myself to him on *any* subject.

My lord smiled at the freedom of my motion; but, not disapproving it, I directly went to Sir Charles; and, after due compliments, told him my business.

The countess stopped. She is very penetrating. She looked at us both.

Well, madam, said my cousin, with an air of curiosity—pray, your ladyship——

I could not speak for very impatience——

I never heard in my life, said the countess, such a fine character of any mortal, as he gave you. He told me of his engagements to go abroad as the very next day. He highly extolled the lady, for whose sake, principally, he was obliged to go abroad; and he spoke as highly of a brother of hers, whom he loved as if he were his own brother; and mentioned very affectionately the young lady's whole family.

'God only knows,' said he, 'what may be *my* destiny!—As generosity, as justice, or rather as Providence leads, I will follow.'

After he had generously opened his heart, proceeded the countess, I asked him if he had any hope, should the foreign lady recover her *health*, of her being his?

'I can promise myself nothing,' said he. 'I go over without one selfish hope. If the lady recover *her* health, and her brother can be amended in *his*, by the assistance I shall carry over with me, I shall have joy inexpressible. To Providence I leave the rest. The result cannot be in my *own* power.'

Then, sir, proceeded the countess, you cannot in honour be under any engagements to Miss Byron?

I arose from my seat. Whither, my dear?—I have *done*, if I oppress you. I moved my chair behind her, but so close to hers, that I leaned on the back of it, my face hid, and my eyes running over. She stood up. Sit down again, madam,

said I, and proceed—pray proceed. You have excited my curiosity. Only let me sit here, *unheeded*, behind you.

Pray, madam, said Mrs. Reeves (burning also with curiosity as she has since owned), go on; and indulge my cousin in her present seat. What answer did Sir Charles return?

My dear love, said the countess (sitting down, as I had requested), let me first be answered one question. I would not do mischief.

You cannot do mischief, madam, replied I. What is your ladyship's question?

Has Sir Charles Grandison ever directly made his addresses to you, my dear?

Never, madam.

It is not for want of love, I dare aver, that he has not. But thus he answered my question: 'I should have thought myself the unworthiest of men, knowing the difficulties of my own situation, how great soever were the temptation from Miss Byron's merit, if I had sought to engage her affections.'

[O Lucy! How nobly is his whole conduct towards me justified!]

'She has, madam,' (proceeded the countess, in his words), 'a prudence that I never knew equalled in a woman so young. With a frankness of mind, to which hardly ever young lady before her had pretensions, she has such a command of her affections, that no man, I dare say, will ever have a share in them, till he has courted her favour by assiduities which shall convince her that he has no heart but for *her*.'

Oh, my Lucy! What an honour to me would these sentiments be, if I deserved them! And *can* Sir Charles Grandison think I *do*?—I hope so. But if he does, how much am I indebted to his favourable, his generous opinion! Who knows but I have reason to rejoice, rather than to regret, as I used to do, his frequent absences from Colnebrook?

The countess proceeded.

Then, sir, you will not take amiss, if my son, by *his* assiduities, can prevail upon Miss Byron to think that he *has* merit, and that his heart is *wholly* devoted to her.

'Amiss, madam!—No!—In justice, in honour, I cannot.

‘ May Miss Byron be, as she deserves to be, one of the
 ‘ happiest women on earth in her nuptials. I have heard a
 ‘ great character of Lord D——. He has a very large estate.
 ‘ He may boast of his mother—God forbid, that *I*, a man
 ‘ *divided in myself*, not knowing what I *can* do, hardly some-
 ‘ times what I *ought* to do, should seek to involve in my own
 ‘ uncertainties the friend I revere; the woman I so greatly
 ‘ admire: her beauty so attracting; so proper for her, there-
 ‘ fore, to engage a generous protector in the married state.’

Generous man! thought I. Oh, how my tears ran down my cheeks, as I hid my face behind the countess’s chair!

But will you allow me, sir, proceeded the countess, to ask you, Were you freed from all your uncertainties——

‘ Permit me, madam,’ interrupted he, ‘ to spare you the
 ‘ question you were going to put. As I know not what will
 ‘ be the result of my journey abroad, I should think myself a
 ‘ very *selfish* man, and a very dishonourable one to *two* ladies
 ‘ of equal delicacy and worthiness, if I sought to involve, as
 ‘ I hinted before, in my own uncertainties, a young lady,
 ‘ whose prudence and great qualities must make herself and
 ‘ *any* man happy, whom she shall favour with her hand.

‘ To be still more explicit, proceeded he, With what face
 ‘ could I look up to a woman of honour and delicacy, such a
 ‘ one as the lady before whom I now stand, if I could own a
 ‘ wish, that while my honour has laid me under obligation
 ‘ to *one lady*, if she shall be permitted to accept of me, I
 ‘ should presume to hope, that *another*, no less worthy, would
 ‘ hold her favour for me suspended, till she saw what would
 ‘ be the issue of the first obligation? No, madam; I could
 ‘ sooner die than offer such indignity to BOTH! *I* am
 ‘ fettered, added he; but Miss Byron is free: and so is the
 ‘ lady abroad. My attendance on her at this time is indis-
 ‘ pensable; but I make not any conditions for myself—my
 ‘ reward will be in the consciousness of having discharged the
 ‘ obligations that I think myself under as a man of honour.’

The countess’s voice changed in repeating this speech of his: and she stopt to praise him; and then went on.

You are *THE* man indeed, sir!—But then give me leave to ask you, as I think it very likely that you will be married before your return to England, whether, now that you have

been so good as to speak favourably of my son, and that you call Miss Byron sister, you will oblige him with a recommendation to that sister?

‘The Countess of D—— shows, by this request, her value for a young lady who deserves it; and the *more*, for its being, I think (excuse me, madam), a pretty extraordinary one. But what a presumption would it be in me, to suppose that I had *SUCH* an interest with Miss Byron, when she has relations as worthy of *her*, as she is of *them*?’

You may guess, my dear, said the countess, that I should not have put this question, but as a trial of his heart. However, I asked his pardon; and told him, that I would not believe he gave it me, except he would promise to mention to Miss Byron, that I had made him a visit on this subject. [Methinks, Lucy, I should have been glad that he had not let *me* know that he was so forgiving!]

And now, my dear, said the lady, let me turn about. She did; and put one arm round my neck, and with my own handkerchief wiped my eyes, and kissed my cheek: and when she saw me a little recovered, she addressed me as follows:

Now, my good young creature [Oh that you would let me call you daughter in my way! for I think I must always call you so, whether you do, or not], let me ask you, as if I were your real mother, ‘Have you any expectation that Sir Charles Grandison will be yours?’

Dear madam, is not this as hard a question to be put to me, as that which you put to him?

Yes, my dear—full as hard. And I am as ready to ask your pardon, as I was his, if you are really displeased with me for putting it. Are you, Miss Byron? Excuse me, Mrs. Reeves, for thus urging your lovely cousin; I am at least entitled to the excuse Sir Charles Grandison made for me, that it is a demonstration of my value for her.

I have declared, madam, returned I, and it is from my heart, that I think he ought to be the husband of the lady abroad: and though I prefer him to all the men I ever saw, yet I have resolved, if possible, to conquer the particular regard I have for him. He has in a very noble manner offered me his friendship, so long as it may be accepted with-

out interfering with any other attachments on my part : and I will be satisfied with that.

A friendship so pure, replied the countess, as that of such a man, is consistent with *any other* attachments. My Lord D—— will, with his whole soul, contribute all in his power to strengthen it: he admires Sir Charles Grandison: he would think it a double honour to be acquainted with him through you. Dearest Miss Byron, take another worthy young man into your friendship, but with a tenderer name: I shall then claim a fourth place in it for myself. Oh my dear! What a quadruple knot will you tie!

Your ladyship does me too much honour, was all I could just then reply.

I *must* have an answer, my dear: I will not take up with a compliment.

This, then, madam, is my answer—I hope I am an honest creature:—I have *not* a heart to give.

Then you have expectations, my dear.—Well, I will call you *mine*, if I *can*. Never did I think that I could have made the proposal, that I am going to make you: but in my eyes, as well as in my lord's, you are an incomparable young woman. This is it. We will not think of the alliance proposed to us (it is yet *but* a proposal, and to which we have not returned any answer) till we see what turn the affair Sir Charles is gone upon takes. You once said, you could prefer my son to any of the men that had hitherto applied to you for your favour. Your affections to Sir Charles were engaged before you knew us. Will you allow my son this preference, which will be the *first* preference, if Sir Charles engages himself abroad?

Your ladyship surprises me: shall I not improve by the example you have just now set before me? Who was it that said (and a *man* too) 'With what face could I look up to a woman of honour and delicacy, such a one as the lady before whom I now stand, if I could own a wish, that, while my heart leaned to one person, I should think of keeping another in suspense till I saw whether I could or could not be the other's?' 'No madam, I would sooner die,' as Sir Charles said, 'than offer such an indignity to *both*.' But I know, madam, that you only made this proposal, as you

did another to Sir Charles Grandison, as a *trial of my heart*.

Upon my word, my dear, I should, I think, be glad to be entitled to such an excuse: but I was really in earnest; and now take a little shame to myself.

What charming ingenuousness in this lady!

She clasped her arms about me, and kissed my cheek again. I have but one plea, said she, to make for myself! I could not have fallen into such an error (the example so recently given to the contrary), had I not wished you to be, before any woman in the world, Countess of D——. Noble creature: no title can give you dignity. May your own wishes be granted!

The countess asked, when I returned to Northamptonshire? I told her my intention. She charged me to see her first. But I can tell you, said she, my lord shall not be present when you come: not once more will I trust him in your company; and if he should steal a visit, unknown to me, let not your cousin see him, Mrs. Reeves. He does *indeed* admire you, love.

I acknowledged, with a grateful heart, her goodness to me. She engaged me to correspond with her when I got home. Her commands were an honour done me, that I could not refuse myself. Her son, she smilingly told me, should no more see my letters, than my person.

At her going away—I will tell you one thing, said she; I never before, in a business which my heart was set upon, was so effectually silenced by precedent produced by myself in the same conversation. I came with an assurance of success. When our *hearts* are engaged in a hope, we are apt to think every step we take for the promoting it, reasonable: our passions, my dear, will evermore run away with our judgment. But, now I think of it, I must, when I say *our*, make two exceptions; one for you, and one for Sir Charles Grandison.

But, Lucy, tell me—may I, do you think, explain the meaning of the word *SELFISH* used by Sir Charles in the conclusion of the library conference at Colnebrook (and which puzzled me then to make out), by his disclaiming of *selfishness* in the conversation with the countess above re-

cited? If I may, what an opening of his heart does that word give in my favour, were he at liberty? Does it not look, my dear, as if his *honour* checked him, when his *love* would have prompted him to wish me to preserve my heart disengaged till his return from abroad? Nor let it be said that it was dishonourable in him to have such a thought, as it was *checked* and *overcome*; and as it was succeeded by such an emotion, that he was obliged to depart abruptly from me. Let me repeat the words—you may not have my letter at hand which relates that affecting address to me; and it is impossible for me, while I have memory, to forget them. He had just concluded his brief history of Clementina—‘and now, madam, what can I say?—Honour forbids me!—yet honour bids me—yet I cannot be unjust, ungenerous, *selfish*!’—If I may flatter myself, Lucy, that he did love me when he said this, and that he had a conflict in his noble heart between the love on one side so *hopeless* (for I could not forgive him, if he did not *love*, as well as *pity*, Clementina), and on the other *not so* hopeless, were there to have been no bar between—shall we not pity him for the arduous struggle? Shall we not see that honour carried it, even in favour of the *hopeless* against the *hopeful*, and applaud him the more for being able to overcome? How shall we call virtue by its name, if it be not tried; and if it hath no contest with inclination?

If I am a vain self-flatterer, tell me, chide me, Lucy; but allow me, however, at the same time, this praise, if I can make good my claim to it, that *my* conquest of my passion is at least as glorious for me, as *his* is for him, were he to love me ever so well; since I can most sincerely, however painfully, subscribe to the preference which honour, love, compassion, unitedly, give to CLEMENTINA.

—o—

LETTER XII.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

[Monday Night.

My cousins and I, by invitation, supped with Lady G—— this evening. Lord and Lady L—— were there; Lady Olivia also, and Lady Maffei.

I have set them all into a consternation, as they expressed themselves, by my declaration of leaving London on my return home early on Friday morning next. I knew, that were I to pass the whole summer here, I must be peremptory at last. The two sisters vow, that I shall not go so soon. They say, that I have seen so few of the town diversions—town diversions, Lucy!—I have had diversions enough, of one sort! But in your arms, my dear friends, I shall have consolation—and I want it.

I have great regrets, and shall have hourly more, as the day approaches, on the leaving of such dear and obliging friends: but I am determined.

My cousin's coach will convey me to Dunstable; and there, I know, I shall meet with my indulgent uncle, or your brother. I would not have it publicly known, because of the officious gentlemen in the neighbourhood.

Dr. Bartlett intended to set out for Grandison Hall to-morrow: but, from the natural kindness of his heart, he has suspended his journey to Thursday next. No consideration, therefore, shall detain me, if I am well.

My cousins are grieved: they did not expect that I would be a word and a blow, as they phrase it.

Lady Olivia expressed herself concerned, that she, in particular, was to lose me. She had proposed great pleasure, she said, in the parties she should make in my company. But, after what Emily told me, she appears to me as a Medusa; and were I to be thought by her a formidable rival, I might have as much reason to be afraid of the potion, as the man she loves of the poniard. Emily has kept the secret from everybody but me. And I rely on the inviolable secrecy of all you, my friends.

Lord and Lady L——had designed to go to Colnebrook to-morrow, or at my day, having hopes of getting me with them; but now, they say, they will stay in town till they can see whether I am to be prevailed upon, or will be *obdurate*.

Lady Olivia inquired after the distance of Northamptonshire. She will make the tour of England, she says, and visit me there. I was obliged to say I should take her visit as an honour.

Wicked politeness! Of how many falsehoods dost thou make the people, who are called *polite*, guilty!

But there is one man in the world, who is remarkable for his truth, yet is unquestionably polite. He censures not others for complying with fashions established by custom; but he gives not into them. He never perverts the meaning of words. He never, for instance, suffers his servants to deny him when he is at home. If he is busy, he just finds time to say he is, to unexpected visitors; and if they will stay, he turns them over to his sisters, to Dr. Bartlett, to Emily, till he can attend them. But then he has *always* done so. Every one knows that he lives to his own heart, and they *expect* it of him; and when they *can* have his company, they have double joy in the ease and cheerfulness that attend his leisure: they then have him *wholly*. And he can be the more polite, as the company then is all his business.

Sir Charles might the better do so, as he came over so few months ago, after so long an absence; and his reputation for politeness was so well established, that people rather looked for rules from him, than a conformity to theirs.

His denials of complimenting Lady Olivia (though she was but just arrived in his native country, where she never was before) with the suspending of his departure for one week, or but for one day—who but he could have given them? But he was convinced, that it was right to hasten away, for the sake of Clementina and his Jeronymo; and that it would have been wrong to show Olivia, even for her *own* sake, that in *such* a competition she had consequence with him; and all her entreaties, all her menaces, the detested poniard in her hand, could not shake his steady soul, and make him delay his well-settled purpose.



LETTER XIII.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Tuesday Morning, April 18.

THIS naughty Lady G——! She is excessively to blame. Lord L—— is out of patience with her. So is Lady L——. Emily says she loves her dearly, but she does not love her

ways. Lord G——, as Emily tells me, talks of coming to me; the cause of quarrel supposed to be not great: but trifles, insisted upon, make frequently the widest breaches. Whatever it be, it is between themselves: and neither cares to tell: but Lord and Lady L—— are angry with her, for the ludicrous manner in which she treats him.

* The misunderstanding happened after my cousin and I left them last night. I was not in spirits, and declined staying to cards. Lady Olivia and her aunt went away at the same time. Whist was the game. Lord and Lady L——, Dr. Bartlett and Emily, were cast in. In the midst of their play, Lady G—— came hurrying down stairs to them, warbling an air. Lord G—— followed her, much disturbed. Madam, I must tell you, said he—Why must, my lord? I don't bid you.

Sit still, child, said she to Emily; and took her seat behind her—Who wins? Who loses?

Lord G—— walked about the room—Lord and Lady L—— were unwilling to take notice, hoping it would go off; for there had been a few livelinesses on her side at dinner-time, though all was serene at supper.

Dr. Bartlett offered her his cards. She refused them—No, doctor, said she, I will play my own cards: I shall have enough to do to play *them* well.

As you manage it, so you will, madam, said Lord G——.

Don't expose yourself, my Lord: we are before company. Lady L——, you have nothing but trumps in your hand.

Let me say a word or two to you, madam, said Lord G—— to her.

I am all obedience, my lord.

She arose. He would have taken her hand: she put it behind her.

Not your *hand*, madam?

I can't spare it.

He flung from her, and went out of the room.

Lord bless me, said she, returning to the card-table with a gay unconcern, what strange passionate creatures are these men!

Charlotte, said Lady L——, I *wonder* at you.

Then I give you joy——

What do you mean, sister?

We women love wonder, and the wonderful!

Surely, Lady G——, said Lord L——, you are wrong.

I give your lordship joy, too.

On what?

That my sister is always right.

Indeed, madam, were I Lord G——, I should have no patience.

A good hint for you, Lady L——. I hope you will take this for a warning, and continue good.

When I behave as you do, Charlotte——

I understand you, Lady L——, you need not speak out—every one in their way.

You would not behave thus, were my brother——

Perhaps not.

Dear Charlotte, you are excessively wrong.

So I think, returned she.

Why then do you not——

Mend, Lady L——? All in good time.

Her woman came in with a message expressing her lord's desire to see her.—The deuce is in these men! They will neither be satisfied with us nor without us. But I am all obedience: no *vow* will I break—and out she went.

Lord G—— not returning presently, and Lord and Lady L——'s chariot being come, they both took this opportunity, in order to show their displeasure, to go away without taking leave of their sister. Dr. Bartlett retired to his apartment. And when Lady G—— came down, she was surprised, and a little vexed, to find only Emily there. Lord G—— came in at another door—Upon my word, my lord, this is strange behaviour in you: you frighten away, with your husband-like airs, all one's company.

Good God!—I am astonished at you, madam.

What *signifies* your astonishment when you have scared everybody out of the house?

I, madam?

You, sir. Yes, you!—Did you not lord it over me in my dressing-room?—To be easy and quiet, did I not fly to our company in the drawing-room? Did you not follow me there—with looks—very pretty looks for a new-married

man, I assure you! Then did you not want to take me aside—would not anybody have supposed it was to express your sorrow for your odd behaviour? Was I not all obedience?—Did you not, with very *mannish* airs, slight me for my compliance, and fly out of the room? All the company could witness the calmness with which I returned to them, that they might not be grieved for me; nor think our misunderstanding a deep one. Well, then, when your stomach came down, as I supposed, you sent for me out: no doubt, thought I, to express his concern now.—I was all obedience again.

And did I not beseech you, madam——

Beseech me, my lord!—yes—but with such looks!—I married, sir, let me tell you, a man with another face.—See, see, Emily—he is gone again.

My lord flew out of the room in a rage.—Oh these men, my dear! said she to Emily.

I know, said Emily, what I could have answered, if I dared: but it is ill meddling, as I have heard say, between man and wife.

Emily says the quarrel was not made up; but was carried higher still in the morning.

She had but just finished her tale, when the following billet was brought me, from Lady G——:

Tuesday Morning.

HARRIET,—If you love me, if you pity me, come hither this instant: I have great need of your counsel. I am resolved to be unmarried; and therefore subscribe myself by the beloved name of

CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.

I instantly despatched the following:

I KNOW no such person as Charlotte Grandison. I love Lady G——, but can pity only her lord. I will not come near you. I have no counsel to give you, but that you will not jest away your own happiness.

HARRIET BYRON.

Soon after, came a servant from Lady G—— with the following letter:

So, then, I have made a blessed hand of wedlock. My

brother gone: my man excessive unruly: Lord and Lady L—— on his side, without inquiring into merits or demerits: lectured by Dr. Bartlett's grave face: Emily standing aloof; her finger in her eye: and now my Harriet renouncing me: and all in one week!

What can I do?—War seems to be declared: and will you not turn mediatrix?—You won't, you say. Let it alone. Nevertheless, I will lay the whole matter before you.

It was last night, the week from the wedding-day not completed, that Lord G—— thought fit to break into my retirement without my leave—by the way, he was a little impertinent at dinner-time; but that I passed over——

What boldness is this? said I—Pray, sir, begone—Why do you leave your company below?

I come, my dearest life! to make a request to you.

The man began with civility enough, had he had a little less of his odious rapture; for he flung his arms about me, Jenny in presence. A husband's fondness is enough to ruin these girls. Don't you think, Harriet, that there is an immorality in it, before them?

I refuse your request, be it what it will. How dare you invade me in my retirement?—You may believe, that I intended not to stay long above, my sister below. Does the ceremony, so lately past, authorise want of breeding?

Want of breeding, madam!—and he did *so* stare!

Leave me this instant!—I looked good-natured, I suppose, in my anger: for he declared he would not; and again throwing his arms about me as I sat, joined his sharp face to mine, and presumed to kiss me; Jenny still in the room.

Now, Harriet, you never will desert me in a point of delicacy, I am sure. You cannot defend these odious freedoms in a matrimony so young, unless you would be willing to be served so yourself.

You may suppose, that then I let loose my indignation upon him. And he stole out, daring to mutter and be displeased. The word *devil* was in his mouth.

Did he call *me* devil, Jenny?

No, indeed, madam, said the wench—and, Harriet, see the ill example of such a free behaviour before her: she

presumed to prate in favour of the man's fit of fondness ; yet at other times, is a prude of a girl.

Before my anger was gone down, in again [It is truth, Harriet,] came the bold wretch. I will not, said he, as you are not *particularly* employed, leave you—Upon my soul, madam, you don't use me well. But if you will oblige me with your company to-morrow morning——

Nowhere, sir——

Only to breakfast with Miss Byron, my *dear*—As a mark of your obligingness, I request it.

His dear!—Now I hate a hypocrite, of all things. I knew that he had a design to make a show of his bride, as his property, at another place ; and seeing me angry, thought he would name a visit agreeable to me, and which at the same time would give him a merit with you, and preserve to himself the consequence of being obliged by his obedient wife, at the word of authority.

From this foolish beginning arose our mighty quarrel. What vexed me was, the *art* of the man, and the evident design he had to get you of his side. He, in the course of it, threatened me with appealing to you.—To intend to ruin me in the love of my dearest friend ! Who, that valued that friend, could forgive it ? You may believe, that if *he* had not proposed it, and after such accumulated offences, it was the very visit that I should have been delighted with.

Indeed, sir—Upon my word, my lord—I do assure you, sir,—with a moderate degree of haughtiness—was what the quarrel arose to, on my side—and, at last, to a declaration of rebellion—I *won't*.

On his side, Upon my soul, madam—Let me perish, if—and then hesitating—You use me ill, madam. I have not deserved—And give me leave 'to say—I *insist* upon being obliged, madam.

There was no bearing of this, Harriet.—It was a cool evening ; but I took up my fan—Hey-day ! said I, what language is this ?—You *insist upon it*, my lord !—I think I am married ; am I not ?—And I took my watch, half an hour after ten on Monday night—the—what day of the month is this ?—Please the Lord, I will note down this beginning moment of your authoritative demeanour.

My dear Lady G—— [The wretch called me by his own name, perhaps farther to insult me], if I could bear this treatment, it would be impossible for me to love you as I do.

So it is in *love* to me, that you are to put on already all the husband!—Jenny! [Do you see, my lord, affecting a whisper, how you dash the poor wench? How like a fool she looks at our folly!] Remember, Jenny, that to-morrow morning you carry my wedding-suits to Mrs. Arnold; and tell her, she has forgot the hanging-sleeves to the gowns. Let her put them on directly.

I was proceeding—but he rudely, gravely, and even with an air of scorn [There was no bearing *that*, you know], admonished me. A little less wit, madam, and a little more discretion, would perhaps better become you.

This was too *true* to be forgiven. *You'll* say it, Harriet, if *I* don't. And to come from a man that was not overburdened with either—but I had too great a command of myself to say so. My dependence, my lord [This I did say] is upon your *judgment*; that will always be a balance to my *wit*; and, with the assistance of your *reproving love*, will in time teach me *discretion*.

Now, my dear, was not this a high compliment to him? Ought he not to have taken it as such? Especially as I looked grave, and dropt him a very fine courtesy. But either his conscience or ill-nature (perhaps you'll say both), made him take it as a reflection [True as you are alive, Harriet!] He bit his lip. Jenny, begone! said he—Jenny, don't go, said I—Jenny knew not which to obey. Upon my word, Harriet, I began to think the man would have cuffed me.—And while he was in his airs of mock-majesty, I stept to the door, and whipt down to my company.

As married people are not to expose themselves to their friends (who, I once heard you sagely remark, would remember disagreeable things, when the honest pair had forgot them), I was determined to be prudent. You would have been charmed with me, my dear, for my discretion. I will cheat by-standers, thought I; I will make my Lord and Lady L——, Dr. Bartlett, and Emily, whom I had before set in at cards, think we are egregiously happy—and down I sat, intending, with a lamb-like peaceableness, to make

observations on the play. But soon after, in whipt my indiscreet lord, his colour heightened, his features working: and though I *cautioned* him not to expose himself, yet he assumed airs that were the occasion, as you shall hear, of frightening away my company. He withdrew, *in consequence of those airs*; and, after a little while (repenting, as I hoped), he sent for me out. Some wives would have played the queen Vashti on their tyrant, and refused to go: but I, all obedience (my vow, so recently made, in my head), obeyed, at the very first word: yet you must think that I (meek as I am naturally) could not help recriminating. He was too lordly to be expostulated with.—There was, ‘I tell you, madam,’ and ‘I won’t be told, sir;’ and when I broke from the passionate creature, and hoped to find my company, behold! they were all gone! None but Emily left. And thus poor Lady L—— was sent home, weeping, perhaps, for such an early marriage-tyranny exerted on her meek sister.

Well, and don’t you think that we looked like a couple of fools at each other, when we saw ourselves left alone, as I may say, to fight it out? I *did* expostulate with him as mildly as I could: he would have made it up with me afterwards; but, no! there was no doing that, as a girl of your nice notions may believe, after he had, by his violent airs, exposed us both before so many witnesses. In *decency*, therefore, I was obliged to keep it up: and now our misunderstanding blazes, and is at such a comfortable height, that if we meet by accident, we run away from each other by design. We have already made two breakfast-tables: yet I am meek; he is sullen: I make courtesies; he returns not bows.—Sullen creature, and a rustic!—I go to my harpsichord; melody enrages him. He is worse than Saul; for Saul could be gloomily pleased with the music even of the man he hated.

I would have got *you* to come to us: that I thought was *tending* to a compliance; for it would have been condescending *too much*, as he is so *very* perverse, if I had accompanied him to you. He has a great mind to appeal to you; but I have half rallied him out of his purpose. I sent to you. What an answer did you return me!—Cruel Harriet! to deny your requested mediation in a difference that has arisen

between man and wife.—But let the fire glow. If it spares the house, and only blazes in the chimney, I can bear it.

Cross creature, adieu! If you know not such a woman as *Grandison*, Heaven grant that I *may*; and that my wishes may be answered as to the *person*; and then I will not know a *Byron*.

See, Lucy, how high this dear flighty creature bribes? But I will not be influenced, by her bribery, to take her part.



LETTER XIV.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Tuesday Night.

I AM just returned from St. James's Square.

But, first, I should tell you, that I had a visit from Lady Olivia and Lady Maffei. Our conversation was in Italian and French. Lady Olivia and I had a quarter of an hour's discourse in private; you may guess at our subject. She is not without that tenderness of heart, which is the indispensable characteristic of a woman. She lamented the violence of her temper, in a manner so affecting, that I cannot help pitying her, though at the instant I had in my head a certain attempt, that makes me shudder whenever I think of it. She regrets my going to Northamptonshire so soon. I have promised to return her visit to-morrow in the afternoon.

She sets out on Friday next for Oxford. She wished I could accompany her. She resolves to see all that is worth seeing in the western circuit, as I may call it. She observes, she says, that Sir Charles Grandison's sisters, and their lords, are very particularly engaged at present; and are in expectation of a call to Windsor, to attend Lord W——'s nuptials: she will therefore, having attendants enough, and two men of consideration in her train, one of whom is not unacquainted with England, take cursory tours over the kingdom; having a taste for travelling, and finding it a great relief to her spirits: and when Lady L—— and Lady G—— are more disengaged, will review the seats and places which she shall think worthy of a second visit, in their company.

She professed to like the people here, and the face of the

country; and talked favourably of the religion of it: but, poor woman! she likes all those the better, I doubt not, for the sake of one Englishman. Love, Lucy, gilds every object which bears a relation to the person beloved.

Lady Maffei was very free in blaming her niece for this excursion. She took her chiding patiently; but yet, like a person that thought it too much in her *power* to gratify the person blaming her, to pay much regard to what she said.

I took a chair to Lady G——'s. Emily ran to meet me in the hall. She threw her arms about me: I rejoice you are come, said she. Did you not meet the house in the square?—What means my Emily?—Why, it has been flung out of the windows, as the saying is. Ah, madam! we are all to pieces. One *so* careless, the other *so* passionate!—But, hush! Here comes Lady G——.

Take, Lucy, in the dialogue-way, particulars.

Lady G. Then you are come, at last, Harriet. You wrote, that you would not come near me.

Har. I did; but I could not stay away. Ah, Lady G——, you will destroy your own happiness!

Lady G. So you wrote. Not one word, on the subject you hint at, that you have ever said or written before. I hate repetitions, child.

Har. Then I must be silent upon it.

Lady G. Not of necessity. You can say new things upon old subjects.—But hush! Here comes the man—She ran to her harpsichord—Is this it, Harriet? and touched the keys—repeating

“Softly sweet, in *Lydian* measures
Soon she sooth'd——”

Enter Lord G——.

Lord G. Miss Byron, I am your most obedient servant. The sight of you rejoices my soul.—Madam (to his lady), you have not been long enough together to begin a tune. I know what this is for——

Lady G. Harmony! harmony! is a charming thing! But I, poor I! know not any but what this simple instrument affords me.

Lord G. [Lifting up his hands]. Harmony, madam!

God is my witness—But I will lay everything before Miss Byron.

Lady G. You need not, my lord: she knows as much as she can know, already; except the fine colourings be added to the woeful tale, that your unbridled spirit can give it.—Have you my long letter about you, Harriet?

Lord G. And could you, madam, have the *heart* to write——

Lady G. Why, my lord, do you mince the matter? For *heart*, say *courage*. You may speak as plain in Miss Byron's presence, as you did before she came: I know what you mean.

Lord G. Let it be *courage*, then.

Har. Fie, fie, Lord G——! Fie fie, Lady G——! What lengths do you run! If I understand the matter right, you have both, like children, been at play till you have fallen out.

Lord G. If, Miss Byron, you know the truth, and can blame me——

Har. I blame you only, my lord, for being in a passion. You see my lady is serene: she keeps her temper: she looks as if she wanted to be friends with you.

Lord G. Oh that cursed serenity!—When my soul is torn by a whirlwind——

Lady G. A good tragedy rant!—But, Harriet, you are mistaken: My Lord G—— is a very passionate man. So humble, so—what shall I call it? before marriage—did not the man see what a creature I was?—To bear with me, when he had no obligation to me; and not now, when he has the highest—a miserable sinking! O Harriet, Harriet! Never, never marry!

Har. Dear Lady G——, you know in your own heart you are wrong—*indeed* you are wrong——

Lord G. God for ever reward you, madam!—I will tell you how it began——

Lady G. 'Began!' She knows *that* already, I tell you, my lord. But what has passed within these *four hours*, she knows not: you may entertain her with *that*, if you please.—It was just about the time this day is a week, that we were altogether, mighty comfortable, at St. George's, Hanover Square——

Lord G. Every tittle of what you promised there, madam——

Lady G. And I, my lord, could be your echo in this, were I not resolved to keep my temper : as you cannot but say I have done, all along.

Lord G. You could not, madam, if you did not despise me.

Lady G. You are wrong, my lord, to think so : but you don't believe yourself : if you *did*, the pride of your heart ought not to permit you to own it.

Lord G. Miss Byron, give me leave——

Lady G. Lord bless me ! that people are so fond of exposing themselves ! had you taken my advice, when you pursued me out of my dressing-room into company—My lord, said I, as mildly as I now speak, '*don't* expose yourself. But he was not at all the wiser for my advice.

Lord G. Miss Byron, you see—but I had not come down but to make my compliments to you. He bowed, and was about to withdraw.

I took him by the sleeve—My lord, you must not go. *Lady G.*——, if your own heart justifies you for your part in this misunderstanding, say so ; I challenge you to say so—she was silent.

Har. If otherwise, own your fault, promise amendment—ask pardon.

Lady G. Hey-day !

Har. And my lord will asks yours, for mistaking you—for being too easily provoked——

Lord G. Too easily, madam——

Har. What generous man would not smile at the foibles of a woman, whose heart is only gay with prosperity and lively youth ; but has not the least malice in it ? Has not she made choice of your lordship in preference to any other man ? she rallies every one ; she can't help it ; she is to blame.—Indeed, *Lady G.*——, you are. Your *brother* felt your edge ; he once smarted by it, and was angry with you.—But afterwards, observing that it was her way, my lord, that it was a kind of constitutional gaiety of heart, and exercised on those she loved best, he forgave, rallied her again, and turned her own weapons upon her ; and every one in company was delighted with the spirit of *both*.—You love her, my lord——

Lord G. Never man more loved a woman. I am not an ill-natured man——

Lady G. But a captious, a passionate one, Lord G——. Who'd have thought it!

Lord G. Never was there, my dear Miss Byron, such a strangely aggravating creature! She *could* not be so, if she did not despise me.

Lady G. Fiddle-faddle, silly man! And so you said before. If you thought so, you take the way (don't you?) to mend the matter, by dancing and capering about, and putting yourself into all manner of disagreeable attitudes; and even sometimes being ready to foam at the mouth?—I told him, Miss Byron—there he stands, let him deny it, if he can—that I married a man with another face. Would not any other man have taken this for a compliment to his natural undistorted face, and instantly have pulled off the ugly mask of passion, and shown his own?——

Lord G. You see, you see, the air, Miss Byron!—How ludicrously does she now, even now——

Lady G. See, Miss Byron!—How captious!—Lord G—— ought to have a termagant wife: one who could return rage for rage.—Meekness is *my* crime.—I cannot be put out of temper. Meekness was never before attributed to woman as a fault.

Lord G. Good God!—Meekness!—Good God!

Lady G. But, Harriet, do you judge on which side the grievance lies. Lord G—— presents me with a face for his, that I never saw him wear before marriage: he has cheated me, therefore. I show him the same face that I ever wore, and treat him pretty much in the same manner (or I am mistaken) that I ever did: and what reason can he give, that will not demonstrate him to be the most ungrateful of men, for the airs he gives himself? Airs that he would not have presumed to put on eight days ago. Who then, Harriet, has reason to complain of grievance; my lord, or I?

Lord G. You *see*, Miss Byron. Can there be any arguing with a woman who knows herself to be in jest, in all she says?

Har. Why then, my lord, make a jest of it. What will not bear an argument will not be worth one's anger.

Lord G. I leave it to Miss Byron, Lady G——, to decide between us, as she pleases.

Lady G. You'd better leave it to me, sir.

Har. Do, my lord.

Lord G. Well, madam!—And what is your decree?

Lady G. You, Miss Byron, had best be Lady Chancellor, after all. I should not bear to have my decree disputed after it is pronounced.

Har. If I must, my decree is this:—You, Lady G——, shall own yourself in fault; and promise amendment. My lord shall forgive you; and promise that he will, for the future, endeavour to distinguish between your good and your ill-nature: that he will sit down to jest with your jest, and never be disturbed at what you say, when he sees it accompanied with that archness of eye and lip which you put on to your brother, and to every one whom you best love, when you are disposed to be teasingly facetious.

Lady G. Why, Harriet, you have given Lord G—— a clue to find me out, and spoil all my sport.

Har. What say *you*, my lord?

Lord G. Will Lady G—— own herself in fault, as you propose?

Lady G. Odious recrimination!—I leave you together. I never was in fault in my life. Am I not a *woman*? If my lord will ask pardon for his froppishness, as we say of children——

She stopt, and pretended to be going——

Har. That my lord shall *not* do, Charlotte. You have carried the jest too far already. My lord shall preserve his dignity for his *wife's* sake. My lord, you will not permit Lady G—— to leave us, however?

He took her hand, and pressed it to his lips: For God's sake, madam, let us be happy! It is in your power to make us both so: it ever *shall* be in your power. If I have been in fault, impute it to my love. I cannot bear your contempt; and I never will deserve it.

Lady G. Why could not this have been said some hours ago?—Why, slighting my early caution, would you *expose* yourself?

I took her aside. Be generous, Lady G——. Let

not your *husband* be the only person to whom you are not so.

Lady G. [Whispering.] Our quarrel has not run half its length. If we make up here, we shall make up clumsily. One of the silliest things in the world is a quarrel that ends not, as a coachman after a journey comes in, with a spirit. We shall certainly renew it.

Har. Take the caution you gave to my lord: Don't *expose* yourself. And another; that you cannot more effectually do so, than by exposing your husband. I am more than half ashamed of you. You are not the Charlotte I once thought you were. Let me see, if you have any regard to *my* good opinion of you, that you can own an error with some grace.

Lady G. I am a meek, humble, docible creature. She turned to me, and made me a rustic courtesy, her hands before her: I'll try for it; tell me, if I am right. Then stepping towards my lord, who was with his back to us looking out at the window—and he turning about to her bowing—My lord, said she, Miss Byron has been telling me more than I knew before of my duty. She proposes herself one day to make a won-der-ful obedient wife. It would have been well for you, perhaps, had I had *her* example to walk by. She seems to say, that now I am married, I must be grave, sage, and passive: that *smiles* will hardly become me: that I must be prim and formal, and reverence my husband. If you think this behaviour will become a married woman, and expect it from me, pray, my lord, put me right by your *frowns*, whenever I shall be wrong. For the future, if I ever find myself disposed to be very light-hearted, I will ask your leave before I give way to it. And now, what is next to be done? humorously courtesying, her hands before her.

He clasped her in his arms: Dear provoking creature! This, this is next to be done—I ask you but to love me half as much as I love you, and I shall be the happiest man on earth.

My lord, said I, you ruin all by this condescension on a speech and air so ungracious. If this is all you get by it, never, never, my lord, fall out again. O Charlotte! If you are not generous, you come off much, *much* too easily.

Well now, my lord, said she, holding out her hand, as if threatening me, let you and me, man and wife like, join against the interposer in our quarrels.—Harriet, I will not forgive you for this last part of your lecture.

And thus was this idle quarrel made up. All that vexes me on the occasion is, that it was not made up with dignity on my lord's part. His honest heart so overflowed with joy at his lips, that the naughty creature, by her arch leers, every now and then showed that she was sensible of her consequence to his happiness. But, Lucy, don't let her sink *too* low in your esteem: she has many fine qualities.

They prevailed on me to stay supper. Emily rejoiced in the reconciliation: her heart was, as I may say, visible in her joy. *Can* I love her better than I do? If I *could*, she would, every time I see her, give me reason for it.

—o—

LETTER XV.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Wednesday, Noon, April 29.

It would puzzle you to guess at a visitor I had this morning.—Honest Mr. Fowler. I was very glad to see him. He brought me a letter from his worthy uncle. Good Sir Rowland! I had a joy that I thought I should not have had while I stayed in London, on its being put into my hand, though the contents gave me sensible pain. I enclose it. It is dated from Caermarthen. Be pleased to read it here.

Caermarthen, April 11.

How shall I, in fit manner, inscribe my letter to the loveliest of women! I don't mean *because* of your loveliness; but whether as *daughter* or not, as you did me the honour to call yourself. Really, and truly, I must say, that I had rather call you by *another* name, though a little more remote as to consanguinity. Lord have mercy upon me, how have I talked of you! How many of our fine Caermarthen girls have I filled with envy of your peerless perfections!

Here am I settled to my heart's content, could I but obtain—you know whom I mean.—A town of gentry: a fine

country round us—a fine estate of our own. Esteemed, nay for that matter, *beloved* by all our neighbours and tenants. Who so happy as Rowland Meredith, if his poor boy could be happy!—Ah, madam!—And can't it be so? I am *afraid* of asking. Yet I understand that, notwithstanding all the jack-a-dandies that have been fluttering about you, you are what you were when I left town. Some whispers have gone out of a fine gentleman indeed, who had a great kindness for you; but yet that something was in the way between you. The Lord bless and prosper my dear *daughter*, as I must then call you, and not *niece*, if you have any kindness for him. And if as how you have, it would be wonderfully gracious if you would but give half a hint of it to my nephew; or if so be, you will not to him, to me, your *father* you know, under your own precious hand. The Lord be good unto me! But I shall never see the she that will strike my fancy, as you have done. But what a dreadful thing would it be, if you, who are so much courted and admired by many fine gallants, should at last be taken with a man who could not be yours! God forbid that such a disastrous thing should happen! I profess to you, madam, that a tear or two have strayed down my cheeks at the thoughts of it. For why? Because you played no tricks with any man: you never were a coquette, as they call them. You dealt plainly, sincerely, and tenderly too, to all men; of which my nephew and I can bear witness.

Well, but what now is the end of my writing?—Lord love you, cannot, cannot you at last give comfort to two honest hearts? Honester you never knew! And yet, if you could, I dare say you would. Well, then, and if you can't, we must sit down as contented as we can; that's all we have for it.—But, poor young man! Look at him, if you read this before him. *Strangely* altered! Poor young man!—And if as how you cannot, why then, God bless my *daughter*! that's all. And I do assure you, that you have our prayers every Lord's day, from the bottom of our hearts.

And now, if you will keep a secret, I will tell it you; and yet, when I began I did not intend it: the poor youth must not know I do. It is done in the singleness of our hearts; and if you think we mean to gain your love for us by it, I do assure

you that you wrong us.—My nephew declares, that he never will marry, if it be not *somebody*; and he has made his will, and so have I his uncle; and, let me tell you, that if as how I cannot have a *niece*, my *daughter* shall be the better for having known, and treated as kindly as power was lent her,

Her true friend, loving father, and obedient servant,

ROWLAND MEREDITH.

Love and service to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and all friends who inquire after me. Farewell. God bless you! Amen.

HAVE you, could you, Lucy, read this letter with dry eyes? Generous, worthy, honest man! I read but half way before Mr. Fowler—glad I was that I read no farther. I should not have been able to have kept his uncle's secret, if I had; had it been but to disclaim the acceptance of the generous purpose. The carrying it into effect would exceedingly distress me, besides the pain the demise of the honest man would give me; and the more, as I bespoke the fatherly relation from him myself. If such a thing were to be, Sir Charles Grandison's behaviour to the Danbys should be my example.

Do you know, Mr. Fowler, said I, the contents of the letter you have put into my hand?

No farther than that my uncle told me it contained professions of fatherly love; and with *wishes* only—but without so much as expressing his *hopes*.

Sir Rowland is a good man, said I: I have not read above half his letter. There seems to be too much of the *father* in it for me to read farther before my *brother*. God bless my *brother* Fowler, and reward the *fatherly* love of Sir Rowland to his *daughter* Byron! I must write to him.

Mr. Fowler, poor man! profoundly sighed; bowed; with *such* a look of respectful acquiescence—Bless me, my dear, how am I to be distressed on all sides! by *good* men too; as Sir Charles could say he was by good women.

Is there nothing less than giving myself to either, that I can do to show Mr. Orme and Mr. Fowler my true value for them?

Poor Mr. Fowler!—Indeed he looks to be, as Sir Rowland

hints, not well.—Such a modest, such a humble, such a silent lover!—He cost me tears at parting: I could not hide them. He heaped praises and good wishes upon me, and hurried away at last, to hide his emotion, with a sentence unfinished.—God preserve you, dear and worthy sir! was all I could *try* to say. The last words stuck in my throat, till he was out of hearing; and then I prayed for blessings upon him and his uncle: and repeated them, with fresh tears, on reading the rest of the affecting letter.

Mr. Fowler told Mr. Reeves, before I saw him, that he is to go to Caermarthen for the benefit of his native air, in a week. He let him know where he lodged in town. He had been riding for his health and diversion about the country, ever since his uncle went; and has not been yet at Caermarthen.

I wish Mr. Fowler had once, if *but* once, called me *sister*: it would have been such a *kind* acquiescence, as would have given me some little pleasure, on recollection. Methinks I don't know how to have done writing of Sir Rowland and Mr. Fowler.

I sat down, however, while the uncle and nephew filled my thoughts, and wrote to the former. I have enclosed the copy of my letter.

Adieu, my Lucy.



LETTER XVI.

Miss Byron to Sir Rowland Meredith.

Wednesday, April 19.

It was with great pleasure that I received this day the kindest letter that ever was written by a real father to his dearest child. I was resolved that I would not go to rest till I had acknowledged the favour.

How sweet is the name of *father* to a young person who, out of near one-and-twenty years of life, has for more than half the time been bereaved of hers; and who was also one of the best of men!

You gave me an additional pleasure in causing this remembrance of your promised paternal goodness to be

given me by Mr. Fowler in person. Till I knew you and him, I had no father, no brother.

How good you are in your apprehensions that there may be a man on whom your daughter has cast her eye, and who cannot look upon *her* with the same distinction—Oh that I had been near you when you wrote that sweetly compassionating, that indulgent passage! I would have wiped the tears from your eyes myself, and revered you as my true father.

You demand of me, *as* my father, a hint, or half a hint, as you call it, to be given to my brother Fowler; or, if not to him, to you. To him, whom I call father, I *mean* all the duty of a child. I call him not father *nominally* only: I will, irksome as the subject is, own, without reserve, the truth to you—[in tenderness to my brother, how could I to him?]
—There is a man whom, and whom only, I could love as a good wife ought to love her husband. He is the best of men. Oh, my good Sir Rowland Meredith! if you knew him, you would love him yourself, and own him for your son. I will not conceal his name from my father; Sir Charles Grandison is the man. Inquire about him. His character will rise upon you from every mouth. He engaged first all your daughter's gratitude, by rescuing her from a great danger and oppression; for he is as brave as he is good: and how could she help suffering a tenderness to spring up from her gratitude, of which she was never before sensible to any man in the world? There *is* something in the way, my good sir; but not that proceeds from his slights or contempts. Your daughter could not live, if it were so. A glorious creature is in the way! who has suffered for him, who *does* suffer for him: he ought to be hers, and only hers; and if she can be recovered from a fearful malady that has seized her mind, he probably will. My daily prayers are, that God will restore her!

But yet, my dear sir, my friend, my father! my esteem for this noblest of men is of such a nature, that I cannot give my hand to any other: my father Meredith would not wish me to give a hand without a heart.

This, sir, is the case. Let it, I beseech you, rest within your own breast, and my brother Fowler's. How few minds

are there delicate and candid enough to see circumstances of this kind in the light they ought to appear in ! And pray for me, my good Sir Rowland ; not that the way may be smoothed to what once would have crowned my wishes as to this life ; but that Sir Charles Grandison may be happy with the lady that is, and ought to be, dearest to his heart ; and that your daughter may be enabled to rejoice in their felicity. What, my good sir, is this span of life, that a passenger through it should seek to overturn the interests of others to establish her own ? And can the single life be a grievance ? Can it be destitute of the noblest tendernesses ? No, sir. You that have lived to an advanced age, in a fair fame, surrounded with comforts, and as tender to a worthy nephew, as the most indulgent father could be to the worthiest of sons, can testify for me, that it is not.

But now, sir, one word—I disclaim, but yet, in all thankfulness, the acceptance of the favour signified to be intended me in the latter part of the paternal letter before me. Our acquaintance began with a hope, on your side, that I could not encourage. As I could not, shall I accept of the benefit from you, to which I could only have been entitled (and that as I had behaved) had I been able to oblige you ?—No, sir ! I will not, in this case, be benefited, when I cannot benefit. Put me not, therefore, I beseech you, sir, if such an event (deplored by me, as it would be !) should happen, upon the necessity of inquiring after your other relations and friends. Sir Rowland Meredith my father, and Mr. Fowler my brother, are all to me of the family they distinguish by their relation, that I know at present. Let me not be made known to the rest by a distinction that would be unjust to them, and to yourself, as it must deprive you of the grace of obliging those who have more than a stranger's claim ; and must, in the event, lay them under the appearance of an obligation to that stranger for doing them common justice.

I use the word *stranger* with reference to those of your family and friends to whom I must really appear in that light. But, laying these considerations aside, in which I am determined not to interfere with *them*, I am, with the tenderest regard, dear and good sir, your ever-dutiful and affectionate daughter,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XVII.

*Miss Byron to Miss Selby.**Wednesday, April 19.*

I SHALL despatch this by your Gibson early in the morning. It was kind in you to bid him call, in his way down; for now I shall be almost sure of meeting (if not my uncle) your brother, and who knows, but my Lucy herself, at Dunstable, where, barring accidents, I shall be on Friday night.

You will see some of the worthiest people in the world, my dear, if you come, all prepared to love you; but let not anybody be put to inconvenience to meet me at Dunstable. My noble friends here will proceed with me to Stratford, or even to Northampton, they say; but they will see me safe in the protection of somebody I love, and whom they must love for my sake.

I don't wonder that Sir Charles Grandison loves Mr. Beauchamp: he is a very worthy and sensible man. He, as everybody else, idolises Sir Charles. It is some pleasure to me, Lucy, that I stand high in his esteem. To be respected by the worthy, is one of the greatest felicities in this life; since it is to be ranked as one of them. Sir Harry and his lady are come to town. All, it seems, is harmony in that family. They cannot bear Mr. Beauchamp's absence from them for three days together. All the neighbouring gentlemen are in love with him. His manners are so gentle; his temper so even; so desirous to oblige; so genteel in his person; so pleasing in his address: he must undoubtedly make a good woman very happy.

But Emily, poor girl! sees only Sir Charles Grandison with eyes of love. Mr. Beauchamp is, however, greatly pleased with Emily. He told Lady G—— that he thought her a fine young creature, and that her mind was still more amiable than her person. But his behaviour to her is extremely prudent. He says finer things *of* her than *to* her: yet, surely, I am mistaken if he meditates not in her his future wife.

Mr. Beauchamp will be one of my escort.

Emily has made it her request to go to Colnebrook with Lady L—— after I am gone.

Mr. Reeves will ride. Lord L—— and Lord G—— will also oblige me with their company on horseback.

Mrs. Reeves is forbidden to venture; but Lady L—— and Lady G—— will not be denied coming with me.

I shall take leave of Lady Olivia and Lady Maffei to-morrow morning when they will set out for their projected tour. To-morrow we and the whole Grandison family are to dine together at Lord L——'s, for the last time. It will be a mournful dining-time, on that account.

Lady Betty Williams, her daughter, and Miss Clements, supped with us this night, and took leave of me in the tenderest manner. They greatly regret my going down so soon, as they call it.

As to the public diversions which they wish me to stay and give into, to be sure I should have been glad to have been better qualified to have entertained you with the performances of this or that actor, this or that musician, and the like: but, frightened by the vile plot upon me at the masquerade, I was thrown out of that course of diversion, and, indeed, into more affecting, more interesting engagements; into the knowledge of a family that had no need to look out of itself for entertainments: and, besides, are not all the company we see, as visitors or guests, full of these things! I have seen the principal performers, in every way, often enough to give me a notion of their performances, though I have not troubled you with such common things as revolve every season.

You know I am far from slighting the innocent pleasures in which others delight—it would have been happier for me, perhaps, had I had more leisure to attend those amusements, than I have found. Yet I am not sure neither: for, methinks, with all the pangs that my suspenses have cost me, I would not but have known Sir Charles Grandison, his sisters, his Emily, and Dr. Bartlett.

I could only have wished to have been spared Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's vile attempt: then, if I had come acquainted with this family, it would have been as I came acquainted with others: my gratitude had not been engaged so deeply.

Well—but what signify if's?—What has been, has: what must be, must. Only love me, my dear friend, as you *used*

to love me. If I was a good girl when I left you, I hope I am not a bad one now that I am returning to you. My heart is not corrupted by the vanities of the great town: I have a little more experience than I had: and if I have severely paid for it, it is not at the price of my reputation. And I hope, if nobody has benefited by me, since I have been in town, that no one has suffered by me. Poor Mr. Fowler! —I could not help it, you know. Had I, by little snares, follies, coquetries, sought to draw him on, and entangle him, his future welfare would, with reason, be more the subject of my solicitude than it is now *necessary* it should be; though, indeed, I cannot *help* making it a good deal so.

Thursday Morning.

DR. BARTLETT has just now taken leave of me, in my own dressing-room. The parting scene between us was tender.

I have not given you my opinion of Miss Williams. Had I seen her at my first coming to town, I should have taken as much notice of her, in my letters to you, as I did of the two Miss Brambers, Miss Darlington, Miss Cantillon, Miss Allestree, and others of my own sex; and of Mr. Somner, Mr. Barnet, Mr. Walden, of the other; who took my first notice, as they fell early in my way, and with whom it is possible, as well as with the town diversions, I had been more intimate, had not Sir Hargrave's vile attempt carried me out of their acquaintance into a much higher; which, of necessity, as well as choice, entirely engrossed my attention. But *now* how insipid would any new characters appear to you, if they were but of a like cast with those I have mentioned, were I to make *such* the subjects of my pen, and had I time before me, which I cannot have, to write again, before I embrace you all, my dear, my ever dear and indulgent friends!

I will only say, that Miss Williams is a genteel girl; but will hardly be more than one of the *better* sort of modern women of condition; and that she is to be classed so *high*, will be more owing to Miss Clement's lessons, than, I am afraid, to her mother's example.

Is it, Lucy, that I have more experience and discernment now, or less charity and good-nature, than when I first came

to town? for then I thought well, in the main, of Lady Betty Williams. But though she is a good-natured, obliging woman, she is so immersed in the love of public diversions! so fond of routs, drums, hurricanes—bless me, my dear! how learned should I have been in all the gaieties of the modern life; what a fine lady, possibly; had I not been carried into more rational (however to me they have been more painful) scenes; and had I followed the lead of this lady, as she (kindly, as to her intention) had designed I should!

In the afternoon Mr. Beauchamp is to introduce Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp, on their first visit to the two sisters.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that my cousins and I are to attend the good Countess of D——, for one half hour, after we have taken leave of Lady Olivia and her aunt.

And now, my Lucy, do I shut up my correspondence with you from London. My heart beats high with the hope of being as indulgently received by all you, my dearest friends, as I used to be after a shorter absence: for I am, and ever will be,

The grateful, dutiful, and affectionate

HARRIET BYRON.

—o—

LETTER XVIII.

Miss Byron to Lady G——.

Selby House, Monday, April 24.

THOUGH the kind friends with whom I parted at Dunstable were pleased, one and all, to allow that the correspondence which is to pass between my dear Lady G—— and their Harriet, should answer the just expectations of each upon her, in the writing way; and though (at *your* motion, remember, not at mine) they promised to be contented with hearing read to them such parts of my letters as you shall think proper to communicate; yet cannot I dispense with my duty to Lady L——, my Emily, my cousin Reeves, and Dr. Bartlett. Accordingly, I write to them by this post; and I charge *you*, my dear, with my sincere and thankful compliments to your lord, and to Mr. Beauchamp, for their favours.

What an agreeable night, in the main, was Friday night ! Had we not been to separate next morning, it would have been an agreeable one indeed !

Is not my aunt Selby an excellent woman ? But you all admired her. She admires you all. I will tell you, another time, what she said of *you*, my dear, in particular.

My cousin Lucy, too—*is* she not an amiable creature ? Indeed you all were delighted with her. But I take pleasure in recollecting your approbations of one I so dearly love. She is as prudent as Lady L——, and now our Nancy is so well recovered, as cheerful as Lady G——. You said you would provide a good husband for her : don't forget. The man, whoever he be, cannot be too good for my Lucy. Nancy is such another good girl : but so I told you.

Well, and pray, did you ever meet with so pleasant a man as my uncle Selby ? What should we have done, when we talked of your brother, when we talked of our parting, had it not been for him ? You looked upon me every now and then, when he returned your smartness upon him, as if you thought I had let him know some of your perversenesses to Lord G——. And do you think I did not ? Indeed I did. Can you imagine that your frank-hearted Harriet, who hides not from her friends her own faults, should conceal yours ?—But what a particular character is yours ! Everybody blames you, that knows of your over-livelinesses ; yet everybody loves you—I think, for your very faults. Had it not been so, do you imagine I could ever have loved you, after you had led Lady L—— to join with you, on a certain teasing occasion ?—My uncle dotes upon you !

But don't tell Emily that my cousin James Selby is in love with her. That he may not, on the score of the dear girl's fortune, be thought presumptuous, let me tell you, that he is almost of age ; and, when he is, comes into possession of a handsome estate. He has many good qualities. I have, in short, a very great value for him ; but not enough, though he is my relation, to wish him my still more beloved Emily. Dear creature ! methinks I still feel her parting tears on my cheek !

You charge me to be as minute, in the letters I write to

you, as I used to be to my friends here: and you promise to be as circumstantial in yours. I will set you the example: do you be sure to follow it.

We baited at Stoney Stratford. I was *afraid* how it would be: there were the two bold creatures, Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick, ready to receive us. A handsome collation, as at our setting out, so now, bespoke by them, was set on the table. How they came by their intelligence, nobody knows: we were all concerned to see them. They seemed half mad for joy. My cousin James had alighted to hand us out; but Mr. Greville was so earnest to offer his hand, and though my cousin was equally ready, I thought I could not deny to his solicitude for the poor favour, such a mark of civility. Besides, if I had, it would have been distinguishing him for more than a common neighbour, you know. Mr. Fenwick took the other hand, when I had stepped out of the coach, and then (with so much pride, as made me ashamed of myself) they hurried me between them, through the inn yard, and into the room they had engaged for us; blessing themselves, all the way, for my coming down Harriet Byron.

I looked about, as if for the dear friends I had parted with at Dunstable. This is not, thought I, so delightful an inn as they made that; now they, thought I, are pursuing their road to London, as we are ours to Northampton. But, ah! where, where is Sir Charles Grandison at this time? And I sighed! But don't read this, and such strokes as this, to anybody but Lord and Lady L——. You won't, you say.—Thank you, Charlotte.—I will call you *Charlotte*, when I think of it, as you commanded me.

The joy we had at Dunstable was easy, serene, deep, full, as I may say; it was the joy of sensible people: but the joy here was made by the two gentlemen, mad, loud, and even noisy. They hardly were able to contain themselves; and my uncle and cousin James were forced to be loud, to be heard.

Mr. Orme, good Mr. Orme, when we came near his park, was on the highway side, perhaps near the very spot where he stood to see me pass to London so many weeks ago—poor man!—When I first saw him, (which was before the

coach came near, for I looked out only, as thinking I would mark the place where I last beheld him), he looked with so *disconsolate* an air, and so fixed, that I compassionately said to myself, Surely the worthy man has not been there ever since!

I twitched the string just in time: the coach stopt. Mr. Orme, said I, how do you? Well, I hope?—How does Miss Orme?

I had my hand on the coach-door. He snatched it. It was not an unwilling hand. He pressed it with his lips. God be praised, said he (with a countenance, oh, how altered for the better!) for permitting me once more to behold that face—that *angelic* face, he said.

God bless you, Mr. Orme! said I: I am glad to see you. Adieu.

The coach drove on. Poor Mr. Orme! said my aunt.

Mr. Orme, Lucy, said I, don't look so ill as you wrote he was.

His joy to see you, returned she—but Mr. Orme is in a declining way.

Mr. Greville, on the coach stopping, rode back just as it was going on again—and with a loud laugh—How the d—l came Orme to know of your coming, madam?—Poor fellow! It was very kind of you to stop your coach to speak to the statue. And he laughed again.—Nonsensical! At what?

My grandmamma Shirley, dearest of parents! her youth, as she was pleased to say, renewed by the expectation of so soon seeing her darling child, came (as my aunt told us, you know) on Thursday night to Selby House, to charge her and Lucy with her blessing to me; and resolving to stay there to receive me. Our beloved Nancy was also to be there; so were two other cousins, Kitty and Patty Holles, *good* young creatures; who, in my absence, had attended my grandmamma at every convenient opportunity, and whom I also found here.

When we came within sight of this house, Now, Harriet, said Lucy, I see the same kind of emotions beginning to arise in your face and bosom, as Lady G—— told us you showed when you first saw your aunt at Dunstable. My grandmamma! said I, I am in sight of the dear house that

holds her: I hope she is here. But I will not surprise her with my joy to see her. Lie still, throbbing, impatient heart.

But when the coach set us down at the inner gate, *there*, in the outward-hall, sat my blessed grandmamma. The moment I beheld her, my intended caution forsook me: I sprang by my aunt, and before the foot-step could be put down, flew as it were out of the coach, and threw myself at her feet, wrapping my arms about her: Bless, bless, said I, your Harriet! I could not at the moment say another word.

Great God! said the pious parent, her hands and eyes lifted up, Great God! I thank thee! Then folding her arms about my neck, she kissed my forehead, my cheek, my lips—God bless my love! Pride of my life! the most precious of a hundred daughters! How does my child—my Harriet—Oh my love!—After such dangers, such trials, such harassings! Once more, God be praised, that I clasp to my fond heart my Harriet!

Separate them, separate them, said my facetious uncle (yet he had tears in his eyes), before they grow together!—Madam, to my grandmamma, she is *our* Harriet as well as *yours*: let us welcome the *saucy* girl on her re-entrance into these doors!—Saucy, I suppose, I shall soon find her.

My grandmamma withdrew her fond arms: Take her, take her, said she, each in turn: but I think I never can part with her again.

My uncle saluted me, and bid me very kindly welcome home—so did every one.

How can I return the obligations which the love of all my friends lays upon me? To be good, to be grateful, is not enough; since *that* one ought to be for one's own sake. Yet how can I be even grateful to them with half a heart. Ah, Lady G——, don't you think I look silly to myself? You bid me be free in my confessions. You promise to look my letters over before you read them to anybody, and to mark passages proper to be kept to yourself—pray do.

Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick were here separately, an hour ago: I thanked them for their civility on the road, and not *ungraciously*, as Mr. Greville told my uncle, as to him. He was not, he said, without hopes, yet; since I knew not how to be ungrateful. Mr. Greville builds, as he always did,

a merit on his civility; and by that means sinks, in the narrower lover, the claim he might otherwise make to the title of the generous neighbour.

MISS ORME has just been here. She could not help throwing in a word for her brother.

You will guess, my dear Lady G——, at the subject of our conversations here, and what they *will be*, morning, noon, and night, for a week to come. My grandmamma is better in health than I have known her for a year or two past. The health of people in years *can* mend but slowly; and they are slow to acknowledge it in their own favour. My grandmamma, however, allows that she is better within these few days past; but attributes the amendment to her Harriet's return.

How do they all bless, revere, extol your noble brother! —How do they wish —and how do they regret—you know what—yet how ready are they to applaud your Harriet, if she can hold her magnanimity, in preferring the happiness of Clementina to her own!—My grandmamma and aunt are of opinion that I *should*; and they praise me for the generosity of my effort, whether the superior merits of the man will or will not allow me to succeed in it. But my uncle, my Lucy, and my Nancy, from their unbounded love of me, think a little, and *but* a little, narrower; and, believing it will go hard with me, say, It *is* hard. My uncle, in particular, says, The very pretension is flight and nonsense: but, however, if the girl, added he, can *parade* away her passion for an object so worthy, with all my heart: it will be but just, that the romancing elevations, which so often drive headstrong girls into difficulties, should now and then help a more discreet one out of them.

Adieu, my beloved Lady G——! *Repeated* compliments, love, thanks, to my Lord and Lady L——, to my Emily, to Dr. Bartlett, to Mr. Beauchamp, and particularly to my Lord G——. Dear, dear Charlotte, be good! Let me beseech you be good! If you are *not*, you will have every one of *my* friends against you; for those of them who met you at Dunstable find but one fault in my lord: it is, that he seems too fond of a wife, who by her archness of looks, and

half-saucy turns upon him, even before them, evidently showed—shall I say what?

But I stand up for you, my dear. Your gratitude, your generosity, your honour, I say (and why should I not add your *duty*?) will certainly make you one of the most obliging of wives, to the most affectionate of husbands.

My uncle says; he hopes so: but though he adores you for a friend, and the companion of a lively hour; yet he does not know but his *dame* Selby is *still* the woman whom a man should prefer for a wife: and she, said he, is full as saucy as a wife need to be; though I think, Harriet, that she has not been the less dutiful of late for *your* absence.

Once more, adieu, my dear Lady G——, and continue to love your
HARRIET BYRON.



LETTER XIX.

Lady G—— to Miss Byron.

Thursday, April 27.

EVERY one of the Dunstable party says that you are a grateful and good girl. Beauchamp can talk of nobody else of our sex: I believe in my conscience he is in love with you. I think all the unprovided-for young women, wherever you come, must hate you. Were you never by surprise carried into the chamber of a friend labouring with the small pox, in the infectious stage of it?—Oh; but I think you once said you had had that distemper. But your mind, Harriet, were your face to be ruined, would make you admirers. The fellows who could think of preferring even such a face to such a heart, may be turned over to the class of insignificants.

Is not your aunt Selby, you ask, an excellent woman?—She is. I admire her. But I am very angry with you for deferring to another time acquainting me with what she said of *me*. When we are taken with anybody, we love they should be taken with us. Teasing Harriet! You know what an immoderate quantity of curiosity I have. Never serve me so again!

I am in love with your cousin Lucy. Were either Fenwick or Greville good enough—but they are not. I think she shall have Mr. Orme. Nancy, you say, is such another good girl. I don't doubt it. Is she not your cousin, and Lucy's sister? But I cannot undertake for every good girl who wants a husband. I wish I had seen Lucy a fortnight ago: then Nancy might have had Mr. Orme, and Lucy should have had Lord G——. He admires her, greatly. And do you think that a man, who at that time professed for me so much love and service, and all that, would have scrupled to oblige me, had I (as I easily should) proved to him, that he would have been a much happier man than he could hope to be with somebody else?

Your uncle is a pleasant man: but tell him I say, that the man would be out of his wits, that did not make the preference he does in favour of his *dame* Selby, as he calls her. Tell him also, if you please, in return for his plain dealing, that I say, he *studies* too much for his pleasantries: he is continually hunting for occasions to be smart. I have heard my father say, that this was the fault of some wits of his acquaintance, whom he ranked among the witlings for it. If you think it will mortify him more, you may tell him (for I am very revengeful when I think myself affronted), that were I at liberty, which, God help me, I am not! I would sooner choose for a husband the man I *have* (poor soul, as I now and then think him), than such a teasing creature as himself, were *both* in my power, and both of an age. And I should have this good reason for my preference: your uncle and I should have been too much alike, and so been jealous of each other's wit; whereas I can make my honest Lord G—— look about him, and admire me strangely, whenever I please.

But I am, it seems, a person of a particular character. Every one, you say, loves me, yet blames me. Odd characters, my dear, are needful to make even characters shine. You good girls would not be valued as you are, if there were not bad ones. Have you not heard it said, that all human excellence is but comparative? Pray allow of the contrast. You, I am sure, ought. You are an ungrateful creature, if, whenever you think of my over-livelinesses, as you call

'em, you don't drop a courtesy, and say, you are obliged to me.

But still the attack made upon you in your dressing-room at Colnebrook, by my sister and me, sticks in your stomach—and why so? We were willing to show you, that we were *not* the silly people you must have thought us, had we not been able to distinguish light from darkness. You, who ever were, I believe, one of the frankest-hearted girls in Britain, and admired for the ease and dignity given you by that frankness, were growing awkward, nay dishonest. Your gratitude! your gratitude! was the dust you wanted to throw into our eyes, that we might not see that you were governed by a stronger motive. You called us your friends, your sisters, but treated us not as either; and this man, and that, and t'other, you could refuse; and why? No reason given for it; and we were to be popt off with your gratitude, truly!—We were to believe just what you said, and no more; nay, not so much as you said. But we were not so implicit. Nor would *you*, in our case, have been so.

But 'you, perhaps, would not have violently broken in 'upon a poor thing, who thought we were blind, because 'she was not willing we should see.'—May be not; but then, in that case, we were honester than you would have been; that's all. Here, said I, Lady L——, is this poor girl awkwardly struggling to conceal what everybody sees; and, seeing, applauds her for, the man considered: [Yes, Harriet, the man considered; be pleased to take that in:] let us, in pity, relieve her. She is thought to be frank, open-hearted, communicative; nay, she passes herself upon us in those characters: she sees we keep nothing from her. She has been acquainted with *your* love before wedlock; with *my* folly, in relation to Anderson: she had carried her head above a score or two of men not contemptible. She sits enthroned among *us*, while *we* make but common figures at her footstool: she calls us sisters, friends, and twenty pretty names. Let us acquaint her, that we see into her heart; and why Lord D—— and others are so indifferent with her. If she is ingenuous, let us spare her; if not, leave *me* to punish her: yet we will keep up her punctilio as to our brother; we will leave him to make his own discoveries.

She may confide in his politeness; and the result will be happier for her; because she will then be under no restraint to us, and her native freedom of heart may again take its course.

Agreed, agreed, said Lady L——. And, arm-in-arm, we entered your dressing-room, dismissed the maid, and began the attack—and, O Harriet! how you hesitated, paraded, fooled on with us, before you came to confession! Indeed you deserved not the mercy we showed you—so, child, you had better to have let this part of your story sleep in peace.

You bid me not tell Emily, that your cousin is in love with her: but I think I will. Girls begin very early to look out for admirers. It is better, in order to stay her stomach, to find out one for her, than that she should find out one for herself; especially when the man is among ourselves, as I may say, and both are in our own management, and at distance from each other. Emily is a good girl; but she has susceptibilities already: and though I would not encourage her, as yet, to look out of herself for happiness, yet I would give her consequence with herself, and at the same time let her see, that there could be no mention made of anything that related to *her*, but what she should be acquainted with. Dear girl! I love her as well as you; and I pity her too; for *she*, as well as somebody else, will have difficulties to contend with, which she will not know easily how to get over; though she can, in a flame so young, generously prefer the interest of a more excellent woman to her own.—There, Harriet, is a grave paragraph: you'll like me for it.

You are a very reflecting girl in mentioning to me, so particularly, your behaviour to your Grevilles, Fenwicks, and Ormes. What is that but saying, See, Charlotte! I am a much more complaisant creature to the men, no one of which I intend to have, than you are to your husband!

What a pious woman, indeed, must be your grandmamma, that she could suspend her joy, her long-absent darling at her feet, till she had first thanked God for restoring her to her arms! but, in this instance, we see the force of habitual piety. Though not so good as I should be myself, I revere those who are so: and that I hope you will own is no bad sign.

Well, but now for ourselves, and those about us.

Lady Olivia has written a letter from Windsor to Lady L——. It is in French; extremely polite. She promises to write to me from Oxford.

Lady Anne S—— made me a visit this morning. She was more concerned than I wished to see her, on my confirming the report she had heard of my brother's being gone abroad. I rallied her a little too freely, as it was before Lord G—— and Lord L——. I never was better rebuked than by her; for she took out her pencil, and on the cover of a letter wrote these lines from Shakespeare, and slid them into my hand:

“ And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with *men* in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly; 'tis not maidenly:
Our *sex*, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.”

I never, my dear, told you how freely this lady and I had talked of love: but, freely as we had talked, I was not aware that the matter lay so deep in her heart. I knew not how to tell her that my brother had said, *It could not be*. I could have wept over her when I read this paper; and I owned myself, by a whisper, justly rebuked. She charged me not to let any man see this; particularly not either of those present: and do *you*, Harriet, keep what I have written of Lady Anne to yourself.

My aunt Eleanor has written a congratulatory letter to me from York. Sir Charles, it seems, had acquainted her with Lord G——'s day [Not my day, Harriet! that is not the phrase, I hope!] as soon as he knew it himself; and she writes, supposing that I was actually *offered* on it. Women are victims on these occasions: I hope you'll allow me that. My brother has made it a point of duty to acquaint his father's sister with every matter of consequence to the family; and now, she says, that both her nieces are so well disposed of, she will come to town very quickly to see her new relations and us; and desires we will make room for her. And yet she owns that my brother has informed her of his being obliged to go abroad; and she supposes him gone. As he is the beloved of her heart, I wonder she thinks of

making this visit now he is absent : but we shall all be glad to see my aunt Nell. She is a good creature, though an old maid. I hope the old lady has not utterly lost either her invention or memory ; and then, between both, I shall be entertained with a great number of love stories of the last age ; and perhaps of some dangers and escapes ; which may serve for warnings for Emily. Alas ! alas ! they will come too late for your Charlotte !

I have written already the longest letter that I ever wrote in my life : yet it is prating ; and to you, to whom I love to prate. I have not *near* done.

You bid me be good ; and you threaten me, if I am not, with the ill opinion of all your friends : but I have such an unaccountable bias for roguery, or what shall I call it ? that I believe it is impossible for me to take your advice. I have been examining myself. What a deuce is the matter with me, that I cannot see my honest man in the same advantageous light in which he appears to everybody else ? Yet I do not, in my heart, dislike him. On the contrary, I know not, were I to look about me, far and wide, the man I would have wished to have called mine, rather than him. But he is so important about trifles ; so nimble, yet so slow : he is so sensible of his own *intention* to please, and has so many antic motions in his obligingness ; that I cannot forbear laughing at the very time that I ought perhaps to reward him with a gracious approbation.

I must fool on a little while longer, I believe : permit me, Harriet, so to do, as occasions arise.

An instance, an instance in point, Harriet. Let me laugh as I write. I did at the time.—What do you laugh at, Charlotte ?—Why this poor man, or, as I should rather say, this lord and master of mine, has just left me. He has been making me both a compliment and a present. And what do you think the compliment is ? Why, if I please, he will give away to a virtuoso friend, his collection of moths and butterflies : I once, he remembered, rallied him upon them. And by what study, thought I, wilt thou, honest man, supply their place ? If thou hast a talent this way, pursue it ; since, perhaps, thou wilt not shine in any

|| other. And the *best* anything, you know, Harriet carries with it the appearance of excellence. Nay, he would also part with his collection of shells, if I had no objection.

To whom, my lord?—He had not resolved.—Why then, only as Emily is too little of a child, or you might give them to her. ‘Too little of a child, madam!’ and a great deal of bustle and importance took possession of his features—let me tell you, madam—I *won’t* let you, my lord; and I laughed.

Well, madam, I hope here is something coming up that you will not disdain to accept of yourself.

Up came groaning under the weight, or rather under the *care*, two servants with baskets: A fine set of old Japan china with brown edges, believe me. They set down their baskets, and withdrew.

Would you not have been delighted, Harriet, to see my lord busying himself with taking out, and putting in the windows, one at a time, the cups, plates, jars, and saucers, rejoicing and parading over them, and showing his connoisseurship to his motionless admiring wife, in commending this and the other piece as a beauty? And, when he had done, taking the *liberty*, as he phrased it, half fearful, half resolute, to salute his bride for his reward; and then pacing backwards several steps, with such a strut and a crow—I see him yet!—Indulge me, Harriet! I burst into a hearty laugh; I could not help it: and he, reddening, looked round himself, and round himself, to see if anything was amiss in his garb. The *man*, the *man*! honest friend, I *could* have said (but had too much reverence for my husband), is the oddity! Nothing amiss in the garb. I quickly recollected myself, however, and put him in a good humour, by proper marks of my gracious acceptance. On reflection, I could not bear myself for vexing the honest man when he had meant to oblige me.

How soon I may relapse again, I know not. O Harriet! why did you beseech me to be good? I think in my heart I have the stronger inclination to be bad for it! You call me *perverse*. If you think me so, bid me be saucy, bid me be bad; and I may then, like other good wives, take the contrary course for the sake of dear contradiction.

Show not, however (I in turn beseech *you*) to your grand-

mamma and aunt, such parts of this letter as would make them despise me. You say, you stand up for me; I have need of your advocateship: never let me want it. And do I not, after all, do a greater credit to my good man, when I can so heartily laugh in the wedded state, than if I were to sit down with my finger in my eye?

I have taken your advice, and presented my sister with my half of the jewels. I desired her to accept them, as they were my mother's, and for her sake. This gave them a value with her, more than equal to their worth: but Lord L—— is uneasy, and declares he will not suffer Lady L—— long to lie under the obligation. Were every one of family in South Britain and North Britain to be as generous and disinterested as Lord L—— and our family, the union of the two parts of the island would be complete.

Lord help this poor obliging man! I wish I don't love him at last. He has taken my hint, and has presented his collection of shells (a very fine one, he says, it is) to Emily; and they two are actually busied (and will be for an hour or two, I doubt not) in admiring them; the one strutting over the beauties, in order to enhance the value of the present; the other courtesying ten times in a minute, to show her gratitude. Poor man! when his virtuoso friend has got his butterflies and moths, I am afraid he must set up a turner's shop for employment. If he loved reading, I could, when our visiting hurries are over, set him to read to me the new things that come out, while I knit or work; and, if he loved writing, to copy the letters which pass between you and me, and those for you which I expect with so much impatience from my brother by means of Dr. Bartlett. I think he spells pretty well, for a lord.

I have no more to say, at present, but compliments, without number or measure, to all you so deservedly love and honour; as well those I have not seen, as those I have.

Only one thing: Reveal to me all the secrets of your heart, and how that heart is from time to time affected; that I may know whether you are capable of that greatness of mind in a love-case, that you show in all others. We will all allow you to love Sir Charles Grandison. Those

who do, give honour to themselves, if their eyes stop not at person, *his* having so many advantages. For the same reason, I make no apologies, and never did, for praising my brother, as any other lover of him might do.

Let me know everything how and about your fellows, too. Ah! Harriet, you make not the use of power that I would have done in your situation. I was half sorry when my hurrying brother made me dismiss Sir Walter; and yet, to have but two dangles after one, are poor doings for a fine lady. Poorer still, to have but one!

Here's a letter as long' as my arm. Adieu. I was loath to come to the name: but defer it ever so long, I must subscribe, at last,

CHARLOTTE G——.

—o—

LETTER XX.

*Miss Jervois to Miss Byron.**

Monday, May 1.

OH my dearest, my honoured Miss Byron, how you have shamed your Emily by sending a letter to her; such a sweet letter too! before I have paid my duty to you, in a letter of thanks for all your love to me, and for all your kind instructions. But I began once, twice, and thrice, and wrote a great deal each time, but could not please myself: you, madam, are *such* a writer, and I am such a *poor thing* at my pen!—But I know you will accept the heart. And so my very diffidence shows pride; since it cannot be expected from me to be a fine writer. And yet this very letter, I foresee, will be the worse for my diffidence, and not the better: for I don't like this beginning neither.—But come, it shall go. Am I not used to your goodness? And do you not bid me prattle to you, in my letters, as I used to do in your dressing-room? Oh, what sweet advice have you, and do you return, for my silly prate! And so I will begin.

And *was* you grieved at parting with your Emily on

* The letter to which this is an answer, as well as those written by Miss Byron to her cousin Reeves, Lady L——, &c., and theirs in return, are omitted.

Saturday morning! I am sure I was very much concerned at parting with you. I could not help crying all the way to town; and Lady G—— shed tears as well as I; and so did Lady L—— several times; and said, You were the loveliest, best young lady in the world. And we all praised likewise your aunt, your cousin Lucy, and young Mr. Selby. How good are all your relations! They must be good. And Lord L——, and Lord G——, for men, were as much concerned as we, at parting with you. Mr. Reeves was *so* dull all the way!—Poor Mr. Reeves, he was very dull. And Mr. Beauchamp, *he* praised you to the very skies; and in such a pretty manner too! Next to my guardian, I think Mr. Beauchamp is a very agreeable man. I fancy these noble sisters, if the truth were known, don't like him so well as their brother does: perhaps *that* may be the reason out of jealousy, as I may say, if there be anything in my observation. But they are vastly civil to him, nevertheless; yet they never praise him when his back is turned, as they do others, who can't say half the good things that he says.

Well, but enough of Mr. Beauchamp. My guardian! my gracious, my kind, my indulgent guardian! who, that thinks of him, can praise anybody else?

O madam! where is he now? God protect and guide my guardian, wherever he goes! This is my prayer, first and last, and I can't tell how often in the day. I look for him in every place I have seen him in; [And pray tell me, madam, did not *you* do so when he had left us?] and when I can't find him, I do *so* sigh!—What a pleasure, yet what a pain, is there in sighing, when I think of him! yet I know I am an innocent girl. And this I am sure of, that I wish him to be the husband of but one woman in the whole world; and that is you. But then my next wish is—you know what—ah, my Miss Byron! you must let me live with you and my guardian, if you should ever be Lady Grandison.

But here, madam, are sad doings sometimes between Lord and Lady G——. I am very angry at her often in my heart; yet I cannot help laughing now and then at her out-of-the-way sayings. Is not her character a very new one? Or are there more such young wives? I could not do as she does, were I to be queen of the globe. Every body blames

her. She will make my lord not love her, at last. Don't you think so? And then what will she get by her wit?

Just this moment she came into my closet—Writing, Emily? said she: to whom?—I told her.—Don't tell tales out of school, Emily.—I was *so* afraid that she would have asked to see what I had written: but she did not. To be sure she is very polite, and knows what belongs to herself, and everybody else: to be ungenerous, as you once said, to her husband only, that is a very sad thing to think of.

Well, and I would give anything to know if you think what I have written tolerable, before I go any farther: but I will go on this way, since I cannot do better. Bad is my best; but you shall have quantity, I warrant, since you bid me write long letters.

But I have seen my mother: it was but yesterday. She was in a mercer's shop in Covent Garden. I was in Lord L——'s chariot; only Anne was with me. Anne saw her first, I alighted, and asked her blessing in the shop: I am sure I did right. She blessed me, and called me dear love. I stayed till she had bought what she wanted, and then I slid down the money, as if it were her own doing; and glad I was I had so much about me: it came but to four guineas. I begged her, speaking low, to forgive me for so doing: and finding she was to go home as far as Soho, and had thoughts of having a hackney coach called, I gave Anne money for a coach for herself and waited on my mother to her own lodgings; and it being Lord L——'s chariot, she was so good as to dispense with my alighting.

She blessed my guardian all the way, and blessed me. She said, she would not ask me to come to see her, because it might not be thought proper, as my guardian was abroad: but she hoped she might be allowed to come and see me sometimes.—Was she not very good, madam? But my guardian's goodness makes everybody good.—Oh that my mamma had been always the same! I should have been but too happy.

God bless my guardian, for putting me on enlarging her power to live handsomely. Only as a coach brings on other charges, and people must live accordingly, or be discredited,

instead of credited by it ; or I should hope the additional two hundred a-year might afford him one. Yet one does not know but Mr. O'Hara may have been in debt before he married her ; and I fancy he has people who hang upon him. But if it pleases God, I will not, when I am at age, and have a coach of my own, suffer my mother to walk on foot. What a blessing is it, to have a guardian that will second every good purpose of one's heart !

Lady Olivia is rambling about : and I suppose she will wait here in England till Sir Charles's return : but I am sure he never will have her. A wicked wretch, with her poniards ! Yet it is pity ! She is a fine woman. But I hate her for her expectation, as well as for her poniard. And a woman to leave her own country, to seek for a husband ! I could die before I could do so ! though to such a man as my guardian. Yet once I thought I could have liked to have lived with her at Florence. She had some good qualities, and is very generous, and in the main well esteemed in her own country ; everybody knew she loved my guardian : but I don't know how it is ; nobody blamed her for it, vast as the difference in fortune then was. But that is the glory of being a virtuous man ; to love him is a credit, instead of a shame. O madam ! Who would not be virtuous ? And that not only for their own, but for their friends' sakes, if they loved their friends, and wished them to be well thought of ?

Lord W—— is very desirous to hasten his wedding.

Mr. Beauchamp says that all the Mansfields (he knows them) bless my guardian every day of their lives ; and their enemies tremble. He has commissions from my guardian to inquire and act in their cause, that no time may be lost to do them service, against his return.

We have had another visit from Lady Beauchamp, and have returned it. She is very much pleased with us. You see I say *us*. Indeed my two dear ladies are very good to me ; but I have no merit : it is all for their brother's sake.

Mr. Beauchamp tells us, just now, that his mother-in-law has joined with his father, at their own motion, to settle 1000*l.* a year upon him. I am glad of it, with all my heart : Are not you ? He is all gratitude upon it. He says that

he will redouble his endeavours to oblige her; and that his gratitude to her, as well as his duty to his father, will engage his utmost regard for her.

Mr. Beauchamp, Sir Harry himself, and my lady, are continually blessing my guardian: everybody, in short, blesses him.—But, ah! madam, where is he at this moment? Oh, that I were a bird, that I might hover over his head, and sometimes bring tidings to his friends of his motions and good deeds. I would often flap my wings, dear Miss Byron, at your chamber window, as a signal of his welfare, and then fly back again, and perch as near him as I could.

I am very happy, as I said before, in the favour of Lady and Lord L——, and Lady and Lord G——; but I never shall be so happy as when I had the addition of your charming company. I miss you and my guardian: Oh, how I miss you both! But, dearest Miss Byron, love me not the less, though now I have put pen to paper, and you see what a poor creature I am in my writing. Many a one, I believe, may be thought tolerable in conversation; but when they are so silly as to put pen to paper, they expose themselves; as I have done, in this long piece of scribble. But accept it, nevertheless, for the true love I bear you; and a truer love never flamed in any bosom, to any one the most dearly beloved, than does in mine for you.

I am afraid I have written arrant nonsense, because I knew not how to express half the love that is in the heart of your ever obliged and affectionate

EMILY JERVOIS.

—o—

LETTER XXI.

Miss Byron to Lady G——.

Tuesday, May 2.

I HAVE no patience with you, Lady G——. You are ungenerously playful. Thank heaven, if this be wit, that I have none of it. But what signifies expostulating with one who knows herself to be faulty, and will not amend? How many *stripes*, Charlotte, do you deserve?—But you never spared anybody, not even your brother, when the humour

was upon you. So make haste; and since you will lay in stores for repentance, fill up your measure as fast as you can.

‘Reveal to you the state of my heart!’—Ah, my dear! it is an unmanageable one. ‘Greatness of mind!’—I don’t know what it is.—All his excellencies, his greatness, his goodness, his modesty, his cheerfulness under such afflictions as would weigh down every other heart that had but half the compassion in it with which his overflows—must not all other men appear little, and less than little, nothing, in my eyes?—It is an instance of patience in me, that I can endure any of them who pretend to regard me out of my own family.

I thought, that when I got down to my dear friends here I should be better enabled, by their prudent counsels, to attain the desirable frame of mind which I had promised myself: but I find myself mistaken. My grandmamma and aunt are such admirers of him, take such a share in the disappointment, that their advice has not the effect I had hoped it would have. Lucy, Nancy, are perpetually reminding me of his excellencies, by calling upon me to tell them something of Sir Charles Grandison; and when I begin, I know not how to leave off. My uncle rallies me, laughs at me, sometimes reminds me of what he calls my former brags. I did not brag, my dear: I only hoped, that respecting as I did *every* man according to his merit, I should never be greatly taken with *any* one, before duty added force to the inclination. Methinks the company of the friends I am with does not satisfy me; yet they never were dearer to me than they now are. I want to have Lord and Lady L——, Lord and Lady G——, Dr. Bartlett, my Emily, with me. To lose you all at once is hard!—There seems to be a strange void in my heart—and so much, at present, for that state of that heart.

I always had reason to think myself greatly obliged to my friends and neighbours all around us: but never, till my return, after these few months’ absence, knew how much. So many kind visitors; such unaffected expressions of joy on my return; that had I not a very great counterbalance on my heart, would be enough to make me proud.

My grandmamma went to Shirley Manor on Saturday; on Monday I was with her all day: but she would have it

that I should be melancholy if I stayed with her. And she is so self-denyingly careful of her Harriet! There never was a more noble heart in woman. But her *solitary* moments, as my uncle calls them, are her moments of joy. And why? Because she then divests herself of all that is either painful or pleasurable to her in this life: for she says that her cares for her Harriet, and especially *now*, are at least a balance for the delight she takes in her.

You command me to acquaint you with what passes between me and the gentlemen in my neighbourhood; in your style, *my fellows*.

Mr. Fenwick invited himself to breakfast with my aunt Selby yesterday morning. I would not avoid him.

I will not trouble you with the particulars: you know well enough what men will say on the subject upon which you will suppose he wanted to talk to me. He was extremely earnest. I besought him to accept my thanks for his good opinion of me, as all the return I could make him for it; and this in so very serious a manner, that my heart was fretted when he declared, with warmth, his determined perseverance.

Mr. Greville made us a tea-visit in the afternoon. My uncle and he joined to rally us poor women, as usual. I left the defence of the sex to my aunt and Lucy. How poor appears to me every conversation now with these men!—But hold, saucy Harriet, was not your uncle Selby one of the ralliers?—But he does not believe all he says, and therefore cannot wish to be so much regarded, on this topic, as he ought to be by me, on others.

After the run of raillery was over, in which Mr. Greville made exceptions favourable to the women present, he applied to every one for their interest with me, and to me, to countenance his address. He set forth his pretensions very pompously, and mentioned a considerable increase of his fortune, which before was a handsome one. He offered our own terms. He declared his love for me above all women, and made his happiness in the next world, as well as in this, depend upon my favour to him.

It was easy to answer all he said, and is equally so for you to guess in what manner I answered him; and he, finding me determined, began to grow vehement, and even

affrontive. He hinted to me, that he *knew* what had made me so very resolute. He threw out threatenings against the man, be he who he would, that should stand in the way of his success with me ; at the same time intimating saucily, as I may say (for his manner had insult in it), that it was impossible a certain event could ever take place.

My uncle was angry with him ; so was my aunt : Lucy was still more angry than they : but I, standing up, said, Pray, my dear friends, take nothing amiss that Mr. Greville has said.—He once told me that he would set spies upon my conduct in town. If, sir, your spies have been just, I fear nothing they can say. But the hints you have thrown out, show such a total want of all delicacy of mind, that you must not wonder if my *heart* rejects you. Yet I am not angry : I reproach you not : every one has his peculiar way. All that is left me to say or to do, is to thank you for your favourable opinion of me, as I have thanked Mr. Fenwick : and to desire that you will allow me to look upon you as my neighbour, and *only* as my neighbour.

I courtesied to him, and withdrew.

But my great difficulty had been before with Mr. Orme.

His sister had desired that I would see her brother. He and she were invited by my aunt to dinner on Tuesday. They came. Poor man ! he is not well ! I am sorry for it. Poor Mr. Orme is not well ! he made me such *honest* compliments, as I may say : his *heart* was too much in his civilities to raise them above the civilities that justice and truth might warrant in favour of a person highly esteemed. Mine was filled with compassion for him ; and that compassion would have showed itself in tokens of tenderness, more than once, had I not restrained myself for *his* sake.

How you, my dear Lady G——, can delight in giving pain to an honest heart, I cannot imagine. I would make all God Almighty's creatures happy, if I could ; and so would your noble brother. Is he not crossing dangerous seas, and ascending, through almost perpetual snows, those dangerous Alps, which I have heard described with such terror, for the generous end of relieving distress ?

I made Mr. Orme sit next me. I was assiduous to help him ; and do to him all the little offices which I thought would light up pleasure in his modest countenance ; and he

was quite another man. It gave delight to his sister, and to all my friends, to see him smile and look happy.

I think, my dear Lady G——, that when Mr. Orme looks pleasant, and at ease, he resembles a little the good-natured Lord G——. Oh, that you would take half the pains to oblige him, that I do to relieve Mr. Orme!—*Half the pains*, did I say? that you would not take pains to *disoblige* him; and he would be, of course, obliged. Don't be afraid, my dear, that in such a world as *this*, things will not happen to make you uneasy without your studying for them.

Excuse my seriousness. I am indeed *too* serious at times. But when Mr. Orme requested a few minutes' audience of me, as he called it, and I walked with him into the cedar parlour, which you have heard me mention, and with which I hope you will be one day acquainted; he paid, poor man! for his too transient pleasure. Why would he urge a denial that he could not but know I must give?

His sister and I had afterwards a conference. I was greatly affected by it; and at last besought her, if she valued my friendship as I did hers, never more to mention to me a subject which gave me a pain too sensible for my peace.

She requested me to assure her, that neither Mr. Greville, nor Mr. Fenwick, might be the man. They both took upon them, she said, to ridicule her brother for the profound respect, even to reverence, that he bore me; which, if he knew might be attended with consequences: for that her brother, mild and gentle as was his passion for me, had courage to resent any indignities that might be cast upon him by spirits boisterous as were those of the two gentlemen she had named. She never, therefore, told her brother of their scoffs. But it would go to her heart, if either of them should succeed, or have reason but for a distant hope.

I made her heart easy, on that score.

I have just now heard, that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen is come from abroad already. What can be the meaning of it? He is so low-minded, so malicious a man, and I have suffered so much from him—what can be the meaning of this sudden return? I am told that he is actually in London. Pray, my dear Lady G——, inform yourself about him; and whether he thinks of coming into these parts.

Mr. Greville, when he met us at Stoney-Stratford, threw

out menaces against Sir Hargrave on my account; and said, it was well he was gone abroad. I told him then, that he had no business, even were Sir Hargrave present, to engage himself in my quarrels.

Mr. Greville is an impetuous man; a man of rough manners; and makes many people afraid of him. He has, I believe, *indeed*, had his spies about me; for he seems to know everything that has befallen me in my absence from Selby House.

He has dared also to threaten Somebody else. Insolent wretch! but he hinted to me yesterday, that he was exceedingly pleased with the news, that a certain gentleman was gone abroad, in order to prosecute a *former amour*, was the light wretch's as light expression. If my indignant eyes could have killed him, he would have fallen dead at my foot.

Let the constant and true respects of all my friends to you and yours, and to my beloved Emily, be always, for the future, considered as very affectionately expressed, whether the variety of other subjects leave room for a particular expression of them, or not, by, my dearest Lady G——,
your faithful, and ever obliged

HARRIET BYRON.

—o—

LETTER XXII.

Lady G—— to Miss Byron.

Saturday, May 6.

I THANK you, Harriet, for yours. What must your fellows think of you? in this gross age, your delicacy must astonish them. There used to be more of it formerly. But how should men know anything of it, when women have forgot it? Lord be thanked, we females, since we have been admitted into so constant a share of the public diversions, want not courage. We can give the men stare for stare wherever we meet them. The next age, nay, the rising generation, must surely be all heroes and heroines. But whither has this word *delicacy* carried me; me, who it seems, have faults to be corrected for of another sort; and who want not the *courage* for which I congratulate others?

But to other subjects. I could write a vast deal of stuff

about my lord and self, and Lord and Lady L——, who assume parts which I know not how to allow them: and sometimes they threaten me with my brother's resentments, sometimes with my Harriet's; so that I must really have leading-strings fastened to my shoulders. Oh, my dear! a fond husband is a surfeiting thing; and yet I believe most women love to be made monkeys of.

BUT all other subjects must now give way. We have heard *of*, though not *from*, my brother. A particular friend of Mr. Lowther was here with a letter from that gentleman, acquainting us that Sir Charles and he were arrived at Paris.

Mr. Beauchamp was with us when Mr. Lowther's friend came. He borrowed the letter on account of the extraordinary adventure mentioned in it.

Make your heart easy, in the first place, about Sir Hargrave. He is indeed in town; but very ill. He was frightened into England, and intends not ever again to quit it. In all probability, he owes it to my brother that he exists.

Mr. Beauchamp went directly to Cavendish Square, and informed himself there of other particulars relating to the affair, from the very servant who was present, and acting in it; and from those particulars, and Mr. Lowther's letter, wrote one for Dr. Bartlett. Mr. Beauchamp obliged me with the perusal of what he wrote; whence I have extracted the following account: for his letter is long and circumstantial; and I did not ask his leave to take a copy, as he seemed desirous to hasten it to the doctor.

On Wednesday, the 19-30 of April, in the evening, as my brother was pursuing his journey to Paris, and was within two miles of that capital, a servant-man rode up, in visible terror, to his post-chaise, in which were Mr. Lowther and himself, and besought them to hear his dreadful tale. The gentlemen stopt, and he told them that his master, who was an Englishman, and his friend of the same nation, had been but a little while before attacked, and forced out of the road, in their post-chaise, as he doubted not, to be murdered, by no less than seven armed horsemen; and he pointed to a hill, at a distance, called Mont Matre, behind which they

were, at that moment, perpetrating their bloody purpose. He had just before, he said, addressed himself to two other gentlemen, and their retinue, who drove on the faster for it.

The servant's greatcoat was open ; and Sir Charles observing his livery, asked him if he were not a servant of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen ? and was answered in the affirmative.

There are, it seems, trees planted on each side the road from St. Denis to Paris, but which, as France is an open and unenclosed country, would not, but for the hill, have hindered the seeing a great way off, the scuffling of so many men on horseback. There is also a ditch on either hand ; but places left for owners to come at their grounds, with their carts, and other carriages. Sir Charles ordered the post-boy to drive to one of those passages ; saying, He could not forgive himself if he did not endeavour to save Sir Hargrave and his friend, whose name the man told him was Merceda.

His own servants were three in number, besides one of Mr. Lowther's. My brother made Mr. Lowther's servant dismount ; and, getting himself on his horse, ordered the others to follow him. He begged Mr. Lowther to continue in the chaise, bidding the dismounted servant stay, and attend his master, and galloped away towards the hill. His ears were soon pierced with the cries of the poor wretches ; and presently he saw two men on horseback holding the horses of four others, who had under them the two gentlemen, struggling, groaning, and crying out for mercy.

Sir Charles, who was a good way a-head of his servants, calling out to spare the gentlemen, and bending his course to relieve the prostrate sufferers, two of the four quitted their prey, and mounting, joined the other two horsemen, and advanced to meet him, with a show of supporting the two men on foot in their violence ; who continued laying on the wretches, with the butt-ends of their whips, unmercifully.

As the assailants offered not to fly, and as they had more than time enough to execute their purpose, had it been robbery and murder, Sir Charles concluded it was likely that these men were actuated by a private revenge. He was confirmed in this surmise, when the four men on horseback, though each had his pistol ready drawn, as Sir Charles also had his, demanded a conference ; warning Sir Charles how

he provoked his fate by his rashness ; and declaring, that he was a dead man if he fired.

Forbear, then, said Sir Charles, all further violences to the gentlemen, and I will hear what you have to say.

He then put his pistol into his holster ; and one of his servants being come up, and the two others at hand (to whom he called out not to fire till they had his orders), he gave him his horse's reins ; bidding him have an eye on the holsters of both, and leapt down ; and, drawing his sword, made towards the two men who were so cruelly exercising their whips ; and who, on his approach, retired to some little distance, drawing their hangers.

The four men on horseback joined the two on foot, just as they were quitting the objects of their fury ; and one of them said, Forbear, for the present, further violence, brother ; the gentlemen shall be told the cause of all this.—Murder, sir, said he, is not intended ; nor are we robbers : the men whom you are solicitous to save from our vengeance are villains.

Be the cause what it will, answered Sir Charles, you are in a country noted for doing *speedy* justice, upon proper application to the magistrates. In the same instant he raised first one groaning man, then the other. Their heads were all over bloody, and they were so much bruised that they could not extend their arms to reach their wigs and hats, which lay near them, nor put them on without Sir Charles's help.

The men on foot by this time had mounted their horses, and all six stood upon their defence ; but one of them was so furious, crying out, that his vengeance should be yet more complete, that two of the others could hardly restrain him.

Sir Charles asked Sir Hargrave and Mr. Merceda whether they had reason to look upon themselves as injured men, or injurers ? One of the assailants answered, that they both knew themselves to be villains.

Either from consciousness, or terror, perhaps from both, they could not speak for themselves, but by groans ; nor could either of them stand or sit upright.

Just then came up, in the chaise, Mr. Lowther, and his servant, each a pistol in his hand. He quitted the chaise, when he came near the suffering men ; and Sir Charles de-

sired him instantly to examine whether the gentlemen were dangerously hurt or not.

The most enraged of the assailants having slipt by the two who were earnest to restrain him, would again have attacked Mr. Merceda; offering a stroke at him with his hanger: but Sir Charles (his drawn sword still in his hand) caught hold of his bridle; and, turning his horse's head aside, diverted a stroke, which, in all probability, would otherwise have been a finishing one.

They all came about Sir Charles, bidding him, at his peril, use his sword upon their friend: and Sir Charles's servants were coming up to their master's support, had there been occasion. At that instant Mr. Lowther, assisted by his own servant, was examining the wounds and bruises of the two terrified men, who had yet no reason to think themselves safe from further violence.

Sir Charles repeatedly commanded his servants not to fire, nor approach nearer, without his orders. The persons, said he, to the assailants, whom you have so cruelly used, are Englishmen of condition. I will protect them. Be the provocation what it will, you *must* know that your attempt upon them is a criminal one; and if my friend last come up, who is a very skilful surgeon, shall pronounce them in danger, you shall find it so.

Still he held the horse of the furious one; and three of them, who seemed to be principals, were beginning to express some resentment at his cavalier treatment, when Mr. Lowther gave his opinion, that there was no apparent danger of death: and then Sir Charles, quitting the man's bridle, and putting himself between the assailants and sufferers, said, That as they had not either offered to fly, or to be guilty of violence to himself, his friend, or servants, he was afraid they had some reason to think themselves ill used by the gentlemen. But, however, as they could not suppose they were at liberty, in a civilised country, to take their revenge on the persons of those who were entitled to the protection of that country, he should expect, that they would hold themselves to be personally answerable for their conduct at a proper tribunal.

The villains, said one of the men, know who we are, and the provocation; which merits a worse treatment than they

have hitherto met with. You, sir, proceeded he, seem to be a man of honour, and temper: we are men of honour, as well as you. Our design, as we told you, was not to kill the miscreants; but to give them reason to remember their villany as long as they lived; and to put it out of their power ever to be guilty of the like. They have made a vile attempt, continued he, on a lady's honour at Abbeville; and finding themselves detected and in danger, took round-about ways, and shifted from one vehicle to another, to escape the vengeance of her friends. The gentleman, whose horse you held, and who has reason to be in a passion, is the husband of the lady. [A Spanish husband, surely, Harriet: not a French one, according to our notions.] *That* gentleman, and *that*, are her brothers. We have been in pursuit of them two days; for they gave out (in order, no doubt, to put us on a wrong scent), that they were to go to Antwerp.

And it seems, my dear, that Sir Hargrave and his colleague had actually sent some of his servants that way; which was the reason that they were themselves attended but by one.

The gentleman told Sir Charles that there was a third villain in their plot. They had hopes, he said, that he would not escape the close pursuit of a manufacturer of Abbeville, whose daughter, a lovely young creature, he had seduced, under promises of marriage. Their government, he observed, were great countenancers of the manufacturers at Abbeville; and he would have reason, if he were laid hold of, to think himself happy, if he came off with being obliged to perform his promises.

This third wretch must be Mr. Bagenhall. The Lord grant, say I, that he may be laid hold of and obliged to make a ruined girl an *honest woman*, as they phrase it in LANCASHIRE. Don't *you* wish so, my dear? And let me add, that had the relations of the injured lady completed their intended vengeance on those two libertines (a very proper punishment, I ween, for all libertines); it might have helped them to pass the rest of their lives with great tranquillity; and honest girls might, for any contrivances of theirs, have passed to and from *masquerades* without molestation.

Sir Hargrave and his companions intended, it seems, at

first, to make some resistance ; four only, of the seven, stopping the chaise : but when the other three came up, and they saw who they were, and knew their own guilt, their courage failed them.

The seventh man was set over the post-boy, whom he had led about half a mile from the spot they had chosen as a convenient one for their purpose.

Sir Hargrave's servant was secured by them at their first attack ; but after they had disarmed him and his masters he found an opportunity to slip from them, and made the best of his way to the road, in hopes of procuring assistance for them.

While Sir Charles was busy in helping the bruised wretches on their feet, the seventh man came up to the others, followed by Sir Hargrave's chaise. The assailants had retired to some distance, and, after a consultation together, they all advanced towards Sir Charles ; who, bidding his servants be on their guard, leapt on his horse, with that agility and presence of mind, for which, Mr. Beauchamp says, he excels most men ; and leading towards them, Do you advance, gentlemen, said he, as friends, or otherwise ?—Mr. Lowther took a pistol in each hand, and held himself ready to support him ; and the servants disposed themselves to obey their masters' orders.

Our enmity, answered one of them, is only to these two *inhospitable* villains : murder, as we told you, was not our design. They know where we are to be found ; and that they are the vilest of men, and have not been punished equal to their demerits. Let them on their knees ask this gentleman's pardon ; pointing to the husband of the insulted lady. We insist upon this satisfaction ; and upon their promise, that they never more will come within two leagues of Abbeville ; and we will leave them in your protection.

I fancy, Harriet, that these women-frightening heroes needed not to have been urged to make this promise.

Sir Charles, turning towards them, said, If you have done wrong, gentlemen, you ought not to scruple asking pardon. If you know yourselves to be innocent, though I should be loath to risk the lives of my friend and servants, yet shall not my countrymen make so undue a submission.

The wretches kneeled ; and the seven men, civilly saluting Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther, rode off to the joy of the

two delinquents, who kneeled again to their deliverer, and poured forth blessings upon the man, whose life, so lately, one of them sought; and whose preservation he had now so much reason to rejoice in, for the sake of his own safety.

My brother himself could not but be well pleased that he was not obliged to come to extremities, which might have ended fatally on both sides.

By this time Sir Hargrave's postchaise was come up. He and his colleague were with difficulty lifted into it. My brother and Mr. Lowther went into theirs; and being but a small distance from Paris, they proceeded thither in company; the poor wretches blessing them all the way; and at Paris found their other servants waiting for them.

Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther saw them in bed in the lodgings that had been taken for them. They were so stiff with the bastinado they had met with, that they were unable to help themselves. Mr. Merceda had been more severely (I cannot call it more cruelly) treated than the other; for he, it seems, was the greatest malefactor in the attempt made upon the lady: and he had, besides, two or three gashes, which, but for his struggles, would have been but one.

As you, my dear, always turn pale when the word *masquerade* is mentioned; so, I warrant, will ABBEVILLE be a word of terror to these wretches as long as they live.

Their enemies, it seems, carried off their arms; perhaps, in the true spirit of French chivalry, with a view to lay them, as so many trophies, at the feet of the insulted lady.

Mr. Lowther writes, that my brother and he are lodged in the hotel of a man of quality, a dear friend of the late Mr. Danby, and one of the three whom he has remembered in his will; and that Sir Charles is extremely busy in relation to the executorship; and having not a moment to spare, desired Mr. Lowther to engage his friend, to whom he wrote, to let us know as much: and that he was hastening everything for his journey onwards.

Mr. Beauchamp's narrative of this affair is, as I told you, very circumstantial. I thought to have shortened it more than I have done. I wish I have not made my abstract confused, in several material places: but I have not time to clear it up.—Adieu, my dear. CHARLOTTE G—.

LETTER XXIII.

*Lady G—— to Miss Byron.**Sunday, May 7,*

I BELIEVE I shall become as arrant a scribbler as somebody else. I begin to like writing. A great compliment to you, I assure you. I see one may bring one's mind to anything. I thought I must have had recourse, when you and my brother left us, and when I was married, to the public amusements, to fill up my leisure: and as I have seen everything worth seeing of those, many times over (masquerades excepted, and them I despise,) time, you know, in that case, would have passed a little heavily, after having shown myself, and, by seeing who and who were together, laid in a little store of the right sort of conversation for the tea-table. For you know, Harriet, that among us modern fine people, the company, and not the entertainment, is the principal part of the raree-show. Pretty enough! to *make* the entertainment, and *pay* for it too, to the honest fellows, who have nothing to do, but to project schemes to get us together.

I don't know what to do with this man. I little thought that I was to be considered as such a doll, such a toy, as he would make me. I want to drive him out of the house without me, were it but to purvey for me news and scandal. What are your fine gentlemen fit for else? You know, that, with all my faults, I have a domestic and managing turn. A man should encourage that in a wife, and not be perpetually teasing her for her company abroad, unless he did it with a view to keep her at home. Our sex don't love to be prescribed to, even in the things to which they are not naturally averse: and for *this* very reason, perhaps, because it *becomes* us to submit to prescription. Human nature, Harriet, is a perverse thing. I believe, if my good man wished me to stay at home, I should torture my brain, as other good wives do, for inventions to go abroad.

It was but yesterday, that in order to give him a hint, I pinned my apron to his coat, without considering who was likely to be a sufferer by it; and he, getting up, in his usual nimble way, gave it a rent, and then looked behind him with *so* much apprehension—hands folded, bag in motion

from shoulder to shoulder. I was vexed too much to make the use of the trick which I had defined, and huffed him. He made excuses, and looked pitifully; bringing in his soul, to testify that he knew not how it could be.—How it could be! Wretch! When you are always squatting upon one's clothes, in defiance of hoop, or distance.

He went out directly, and brought me in two aprons, either of which was worth twenty of that he so carelessly rent. Who could he angry with him!—I was, indeed, thinking to chide him for *this*—as if I were not to be trusted to buy my own clothes; but he looked at me with so good-natured an eye, that I relented, and accepted with a bow of graciousness his present; only calling him an odd creature—and that he *is*, you know, my dear.

We live very whimsically, in the main: not above four quarrels, however, and as many other chidings, in a day. What does this man stay at home for then so much, when I am at home?—Married people, by frequent absences, may have a chance for a little happiness. How many debates, if not direct quarrels, are saved by the good man's and his meek wife's seeing each other but once or twice a week! In what can men and women, who are much together, employ themselves, but in proving and defending, quarrelling and making up? Especially if they both chance to marry for love (which, thank Heaven, is not altogether my case); for then both honest souls, having promised more happiness to each other than they can possibly meet with, have nothing to do but reproach each other, at least tacitly, for their disappointment. A great deal of free-masonry in love, my dear, believe me! The secret, like *that*, when found out, is hardly worth the knowing.—Well, but what silly rattle is this, Charlotte! methinks you say, and put on one of your wisest looks.

No matter, Harriet! There may be some wisdom in much folly. Every one speaks not out so plainly as I do. But when the novelty of an acquisition or change of condition is over, be the change or the acquisition what it will, the principal pleasure is over, and other novelties are hunted after, to keep the pool of life from stagnating.

This is a *serious* truth, my dear, and I expect you to praise me for it. You are very sparing of your praise to poor me;

and yet I had rather have your good word than any woman's in the world : or man's either, I was going to say ; but I should then have forgot my *brother*. As for Lord G——, were I to accustom him to obligingness, I should destroy my own consequence : for then it would be no novelty ; and he would be hunting after a new folly.—Very true, Harriet.

Well, but we have had a good serious falling out ; and it still subsists. It began on Friday night ; *present*, Lord and Lady L——, and Emily. I was very angry with him for bringing it on before them. The man has no discretion, my dear ; none at all. And what about ? Why, we have not made our *appearance at court*, forsooth.

A very confident thing, this same appearance, I think ! A compliment made to fine clothes and jewels, at the expense of modesty.

Lord G—— pleads decorum—Decorum against modesty, my dear !—But if by decorum is meant fashion, I have in a hundred instances found decorum beat modesty out of the house. And as my brother, who would have been our principal honour on such an occasion, is gone abroad, and as *ours* is an *elderly novelty*, as I may say [Our *fineries* were not ready, you know, before my brother went,] I was fervent against it.

‘ I was the only woman of condition, in England, who ‘ would be against it.’

I told my lord, that was a reflection on my sex : but Lord and Lady L——, who had been spoken to, I believe, by Lady Gertrude, were both on his side—[I shall have this man utterly ruined for a husband among you]—when there were three to one, it would have looked cowardly to yield, you know. I was brave. But it being proposed for Sunday, and that being at a little distance, it was not doubted but I would comply. So the night past off, with prayings, hopings, and a little *mutturation*. [Allow me that word, or find me a better.] The entreaty was renewed in the morning ; but, no !—‘ I was ashamed of him,’ he said. I asked him, if he really thought so ?—‘ He *should* think so, if I refused him.’ Heaven forbid, my lord, that I, who contend for the liberty of acting, should hinder you from the liberty of thinking ! Only one piece of advice, honest friend, said I : don’t imagine the worst against yourself : and another, if you have

a mind to carry a point with me, don't bring on the cause before anybody else; for that would be to doubt either my duty, or your own reasonableness.

As sure as you are alive, Harriet, the man made an exception against being called *honest friend*; as if, as I told him, either of the words were incompatible with *quality*. So, once, he was as froppish as a child, on my calling him *the man*: a higher distinction, I think, than if I had called him a king, or a prince. THE MAN!—Strange creature! To except to a distinction that implies, that he is the man of men!—You see what a captious mortal I have been forced to call *my* lord. But *lord* and *master* do not always go together; though they do *too* often for the happiness of many a meek soul of our sex.

Well, this debate seemed suspended, by my telling him, that if I were presented at court, I would not have either the Earl or Lady Gertrude go with us, the very people who were most desirous to be there—but I *might* not think of that, at the time, you know—I would not be thought *very* perverse; only a little whimsical, or so. And I wanted not an excellent reason for excluding them—‘Are their *consents* to our past affair *doubted*, my lord,’ said I, ‘that you think it necessary for them to appear to justify us?’

He could say nothing to this, you know. And I should never forgive the husband, as I told him, on another occasion, who would pretend to argue when he had nothing to say.

Then (for the baby will be always craving something) he wanted me to go abroad with him—I forget whither—but to some place that he supposed (poor man)! I should *like* to visit. I told him, I dared to say, he wished to be thought a *modern* husband, and a *fashionable* man; and he would get a bad name, if he could never stir out without his wife. *Neither* could he answer *that*, you know.

Well, he went on, mutter, mutter, grumble, grumble, the thunder rolling at a distance; a little impatience now and then, however, portending, that it would come nearer. But, as yet, it was only, Pray, my dear, oblige me; and, Pray, my lord, excuse me; till this morning, when he had the assurance to be pretty peremptory: hinting, that the lord in waiting had been spoken to. A fine time of it would a wife have, if she were not at liberty to dress herself as she pleases. Were

I to choose again, I do assure you, my dear, it should not be a man who, by his taste for moths and butterflies, shells, china, and such-like trifles, would give me warning that he would presume to dress his baby, and when he had done, would perhaps admire his own fancy more than his person. I believe, my Harriet, I shall make you afraid of matrimony: but I will pursue my subject, for all that——

When the insolent saw that I did not dress as he would have had me, he drew out his face, glouting, to half the length of my arm, but was silent. Soon after Lady L——, sending to know whether her lord and she were to attend us to the drawing-room, and I returning for answer that I should be glad of their company at dinner, he was in violent wrath. True, as you are alive! and dressing himself in a great hurry, left the house, without saying, By your leave, With your leave, or whether he would return to dinner or not. Very pretty doings, Harriet!

Lord and Lady L—— came to dinner, however. I thought they were very kind, and till they opened their lips, was going to thank them: for then it was all *elder* sister and insolent brother-in-law, I do assure you. Upon my word, Harriet, they took upon them.

Lady L—— told me, I might be the happiest creature in the world, if—and there was so good as to stop.

One of the happiest, only, Lady L——! Who can be happier than you?—But I, said she, should neither *be* so, nor *deserve* to be so, *if*—Good of her again to stop at *if*.—We cannot be all of one mind, replied I. I shall be wiser, in time.

Where was poor Lord G—— gone?

Poor Lord G—— is gone to seek his fortune, I believe.

What did I mean?

I told them the airs he had given himself; and that he was gone without leave, or notice of return.

He had served me right, *ab*-solutely right, Lord L—— said.

I believed so myself. Lord G—— was a very good sort of man, and ought not to bear with me so much as he had done: but it would be kind in them not to tell him what I had owned.

The earl lifted up one hand, the countess both. They had not come to dine with me, they said, after the answer I had returned, but as they were afraid something was wrong between us.

Mediators are not to be of one side only, I said: and as they had been so kindly free in blaming *me*, I hoped they would be as free with *him*, when they saw him.

And then it was, For *God's* sake, Charlotte; and Let me *entreat* you, Lady G——. And let *me*, too, *beseech* you, madam, said Emily, with tears stealing down her cheeks.

You are both very good: you are a sweet girl, Emily. I have a too playful heart. It will give me some pain, and some pleasure; but if I had not more pleasure than pain from my play, I should not be so silly.

My lord not coming in, and the dinner being ready, I ordered it to be served.—Won't you wait a little longer for Lord G——? No. I hope he is safe and well. He is his own master as well as mine (I sighed, I believe!), and no doubt has a paramount pleasure in pursuing his own choice.

They raved. I begged that they would let us eat our dinner with *comfort*. My lord, I hoped, would come in with a keen appetite, and Nelthorpe should get a supper for him that he liked.

When we had dined and retired into the adjoining drawing-room, I had another schooling-bout: Emily was even saucy. But I took it all: yet in my heart was vexed at Lord G——'s perverseness.

At last in came the *honest* man. He does not read this, and so cannot take exceptions, and I hope *you* will not, at the word *honest*.—So lordly! so stiff! so solemn!—Upon my word!—Had it not been Sunday I would have gone to my harpsichord directly. He bowed to Lord and Lady L——, and to Emily, very obligingly; to me he nodded.—I nodded again; but, like a good-natured fool, smiled. He stalked to the chimney; turned his back towards it, buttoned up his mouth, held up his glowing face as if he were disposed to crow; yet had not won the battle.—One hand in his bosom; the other under the skirt of his waistcoat, and his posture firmer than his mind.—Yet was my heart so devoid of malice, that I thought his attitude very genteel; and, had we not been man and wife, agreeable.

We hoped to have found your lordship at home, said Lord L——, or we should not have dined here.—If Lord G—— is as polite a *husband* as a *man*, said I, he will not thank your lordship for this compliment to his wife.—Lord G——

swelled and reared himself up. His complexion, which before was in a glow, was heightened.

Poor man! thought I.—But why should my tender heart pity obstinate people?—Yet I could not help being dutiful—Have you dined, my lord? said I, with a sweet smile, and very courteous.

He stalked to the window, and never a word answered he.

Pray, Lady L——, be so good as to ask my Lord G—— if he has dined? Was not this very condescending on such a behaviour?—Lady L—— *asked* him; and as gently-voiced as if she were asking the same question of her own lord. Lady L—— is a kind-hearted soul, Harriet. She is *my* sister.

I have *not*, madam, to Lady L——, turning rudely from me, and not very civilly from her. Ah! thought I, these men! The more they are courted—Wretches! to find their consequence in a woman's meekness.—Yet I could not forbear showing mine.—Nature, Harriet! Who can resist constitution?

What stiff airs are these! approaching him.—I do assure you, my lord, I shall not take this behaviour well; and put my hand on his arm.

I was served right. Would you believe it? The man shook off my condescending hand by raising his elbow scornfully. He really did!—Nay, then!—I left him and retired to my former seat. I was vexed that it was Sunday: I wanted a little harmony.

Lord and Lady L—— both blamed me, by their looks; and my lady took my hand, and was leading me towards him. I showed a little reluctance: and would you have thought it? out of the drawing-room whipt my nimble lord, as if on purpose to avoid being moved by my concession.

I took my place again.

I beg of you, Charlotte, said Lady L——, go to my lord. You have used him ill.—When I think so, I will follow your advice, Lady L——.—And *don't* you think so, Lady G——? said Lord L——.—*What!* for taking my own option how I would be dressed to-day?—*What!* for deferring—That moment in came my bluff lord—Have I not, proceeded I, been forced to dine without him to-day? Did he let me know what account I could give of his absence? Or when he would return?—And see, *now*, how angry he looks!

He traversed the room—I went on—Did he not shake off my hand when I laid it, smiling, on his arm? Would he answer me a question which I kindly put to him, fearing he had not dined, and might be sick for want of eating? Was I not forced to apply to Lady L—— for an answer to my *careful* question, on his scornfully turning from me in silence?—Might we not, if he had not gone out so abruptly, nobody knows where, have made the *appearance* his heart is so set upon?—But now indeed it is too late.

Oons, madam! said he, and he kimboed his arms and strutted up to me. Now for a cuff, thought I. I was half afraid of it: but out of the room again capered he.—Lord bless me, said I, what a passionate creature is this!

Lord and Lady L—— both turned from me with indignation. But no wonder if *one*, that they *both* did. They are a silly pair; and I believe have agreed to keep each other in countenance in all they do.

But Emily affected me. She sat before in one corner of the room weeping; and just then ran to me, and wrapping her arms about me, Dear, dear Lady G——, said she, for Heaven's sake, think of what our Miss Byron said: 'Don't jest away your own happiness.' I don't say who is in fault: but, my dear lady, do *you* condescend. It looks pretty in a woman to condescend. Forgive me; I will run to my lord, and I will beg of him——

Away she ran, without waiting for an answer—and bringing in the passionate wretch, hanging on his arm—you must not, my lord, *indeed* you must not be so passionate. Why, my lord, you frightened *me*; indeed you did. Such a word I never heard from your lordship's mouth——

Ah, my lord, said I, you give yourself pretty airs! don't you? and use pretty words; that a child shall be terrified at them! But come, come, ask my pardon for leaving me to *dine without you*.

Was not that tender?—Yet out went Lord and Lady L——. To be sure they did right, if they withdrew in hopes these kind words would have been received as reconciliatory ones; and not in displeasure with *me*, as I am half afraid they did: for their good-nature (worthy souls!) does sometimes lead them into misapprehensions. I kindly laid my hand on his arm again.—He was ungracious.—Nay, my

lord, don't once more reject me with disdain—If you do—I then smiled most courteously. Carry not your absurdities, my lord, too far: and I took his hand.—[There, Harriet, was condescension!]
—I protest, sir, if you give yourself any more of these airs, you will not find me so condescending. Come, come, tell me you are sorry, and I will forgive you.]

Sorry! madam; *sorry!*—I am indeed sorry for your provoking airs!—Why that's not ill said—but kimboed arms, my lord! are you not sorry for such an air? And *Oons!* are you not sorry for such a word? and for such looks too? and for quarrelling with your dinner?—I protest, my lord, you make one of us look like a child who flings away his bread and butter because it has not glass windows upon it——

Not for one moment forbear, madam!——

Pr'ythee, pr'ythee—[I profess I had like to have said *honest friend*]
—no more of these airs; and I tell you I will forgive you.

But, madam, I cannot, I will not——Hush, hush; no more in that strain—, and so loud, as if we had lost each other in a wood—if you will let us be friends, say so—in an instant—if *not*, I am gone—gone this moment—casting off from him, as I may say, intending to mount up stairs.

Angel, or demon, shall I call you? said he.—Yet I receive your hand, as offered. But, for God's sake, madam, let us be happy! and he kissed my hand, but not so cordially as it became him to do: and in came Lord and Lady L——, with countenances a little ungracious. I took my seat next my own man, with an air of officiousness, hoping to oblige him by it. He *was* obliged; and another day, not yet quite agreed upon, this parade is to be made.

And thus began, proceeded, and ended, this doughty quarrel. And who knows but, before the day is absolutely resolved upon, we may have half a score more? Four, five, six days, as it may happen, is a great space of time for people to agree, who are so much together; and one of whom is playful, and the other will not be played with. But these kimbo and oons airs, Harriet, stick a little in my stomach; and the man seems not to be quite come to neither. He is sullen and gloomy, and don't prate away as he used to do, when we have made up before.

But I will sing him a song to-morrow: I will please the *honest* man, if I can. But he really should not have had for a wife a woman of so sweet a temper as your

CHARLOTTE G——.

—o—

LETTER XXIV.

Lady G—— to Miss Byron.

Monday, May 8.

My lord and I have had another little—*tiff*, shall I call it? It came not up to a quarrel. Married people would have enough to do, if they were to trouble their friends every time they misunderstood one another. And now a word or two of other people: not always scribbling of ourselves.

We have just heard that our cousin Everard has added another fool of our sex to the number of the weak ones who disgrace it. A sorry fellow! He has been seen with her, by one whom he would not know, at Cuper's Gardens; dressed like a sea-officer, and skulking like a thief into the privatest walks of the place. When he is tired of the poor wretch, he will want to accommodate with us by promises of penitence and reformation, as once or twice before. Rakes are not only odious, but they are despicable creatures. You will the more clearly see this when I assure you, from those who know, that this silly creature our cousin is looked upon, among his brother libertines and smarts, as a man of *first* consideration!

He has also been seen, in a gayer habit, at a certain gaming-table near Covent Garden; where he did not content himself with being an idle spectator. Colonel Winwood, our informant, shook his head, but made no other answer to some of our inquiries. May he suffer! say I.—A sorry fellow!

Preparations are going on all *so-fast* at Windsor. We are all invited. God grant that Miss Mansfield may be as happy as Lady W——, as we all conclude she will be! But I never was fond of matches between sober young women and battered old rakes. Much good may do the adven-

turers, drawn in by gewgaw and title!—Poor things!—But convenience, when that's the motive, whatever foolish girls think, will hold out its comforts, while a gratified love quickly evaporates.

Beauchamp, who is acquainted with the Mansfields, is intrusted by my brother, in his absence, with the management of the law affairs. He hopes, he says, to give a good account of them. The base steward of the uncle Calvert, who lived as a husband with the woman who had been forced upon his superannuated master in a doting fit, has been brought, by the death of one of the children born in Mr. Calvert's lifetime, and by the precarious health of the posthumous one, to make overtures of accommodation. A new hearing of the cause between them and the Keelings is granted; and great things are expected from it in their favour, from some new lights thrown in upon that suit. The Keelings are frightened out of their wits, it seems; and are applying to Sir John Lambton, a disinterested neighbour, to offer himself as a mediator between them. The Mansfields will so soon be related to us, that I make no apology for interesting you in their affairs.

Be sure you chide me for my whimsical behaviour to Lord G——. I know you will. But don't blame my *heart*: my *head* only is wrong.

A LITTLE more from fresh informations of this sorry varlet Everard. I wished him to suffer; but I wished him not to be so very great a sufferer as it seems he is. Sharpers have bit his head off, quite close to his shoulders: they have not left it him to carry under his arm, as the honest patron of France did his. They lend it him, however, now and then, to repent with, and curse himself. The creature he attended to Cuper's Gardens, instead of a country innocent, as he expected her to be, comes out to be a cast mistress, experienced in all the arts of such, and acting under the secret influences of a man of quality; who, wanting to get rid of her, supports her in a prosecution commenced against him (poor devil!) for performance of covenants. He is extremely mortified, on finding my brother gone abroad: he intends to apply to him for his pity and help. Sorry wretch! He boasted to us, on our expectation of our brother's arrival from abroad, that he

would enter his cousin Charles into the ways of the town. Now he wants to avail himself against the practices of the sons of that town, by his cousin's character and consequence.

A combination of sharpers, it seems, had long set him as a man of fortune; but on his taking refuge with my brother, gave over for a time their designs upon him, till he threw himself again in their way.

The worthless fellow had been often liberal of his promises of marriage to young creatures of more innocence than *this*; and thinks it very hard that he should be prosecuted for a crime which he had so frequently committed with impunity. Can you pity him? I cannot, I assure you. The man who can betray and ruin an innocent woman who loves him, ought to be abhorred by *men*. Would he scruple to betray and ruin *them*, if he were not afraid of the law?—Yet there are women who can forgive such wretches and herd with them.

My aunt Eleanor is arrived: a good, plump, bonny-faced old virgin. She has chosen her apartment. At present we are most prodigiously civil to each other: but already I suspect she likes Lord G—— better than I would have her. She will perhaps, if a party should be formed against your poor Charlotte, make one of it.

Will you think it time thrown away to read a further account of what is come to hand about the wretches who lately, in the double sense of the word, were *overtaken* between St. Denis and Paris?

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, it seems, still keeps his chamber: he is thought not to be out of danger from some inward hurt, which often makes him bring up blood in quantities. He is miserably oppressed by lowness of spirits; and when he is a little better in that respect, his impatience makes his friends apprehensive for his head. But has *he* intellects strong enough to give apprehensions of that nature? Fool and madman we often join as terms of reproach; but I believe fools seldom run really mad.

Merceda is in a still more dangerous way. Besides his bruises and a fractured skull, he has, it seems, a wound in his thigh which, in the delirium he was thrown into by the fracture, was not duly attended to; and which, but for his *valiant* struggles against the knife which gave the wound, was

designed for a still greater mischief. His recovery is despaired of; and the poor wretch is continually offering up vows of penitence and reformation, if his life may be spared.

Bagenhall *was* the person who had seduced, by promises of marriage, and fled for it, the manufacturer's daughter of Abbeville. He was overtaken by his pursuers at Douay. The incensed father and friends of the young woman would not be otherwise pacified than by his performing his promise; which, with infinite reluctance, he complied with, principally through the threats of the brother, who is noted for his fierceness and resolution; and who once made the sorry creature feel an argument which greatly terrified him. Bagenhall is at present at Abbeville, living as well as he can with his new wife, cursing his fate, no doubt, in secret. He is obliged to appear fond of her before her brother and father; the latter also being a sour man, a Gascon, always boasting of his family, and valuing himself upon a *De* affixed by *himself* to his name, and jealous of indignity offered to it. The fierce brother is resolved to accompany his sister to England when Bagenhall goes thither, in order, as he declares, to secure to her good usage, and see her owned and visited by all Bagenhall's friends and relations. And thus much of these fine gentlemen.

How different a man is Beauchamp! But it is injuring him to think of those wretches and him at the same time. He certainly has an eye to Emily, but behaves with great prudence towards her: yet everybody but *she* sees his regard for her: nobody but her guardian runs in her head; and the more, as she really thinks it is a glory to love him, because of his goodness. Everybody, she says, has the *same* admiration of him that she has.

Mrs. Reeves desires me to acquaint you that Miss Clements, having, by the death of her mother and aunt, come into a pretty fortune, is addressed to by a Yorkshire gentleman of easy circumstances, and is preparing to leave the town, having other connections in that county; but that she intends to write to you before she goes, and to beg you to favour her with now and then a letter.

I think Miss Clements is a good sort of young woman: but I imagined she would have been one of those nuns at large, who need not make vows of living and dying aunt

Eleanors, or Lady Gertrudes; all three of them good honest souls! chaste, pious, and plain. It is a charming situation, when a woman is arrived at such a height of perfection as to be above giving or receiving temptation. Sweet innocents! They have my reverence, if not my love. How would they be affronted if I were to say *pity*!—I think only of my two good aunts, at the present writing. Miss Clements, you know, is a *youngish* woman; and I respect her much. One would not jest upon the unsightliness of person, or plainness of feature: but think you she will not be one of those who, twenty years hence, may put in her boast of her quondam beauty?

How I run on! I think I ought to be ashamed of myself. ‘Very true, Charlotte.’

And so it is, Harriet. I have done—Adieu!—Lord G—— will be silly again, I doubt; but I am prepared. I wish he had half my patience.

‘Be quiet, Lord G——! What a fool you are!’—The man, my dear, under pretence of being friends, run his sharp nose in my eye. No bearing his fondness: it is *worse* than insolence. How my eye waters!—I can tell him—but I will tell *him*, and not *you*.—Adieu, once more.

CHARLOTTE G——.

—o—

LETTER XXV.

Mr. Lowther to John Arnold, Esq.

(His brother-in-law) in London.

Bologna, May 5-16.

I WILL now, my dear brother, give you a circumstantial account of our short but flying journey. The 20th of April, O. S. early in the morning, we left Paris, and reached Lyons the 24th, at night.

Resting but a few hours, we set out for Pont Beauvoisin, where we arrived the following evening. There we bid adieu to France, and found ourselves in Savoy, equally noted for its poverty and rocky mountains. Indeed it was a total change of the scene. We had left behind us a blooming spring, which enlivened with its verdure the trees and hedges

on the road we passed, and the meadows already smiled with flowers. The cheerful inhabitants were busy in adjusting their limits, lopping their trees, pruning their vines, tilling their fields: but when we entered Savoy, nature wore a very different face; and I must own that my spirits were great sufferers by the change. Here we began to view on the nearer mountains, covered with ice and snow, notwithstanding the advanced season, the rigid winter in frozen majesty, still preserving its domains: and arriving at St. Jean Maurienne the night of the 26th, the snow seemed as if it would dispute with us our passage; and horrible was the force of the boisterous winds which sat full in our faces.

Overpowered by the fatigues I had undergone in the expedition we had made, the unseasonable coldness of the weather, and the sight of one of the worst countries under heaven, still clothed in snow and deformed by continual hurricanes, I was here taken ill. Sir Charles was greatly concerned for my indisposition, which was increased by a great lowness of spirits. He attended upon me in person; and never had a man a more kind and indulgent friend. Here we stayed two days; and then, my illness being principally owing to fatigue, I found myself enabled to proceed. At two of the clock in the morning of the 28th, we prosecuted our journey, in palpable darkness and dismal weather, though the winds were somewhat laid, and reaching the foot of Mount Cenis by break of day, arrived at Lanebourg, a poor little village, so environed by high mountains, that for three months in the twelve it is hardly visited by the cheering rays of the sun. Every object which here presents itself is excessively miserable. The people are generally of an olive complexion, with wens under their chins; some so monstrous, especially women, as quite disfigure them.

Here it is usual to unscrew and take in pieces the chaises, in order to carry them on mules over the mountain: and to put them together on the other side: for the Savoy side of the mountain is much more difficult to pass than the other. But Sir Charles chose not to lose time; and therefore left the chaise to the care of the innkeeper; proceeding, with all expedition, to gain the top of the hill.

The way we were carried was as follows:—A kind of horse, as it is called with you, with two poles like those of

chairmen, was the vehicle; on which is secured a sort of elbow chair, in which the traveller sits. A man before, another behind, carry this open machine with so much swiftness, that they are continually running and skipping, like wild goats, from rock to rock, the four miles of that ascent. If a traveller were not prepossessed that these mountaineers are the surest-footed carriers in the universe, he would be in continual apprehensions of being overturned. I, who never undertook this journey before, must own that I could not be so fearless on this occasion as Sir Charles was, though he had very exactly described to me how everything would be. Then, though the sky was clear when we passed this mountain, yet the cold wind blew quantities of frozen snow in our faces; insomuch that it seemed to be just as if people were employed, all the time we were passing, to wound us with the sharpest needles. They indeed call the wind that brings this sharp-pointed snow, *The Tormenta*.

An adventure, which anywhere else might have appeared ridiculous, I was afraid would have proved fatal to one of our chairmen, as I will call them. I had flapt down my hat to screen my eyes from the fury of that deluge of sharp-pointed frozen snow; and it was blown off my head by a sudden gust down the precipices: I gave it for lost, and was about to bind a handkerchief over the woollen cap which those people provide to tie under the chin, when one of the assisting carriers (for they are always six in number to every chair, in order to relieve one another) undertook to recover it. I thought it impossible to be done; the passage being, as I imagined, only practicable for birds: however I promised him a crown reward if he did. Never could the leaps of the most dexterous of rope-dancers be compared to those of this daring fellow: I saw him sometimes jumping from rock to rock, sometimes rolling down a declivity of snow like a ninepin, sometimes running, sometimes hopping, skipping; in short, he descended like lightning to the verge of a torrent, where he found the hat. He came up almost as quick, and appeared as little fatigued, as if he had never left us.

We arrived at the top in two hours, from Lanebourg; and the sun was pretty high above the horizon. Out of a hut, half-buried in snow, came some mountaineers, with two

poor sledges drawn by mules, to carry us through the *Plain of Mount Cenis*, as it is called, which is about four Italian miles in length, to the descent of the Italian side of the mountain. These sledges are not much different from the chairs, or sedans, or horse, we then quitted; only the two under poles are flat, and not so long as the others, and turning up a little at the end to hinder them from sticking fast in the snow. To the fore-ends of the poles are fixed two round sticks, about two feet and a half long, which serve for a support and help to the man who guides the mule, who running on the snow between the mule and the sledge, holds the sticks with each hand.

It was diverting to see the two sledgemen striving to out-run each other.

Encouraged by Sir Charles's generosity, we very soon arrived at the other end of the plain. The man who walked, or rather ran, between the sledge and the mule, made a continual noise; hallooing and beating the stubborn beast with his fists, which otherwise would be very slow in its motion.

At the end of this plain we found such another hut as that on the Lanebourg side. Here they took off the smoking mules from the sledges, to give them rest.

And now began the most extraordinary way of travelling that can be imagined. The descent of the mountain from the top of this side, to a small village called *Novalesa*, is four Italian miles. When the snow has filled up all the inequalities of the mountain, it looks, in many parts, as smooth and equal as a sugar-loaf. It is on the brink of this rapid descent that they put the sledge. The man who is to guide it, sits between the feet of the traveller, who is seated in the elbow-chair, with his legs at the outside of the sticks fixed at the fore-ends of the flat poles, and holds the two sticks with his hands; and when the sledge has gained the declivity, its own weight carries it down with surprising celerity. But as the immense irregular rocks under the snow make now and then some edges in the declivity which, if not avoided, would overturn the sledge; the guide, who foresees the danger, by putting his foot strongly and dexterously in the snow next to the precipice, turns the machine, by help of the above-mentioned sticks, the contrary way, and by way of zig-zag goes to the bottom. Such

was the velocity of this motion, that we despatched these four miles in less than five minutes; and when we arrived at Novalesa, hearing that the snow was very deep most of the way to Susa, and being pleased with our way of travelling, we had some mules put again to the sledges, and ran all the way to the very gates of that city, which is seven miles distant from Mount Cenis.

In our way we had a cursory view of the impregnable fortress of Brunetta, the greatest part of which is cut out of the solid rock, and commands that important pass. We rested all night at Susa; and having bought a very commodious post-chaise, we proceeded to Turin, where we dined; and from thence, the evening of May 2, O. S., got to Parma by way of Alexandria and Placentia, having purposely avoided the high road through Milan, as it would have cost us a few hours more time.

Sir Charles observed to me, when we were on the plain, or flat top, of Mount Cenis, that had not the winter been particularly long and severe, we should have had, instead of this terrible appearance of snow there, flowers starting up, as it were, under our feet, of various kinds, which are hardly to be met with anywhere else. One of the greatest dangers, he told me, in passing this mount in winter, arises from a ball of snow which is blown down from the top by the wind, or falls down by some other accident: which, gathering all the way in its descent, becomes instantly of such a prodigious bigness that there is hardly any avoiding being carried away with it, man and beast, and smothered in it. One of these balls we saw rolling down; but as it took another course than ours, we had no apprehension of danger from it.

At Parma, we found expecting us the bishop of Nocera, and a very reverend father, Marescotti by name; who expressed the utmost joy at the arrival of Sir Charles Grandison, and received me, at his recommendation, with a politeness which seems natural to them. I will not repeat what I have written before of this excellent young gentleman; intrepidity, bravery, discretion, as well as generosity, are conspicuous parts of his character. He is studious to avoid danger; but is unappalled in it. For humanity, benevolence, providence for others, to his very servants, I never met with his equal.

My reception from the noble family to which he has introduced me ; the patient's case (a very unhappy one!) ; and a description of this noble city and the fine country about it ; shall be the subject of my next. Assure all my friends of my health and good wishes for them ; and, my dear Arnold, believe me to be,

Ever yours, &c.

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LETTER XXVI.

Sir Charles Grandison to Dr. Bartlett.

Bologna, Wednesday, May 10-21.

I TOLD you, my dear and reverend friend, that I should hardly write to you till I arrived in this city.

The affair of my executorship obliged me to stay a day longer at Paris than I intended ; but I have put everything relating to that trust in such a way as to answer all my wishes.

Mr. Lowther wrote to Mr. Arnold, a friend of his in London, the particulars of the extraordinary affair we were engaged in between St. Denis and Paris ; with desire that he would inform my friends of our arrival at that capital.

We were obliged to stop two days at St. Jean de Maurienne. The expedition we travelled with was too much for Mr. Lowther : and I expected, and was not disappointed, from the unusual backwardness of the season, to find the passage over Mount Cenis less agreeable than it usually is in the beginning of May.

The bishop of Nocera had offered to meet me anywhere on his side of the mountains. I wrote to him from Lyons, that I hoped to see him at Parma, on or about the very day that I was so fortunate as to reach the palace of the Count of Belvedere in that city ; where I found that he and Father Marescotti had arrived the evening before. They, as well as the count, expressed great joy to see me ; and when I presented Mr. Lowther to them, with the praises due to his skill, and let them know the consultations I had had with eminent physicians of my own country on Lady Clementina's case, they invoked blessings upon us both, and would not be interrupted in them by my eager questions after the health

and state of mind of the two dearest persons of their family. —Unhappy! *very* unhappy! said the bishop. Let us give you some refreshment before we come to particulars.

To my repeated inquiries, Jeronymo, poor Jeronymo! said the bishop, is living, and that is all we can say. The sight of you will be a cordial to his heart. Clementina is on her journey to Bologna from Naples. You desired to find her with us, and not at Naples. She is weak; is obliged to travel slowly. She will rest at Urbino two or three days. Dear creature! What has she not suffered from the cruelty of her cousin Laurana, as well as from her malady! The general has been, and is, indulgent to her. He is married to a lady of great merit, quality, and fortune. He has at length consented that we shall try this last experiment, as the hearts of my mother, and now lately of my father, as well as mine, are in it. His lady would not be denied accompanying my sister; and as my brother could not bear being absent from her, he travels with them. I wish he had stayed at Naples. I hope, however, he will be as ready, as you will find us all, to acknowledge the favour of this visit, and the fatigue and trouble you have given yourself on our account.

As to my sister's bodily health, proceeded he, it is greatly impaired. We are almost hopeless with regard to the state of her mind. She speaks not; she answers not any questions. Camilla is with her. She seems regardless of anybody else. She has been told that the general is married. His lady makes great court to her; but she heeds her not. We are in hopes that my mother, on her return to Bologna, will engage her attention. She never yet was so ill as to forget her duty either to God or her parents. Sometimes Camilla thinks she pays some little attention to your name; but then she instantly starts, as in terror; looks round her with fear; puts her finger to her lips, as if she dreaded her cruel cousin Laurana should be told of her having heard it mentioned.

The bishop and father both regretted that she had been denied the requested interview. They were now, they said, convinced that if that had been granted, and she had been left to Mrs. Beaumont's friendly care, a happy issue might have been hoped for; but *now*, said the bishop—then sighed, and was silent.

I despatched Saunders, early the next morning, to

Bologna, to procure convenient lodgings for me and Mr. Lowther.

In the afternoon we set out for that city. The Count of Belvedere found an opportunity to let me know his unabated passion for Clementina, and that he had lately made overtures to marry her, notwithstanding her malady; having been advised, he said, by proper persons, that as it was not an hereditary, but an accidental disorder, it might be in time curable. He accompanied us about half way in our journey, and at parting, Remember, chevalier, whispered he, that Clementina is the soul of my hope: I cannot forego that hope. No other woman will I ever call mine.

I heard him in silence: I admired him for his attachment: I pitied him. He said he would tell me more of his mind at Bologna.

We reached Bologna on the 15th, N.S. Saunders had engaged for me the lodgings I had before.

Our conversation on the road turned chiefly on the case of Signor Jeronymo. The bishop and father were highly pleased with the skill, founded on practice, which evidently appeared in all that Mr. Lowther said on the subject: and the bishop once intimated, that be the event what it would, his journey to Italy should be made the most beneficial affair to him he had ever engaged in. Mr. Lowther replied that as he was neither a necessitous nor a mean-spirited man, and had reason to be entirely satisfied with the terms I had already secured to him, he should take it unkindly if any other reward were offered him.

Think, my dear Dr. Bartlett, what emotions I must have on entering, once more, the gates of the Porretta palace, though Clementina was not there.

I hastened up to my Jeronymo, who had been apprised of my arrival. The moment he saw me, Do I once more, said he, behold my friend, my Grandison? Let me embrace the dearest of men. Now, now, have I lived long enough. He bowed his head upon his pillow and meditated me; his countenance shining with pleasure in defiance of pain.

The bishop entered: he could not be present at our first interview.

My lord, said Jeronymo, make it your care that my dear friend be treated, by every soul of our family, with the grati-

tude and respect which are due to his goodness. Methinks I am easier and happier, this moment, than I have been for the tedious space of time since I last saw him. He named that space of time to the day, and to the very hour of the day.

The marquis and marchioness signifying their pleasure to see me, the bishop led me to them. My reception from the marquis was kind; from his lady it was as that of a mother to a long-absent son. I had ever been, she was pleased to say, a fourth son in her eye; and now that she had been informed that I had brought over with me a surgeon of experience, and the advice in writing of eminent physicians of my country, the obligations I had laid on their whole family, whatever were the success, were unreturnable.

I asked leave to introduce Mr. Lowther to them. They received him with great politeness, and recommended their Jeronymo to his best skill. Mr. Lowther's honest heart was engaged by a reception so kind. He never, he told me afterwards, beheld so much pleasure and pain struggling in the same countenance, as in that of the lady; so fixed a melancholy, as in that of the marquis.

Mr. Lowther is a man of spirit, though a modest man. He is, as on every *proper* occasion I found, a man of piety, and has a heart tender as manly. Such a man, heart and hand, is qualified for a profession which is the most useful and certain in the art of healing. He is a man of sense and learning *out* of his profession, and happy in his address.

The two surgeons who now attend Signor Jeronymo are both of this country. They were sent for. With the approbation, and at the request of the family, I presented Mr. Lowther to them; but first gave them his character as a modest man, as a man of skill and experience, and told them that he had quitted business, and wanted not either fame or fortune.

They acquainted him with the case and their methods of proceeding. Mr. Lowther assisted in the dressings that very evening. Jeronymo would have me to be present. Mr. Lowther suggested an alteration in their method, but in so easy and gentle a manner (as if he doubted not but *such* was their intention when the state of the wounds would admit of that method of treatment), that the gentlemen came readily into it. A great deal of matter had been collected by means of the wrong methods pursued; and he

proposed, if the patient's strength would bear it, to make an aperture below the principal wound in order to discharge the matter downward; and he suggested the dressing with hollow tents and bandage, and to dismiss the large tents, with which they had been accustomed to distend the wound, to the extreme anguish of the patient, on pretence of keeping it open to assist the discharge.

Let me now give you, my dear friend, a brief history of my Jeronymo's case, and of the circumstances which have attended it; by which you will be able to account for the difficulties of it, and how it has happened, that in such a space of time, either the cure was not effected, or that the patient yielded not to the common destiny.

In lingering cases, patients or their friends are sometimes too apt to blame their physicians, and to listen to new recommendations. The surgeons attending this unhappy case, had been more than once changed. Signor Jeronymo, it seems, was unskilfully treated by the young surgeon of Cremona, who was first engaged: he neglected the most dangerous wound; and when he attended to it, managed it wrong, for want of experience. He is, therefore, very properly dismissed.

The unhappy man had at first three wounds: one in his breast, which had been for some time healed; one in his shoulder, which, through his own impatience, having been too suddenly healed up, was obliged to be laid open again: the other, which is the most dangerous, in the hip-joint.

A surgeon of this place, and another at Padua, were next employed. The cure not advancing, a surgeon of eminence from Paris was sent for.

Mr. Lowther tells me that this man's method was by far the most eligible; but that he undertook too much; since, from the first, there could not be any hope, from the nature of the wound in the hip-joint, that the patient could ever walk without sticks or crutches: and of this opinion were the other two surgeons: but the French gentleman was so very pragmatical, that he would neither draw with them, nor give reasons for what he did; regarding them only as his assistants. They could not long bear this usage, and gave up to him in disgust.

How cruel is punctilio among men of this science in cases of difficulty and danger!

The present operators, when the two others had given up, were not, but by leave of the French gentleman, called in. He valuing himself on his practice in the Royal Hospital of Invalids at Paris looked upon them as *theorists* only; and treated them with as little ceremony as he had shown the others: so that at last, from their frequent differences, it became necessary to part with either him or them. His pride, when he knew that this question was a subject of debate, would not allow him to leave the family an option. He made his demand: it was complied with; and he returned to Paris.

From what this gentleman threw out at parting, to the disparagement of the two others, Signor Jeronymo suspected their skill; and from a hint of this suspicion, as soon as I knew I should be welcome myself, I procured the favour of Mr. Lowther's attendance.

All Mr. Lowther's fear is, that Signor Jeronymo has been kept too long in hand by the different managements of the several operators, and that he will sink under the necessary process, through weakness of habit. But however, he is of opinion that it is requisite to confine him to strict diet, and to deny him wine and fermented liquors, in which he has hitherto been indulged, against the opinion of his own operators, who have been too complaisant to his appetite.

An operation somewhat severe was performed on his shoulder yesterday morning. The Italian surgeons complimented Mr. Lowther with the lancet. They both praised his dexterity; and Signor Jeronymo, who will be consulted on everything that he is to suffer, blessed his gentle hand.

At Mr. Lowther's request, a physician was yesterday consulted, who advised some gentle aperitives, as his strength will bear it; and some balsamics, to sweeten the blood and juices.

Mr. Lowther told me just now that the fault of the gentlemen who have now the care of him, has not been want of skill but of *critical* courage, and a too great solicitude to oblige their patient; which, by their own account, had made them forego several opportunities which had offered to assist nature. In short, sir, said he, your friend knows too much of his own case to be ruled, and too little to qualify him to direct what is to be done, especially as symptoms must have been frequently changing.

Mr. Lowther doubts not, he says, but he shall soon convince Jeronymo that he merits his confidence, and then he will exact it from him ; and in so doing shall not only give weight to his own endeavours to serve him, but rid the other two gentlemen of embarrassments which have often given them diffidences, when resolution was necessary.

In the meantime the family here are delighted with Mr. Lowther. They *will* flatter themselves, they say, with hopes of their Jeronymo's recovery ; which, however, Mr. Lowther, for fear of disappointment, does not encourage. Jeronymo himself owns that his spirits are much revived, and we all know the power that the mind has over the body.

Thus have I given you, my reverend friend, a general notion of Jeronymo's case, as I understand it from Mr. Lowther's *as* general representation of it.

He has been prevailed upon to accept an apartment adjoining to that of his patient. Jeronymo said that when he knows he has so skilful a friend near him he shall go to rest with confidence ; and good rest is of the highest consequence to him.

What a happiness, my dear Dr. Bartlett, will fall to my share, if I may be an humble instrument, in the hand of Providence, to heal this brother ; and if his recovery shall lead the way to the restoration of his sister, each so known a lover of the other, that the world is more ready to attribute her malady to his misfortunes and danger, than to any other cause ! But how early days are these, on which my love and my compassion for persons so meritorious, embolden me to build such forward hopes !

Lady Clementina is now impatiently expected by every one. She is at Urbino. The general and his lady are with her. His haughty spirit cannot bear to think she should see me, or that my attendance on her should be thought of so much importance to her.

The marchioness, in a conversation that I have just now had with her, hinted this to me, and besought me to keep my temper, if this high notion of family and female honour should carry him out of his usual politeness. I will give you, my dear friend, the particulars of this conversation.

She began with saying that she did not, for her part, now think that her beloved daughter, whom once she believed

hardly any private man could deserve, was worthy of me, even were she to recover her reason.

I could not but guess the meaning of so high a compliment. What answer could I return that would not, on one hand, be capable of being thought *cool*; on the other, of being supposed *interested*; and as if I were looking forward to a reward that some of the family still think too high? But while I knew my own motives, I could not be displeased with a lady who was not at liberty to act, in this point, according to her own will.

I only said (and it was with truth), That the calamity of the noble lady had endeared her to me, more than it was possible the most prosperous fortune could have done.

I, my good chevalier, may say anything to you. We are undetermined about everything. We know not what to propose, what to consent to. Your journey, on the first motion, though but from some of us; the dear creature continuing ill; you in possession of a considerable estate, exercising yourself in doing good in your native country; [You must think we took all opportunities of inquiring after the man once so likely to be one of us;] the first fortune in Italy, Olivia, though she is not a Clementina, pursuing you, in hopes of calling herself yours (for to England we hear she went, and there you own she is); what obligations have you laid upon us! What *can* we determine upon? What can we *wish*?

Providence and you, madam, shall direct my steps. I am in yours and your lord's power. The same uncertainty, from the same unhappy cause, leaves me not the *thought*, because not the *power*, of determination. The recovery of Lady Clementina and her brother, without a view to my own interest, fills up, at present, all the wishes of my heart.

Let me ask, said the lady (it is for my own private satisfaction), Were such a happy event as to Clementina to take place, could you, would you, think yourself bound by your former offers?

When I made those offers, madam, the situation on your side was the same that it is now: Lady Clementina was unhappy in her mind. My fortune, it is true, is higher: it is, indeed, as high as I wish it to be. I then declared, that if you would give me your Clementina, without insisting on one hard, on one indispensable article, I would renounce her

fortune, and trust to my father's goodness to me for a provision. Shall my accession to the estate of my ancestors alter me?—No, madam : I never yet made an offer that I receded from, the circumstances continuing the same. If, in the article of residence, the marquis, and you, and Clementina, would relax, I would acknowledge myself indebted to your goodness ; but without conditioning for it.

I told you, said she, that I put this question only for my own private satisfaction : and I told you truth. I never will deceive or mislead you. Whenever I speak to you it shall be as if, even in your own concerns, I spoke to a third person ; and I shall not doubt but you will have the generosity to advise, as *such*, though against yourself.

May I be enabled to act worthy of your good opinion ! I, madam, look upon myself as bound ; you and yours are free.

What a pleasure is it, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to the proud heart of your friend, that I could say this !—had I sought, in pursuance of my own *inclinations*, to engage the affections of the admirable Miss Byron, as I might with honour have endeavoured to do, had not the woes of this noble family and the unhappy state of mind of their Clementina so deeply affected me ; I might have involved myself, and that loveliest of women, in difficulties which would have made such a heart as mine still more unhappy than it is.

Let me know, my dear Dr. Bartlett, that Miss Byron is happy. I rejoice, whatever be my own destiny, that I have not involved her in my uncertainties. The Countess of D—— is a worthy woman : the earl, her son, is a good young man : Miss Byron merits such a mother ; the countess such a daughter. How dear, how important, is her welfare to me !—You know your Grandison, my good Dr. Bartlett. Her friendship I presumed to ask : I dared not to wish to correspond with her. I rejoice, for her sake, that I trusted not my heart with such a proposal. What difficulties, my dear friend, have I had to encounter with !—God be praised, that I have nothing, with regard to these two incomparable women, to reproach myself with. I am persuaded that our prudence, if rashly we throw not ourselves into difficulties, and if we will exert it, and make a reliance on the proper assistance, is generally proportioned to our trials.

I asked the marchioness after Lady Sforza and her daughter Laurana, and whether they were at Milan?

You have heard, no doubt, answered she, the cruel treatment that my poor child met with from her cousin Laurana. Lady Sforza justifies her in it. We are upon extreme bad terms, on that account. They are both at Milan. The general has vowed that he never will see them more if he can avoid it. The bishop, only as a Christian, can forgive them. You, chevalier, know the reason why we cannot allow our Clementina to take the veil.

The particular reasons I have not, madam, been inquisitive about; but have always understood them to be family ones, grounded on the dying request of one of her grandfathers.

Our daughter, sir, is entitled to a considerable estate which joins to our own domains. It was purchased for her by her two grandfathers, who vied with each other in demonstrating their love of her by solid effects. One of them (*my father*) was, in his youth, deeply in love with a young lady of great merit; and she was thought to love him: but, in a fit of *pious bravery*, as he used to call it, when everything between themselves, and between the friends on both sides, was concluded on, she threw herself into a convent, and passing steadily through the probationary forms, took the veil; but afterwards repented, and took pains to let it be known that she was unhappy. This gave him a disgust against the sequestered life, though he was, in other respects, a zealous Catholic. And Clementina having always a serious turn; in order to deter her from embracing it (both grandfathers being desirous of strengthening their house, as well in the female as male line), they inserted a clause in each of their wills, by which they gave the estate designed for her, in case she took the veil, to Laurana and her descendants; Laurana to enter into possession of it on the day that Clementina should be professed. But if Clementina married, Laurana was then to be entitled only to a handsome legacy, that she might not be entirely disappointed: for the reversion, in case Clementina had no children, was to go to our eldest son; who, however, has been always generously solicitous to have his sister marry.

Both grandfathers were rich. Our son Giacomo, on my father's death, as he had willed, entered upon a considerable estate in the kingdom of Naples, which had for ages been in

my family : he is, therefore, and will be, greatly provided for. Our second son has great prospects before him in the church ; but you know *he* cannot marry. Poor Jeronymo ! We had not, *before* his misfortune, any great hopes of strengthening the family by his means : he, alas ! (as *you* well know, who took such laudable pains to reclaim him, before we knew you), with great qualities, imbibed free notions from bad company, and declared himself a despiser of marriage. This the two grandfathers knew, and often deplored ; for Jeronymo and Clementina were equally their favourites. To him and the bishop they bequeathed great legacies.

We suspected not, till very lately, that Laurana was deeply in love with the Count of Belvedere ; and that her mother and she had views to drive our sweet child into a convent that Laurana might enjoy the estate ; which they hoped would be an inducement to the count to marry her. Cruel Laurana ! cruel Lady Sforza ! so much love as they both pretended to our child ; and, I believe, *had*, till the temptation, strengthened by power, became *too* strong for them. Unhappy the day that we put her into their hands.

Besides the estate so bequeathed to Clementina, we can do great things for her : few Italian families are so rich as ours. Her brothers forget their own interest when it comes into competition with hers : she is as generous as they. Our four children never knew what a contention was, but who should give up an advantage to the other. This child, this sweet child, was ever the delight of us all, and likewise of our brother the Conte della Porretta. What joy would her recovery and nuptials give us !—Dear creature ! we have sometimes thought that she is the fonder of the sequestered life as it is that which we wish her not to embrace.—But can Clementina be perverse ? She cannot. Yet *that* was the life of her choice, when she had a *choice*, her grandfathers' wishes notwithstanding.

Will you now wonder, chevalier, that neither our sons nor we can allow Clementina to take the veil ? Can we so reward Laurana for her cruelty ? Especially now, that we suspect the motives for her barbarity ? Could I have thought that my sister Sforza—but what will not love and avarice do, their powers united, to compass the same end ; the one reigning in the bosom of the mother, the other in that of the daughter ?

Alas! alas! they have between them broken the spirit of my Clementina. The *very* name of Laurana gives her terror—So far is she sensible. But, oh, sir, her sensibility appears only when she is harshly treated! To tenderness she had been too much accustomed, to make her think an indulgent treatment new, or unusual.

I dread, my dear Dr. Bartlett, yet am impatient, to see the unhappy lady. I wish the general were not to accompany her. I am afraid I shall want temper, if he forget his. My own heart, when it tells me that I have not deserved ill usage (from my equals and superiors in rank, especially), bids me not bear it. I am ashamed to own to you, my reverend friend, *that* pride of spirit, which, knowing it to be my fault, I ought long ago to have subdued.

Make my compliments to every one I love. Mr. and Mrs. Reeves are of the number. Charlotte, I hope, is happy. If she is not, it must be her own fault. Let her know, that I will not allow, when my love to both sisters is equal, that she shall give me cause to say that Lady L—— is my best sister. Lady Olivia gives me uneasiness. I am ashamed, my dear Dr. Bartlett, that a woman of a rank so considerable and who has some great qualities, should lay herself under obligation to the compassion of a man who can *only* pity her. When a woman gets over that delicacy, which is the test or bulwark, as I may say, of modesty—modesty itself may soon lie at the mercy of an enemy.

Tell my Emily, that she is never out of my mind; and that, among the other excellent examples she has before her, Miss Byron's must never be out of hers. Lord L—— and Lord G—— are in full possession of my brotherly love. I shall not at present write to my Beauchamp. In writing to you, I write to him. You know all my heart. If in this or my future letters, anything shall fall from my pen that would possibly in your opinion affect or give uneasiness to any one I love and honour, were it to be communicated; I depend upon your known and unquestionable discretion to keep it to yourself.

I shall be glad you will enable yourself to inform me of the way Sir Hargrave and his friends are in. They were very ill at Paris; and it was thought, too weak and too much bruised, to be soon carried over to England. Men!

Englishmen! thus to disgrace themselves, and their country! —I am concerned for them!—I expect large packets by the next mails from my friends. England, which was *always* dear to me, never was half so dear as *now*, to your ever-affectionate

GRANDISON.

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LETTER XXVII.

Sir Charles Grandison to Dr. Bartlett.

Bologna, May 11-22.

THE bishop set out yesterday for Urbino, in order to inform himself of his sister's state of health, and perhaps to qualify the general to meet me with temper and politeness. Were I sure the good prelate thought this necessary my pride would be excited.

The Count of Belvedere arrived here yesterday. He made it his first business to see me. He acquainted me, but in confidence, that proposals of marriage with Lady Laurana had actually been made him: to which he had returned answer, that his heart, however hopelessly, was engaged; and that he never could think of any other woman than Lady Clementina.

He made no scruple, he said, of returning so short an answer, because he had been apprised of the cruelty with which one of the noblest young women in Italy had been treated by the proposers; and with their motives for it.

You see, chevalier, said he, that I am open and unreserved to you. You will oblige me, if you will let me know what it is you propose to your *self* in the present situation!—But, first, I should be glad to hear from your own mouth, what passed between you and Clementina, and the family, before you quitted Italy the last time. I have had *their* account.

I gave him a very faithful relation of it. He was pleased with it. Exactly as it has been represented to me! said he. Were Clementina and you of one religion, there could have been no hope for any other man. I adore her for her piety, and for her attachment to *hers*; and am not so narrow-minded a man, but I can admire you for *yours*. As her malady is accidental, I never would think of any other woman, could I flatter myself that she would not, if restored,

be unhappy with me. But now tell me: I am earnest to know: Are you come over to us (I *know* you are invited) with an expectation to call her yours, in case of her recovery?

I answered him as I had done the marchioness. He seemed as much pleased with me as I am with him. He is gone back to Parma.

Friday, May 12-23.

THE bishop is returned. Lady Clementina has been very ill: A fever. How has she been hurried about! He tells me, that the general and his lady, and also the Conte della Porretta, acknowledge themselves and their whole family obliged to me for the trouble I have been at to serve their Jeronymo.

The fever having left Lady Clementina, she will set out in a day or two. The count and Signor Sebastiano, as well as the general and his lady, will attend her. I am impatient to see her. Yet how greatly will the sight of her afflict me! The bishop says, she is the picture of silent woe: yet, though greatly emaciated, *looks herself*, were his words. They told her that Jeronymo was better than he had been. Your dear Jeronymo, said the general to her. The sweet echo repeated—Jeronymo—and was again silent.

They afterwards proposed to name me to her. They did. She looked quick about her, as if for somebody. Laura, her maid, was occasionally called upon. She started, and threw her arms about Camilla, as terrified; looking wildly. Camilla doubts not, but by the name Laura, she apprehended the savage Laurana to be at hand. How must she have suffered from her barbarity!—Sweet innocent! She, who even in her reveries thought not but of good to the *soul* of the man whom she honoured with her regard—she, who bore offence without resentment, and by meekness only sought to calm the violence for which she had not given the least cause!

But when Camilla and she had retired, she spoke to her. The bishop gave me the following dialogue between them, as he had it from Camilla:

Did they not name to me the Chevalier Grandison? said she.—They did, madam.—See! see! said she, before I name him again, if my cruel cousin hearken not at the door.

—Your cruel cousin, madam, is at many miles distance.—She may hear what I say, for all that.—My dear Lady Clementina, she cannot hear. She shall never more come near you.—So you say.—Did I ever deceive you, madam?—I can't remember: my memory is gone; quite gone, Camilla.

She then looked earnestly at Camilla, and screamed.

What ails you, my dearest young lady?

Recovering herself—Ah, my own Camilla! It is you. I thought, by the cast of your eye, you were become Laurana.—Do not, do not give me such another look!

Camilla was not sensible of any particularity in her looks.

Here you have me again upon a journey, Camilla: but how do I know that I am not to be carried to my cruel cousin?—You are really going to your father's palace at Bologna, madam.

Is my mother there?—She is.—Who else?—The chevalier, madam.—What chevalier?—Grandison.—Impossible! Is he not in proud England?—He is come over, madam.—What for?—With a skilful English surgeon, in hopes to cure Signor Jeronymo.—Poor Jeronymo!—And to pay his compliments to *you*, madam.—Flatterer! how many hundred times have I been told so?—Should you wish to see him, madam?—See whom?—The Chevalier Grandison.—Once I should; and sighed.—And not now, madam?—No: I have lost all I had to say to him. Yet I wish I were allowed to go to that England. We poor women are not suffered to go anywhere; while men——

There she stopt: and Camilla could not make her say any more.

The bishop was fond of repeating these particulars; as she had not, for some time, talked so much and so sensibly.

Friday Evening.

I PASS more than half my time with Signor Jeronymo; but (that I may not fatigue his spirits), at different hours of the day. The Italian surgeons and Mr. Lowther happily agree in all their measures: they applaud him when his back is turned; and he speaks well of them in their absence. This mutual return of good offices, which they hear of, unites them. The patient declares that he had not for months been so easy as now. Everybody attributes a great

deal to his heart's being revived by my frequent visits. Tomorrow it is proposed to make an opening below the most difficult wound. Mr. Lowther says he will not flatter us till he sees the success of this operation.

The marquis and his lady are inexpressibly obliging to me. I had yesterday a visit from both, on an indisposition that confined me to my chamber, occasioned, I believe by a hurry of spirits; by fatigue; by my apprehensions for Jeronymo; my concern for Clementina; and by my too great anxiety for the dear friends I had so lately left in England.

You know, Dr. Bartlett, that I have a heart too susceptible for my own peace, though I endeavour to *conceal* from *others* those painful sensibilities which they cannot relieve. The poor Olivia was ever to be my disturbance. Miss Byron must be happy in the rectitude of her own heart. I am ready to think that she will not be able to resist the warm instances of the Countess of D——, in favour of her son, who is certainly one of the best young men among the nobility. She will be the happiest woman in the world, as she is one of the most deserving, if she be as happy as I wish her.

Emily takes up a large portion of my thoughts.

Our Beauchamp, I know, must be happy: so must my Lord W——; my sisters, and their lords.—Why then shall I not think myself so? God restore Jeronymo, and his sister, and I must, I *will*; for you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, are so: and then I will subscribe myself a partaker of the happiness of all my friends; and particularly your ever-affectionate

GRANDISON.



LETTER XXVIII.

Sir Charles Grandison to Dr. Bartlett.

Bologna, Monday, May 15–26.

LAST night arrived Lady Clementina, the general, his lady, the count, and Signor Sebastiano.

I had left Jeronymo about an hour. He had had in the morning the intended opening made by Mr. Lowther. He would have me present.

The operation was happily performed: but, through weakness of body, he was several times in the day troubled with faintings.

I left him tolerably cheerful in the evening and rejoicing in expectation of his sister's arrival; and as the bishop had assured him of the general's grateful disposition, he longed, he said, to see that affectionate brother and his lady once more. He had never but once seen her before, and then was so ill, that he could hardly compliment her on the honour she had done their family.

The bishop sent to tell me that his sister was arrived, but that being fatigued and unhappy, Camilla should acquaint me in the morning with the way in which she should then be.

I slept not half an hour the whole night. You, my dear friend, will easily account for my restlessness. I sent, as usual, early in the morning to know how Jeronymo rested. The answer was favourable, returned by Mr. Lowther, who sat up with him that night, at his own motion: he knew not but something critical might happen.

Camilla came. The good woman was so full of her own joy to see me once more in Italy, that I could not presently get a word from her, of what my heart throbbed with impatience to know. At last, You will, said she, have the general and the bishop with you. Ah, sir! my poor young lady! What has she suffered since you left us! You will not know her. We are not sure she will know you. Who shall be able to bear the first interview? She has now but few intervals. It is all one gloomy confusion with her. She cares not to speak to anybody. Every stranger she sees, terrifies her. Oh the vile, thrice vile Lady Laurana!—

In this manner ran on Camilla: nor would she enter into any other particulars than the unhappy ones she left me to collect from the broken hints and exclamations thus thrown out. Alas! thought I, the calamities of Clementina have affected the head of the poor Camilla!—She hurried away, lest she should be wanted, and lest the general should find her with me.

The two brothers came soon after. The general took my hand, with a kind of forced politeness: We are all obliged to you, sir, said he, for your Mr. Lowther. Are the surgeons of England so famous? But the people of your nation have

been accustomed to *give* wounds: they should therefore furnish operators to *heal* them. We are obliged to you also, for the trouble you have given yourself in coming over to us in person. Jeronymo has found a revival of spirits upon it: God grant they may not subside! But, alas! our sister!—Poor Clementina!—*She* is lost!

Would to God, said the bishop, we had left her to the care of Mrs. Beaumont!

The general himself, having taken her from Florence, would not join in this wish. There was a middle course, he said, that ought to have been taken. But Laurana is a daughter of the devil, said he; and Lady Sforza ought to be detested, for upholding her.

The general expressed himself with coldness on my coming over; but said that now I was on the spot, and as his sister had been *formerly* desirous of seeing me, an interview might be permitted, in order to satisfy those of the family who had given me the invitation, which it was very good of me to accept; especially as I had the Lady Olivia in England attending my motions: but otherwise he had no opinion—There he stopt.

I looked upon him with indignation, mingled with contempt: and directing myself to the bishop, You remember, my lord, said I, the story of Naaman the Syrian? *—What is that, my lord? said he to the bishop.—Far be it from me, continued I, still directing myself to the bishop, to presume upon my own consequence in the application of the story: but your lordship will judge how far the comparison will hold. Would to God it might *throughout*!

A happy allusion, said the bishop. I say, Amen.—I know not who this Naaman is, said the general, nor what is meant by your allusion, chevalier: but by your looks I should imagine, that you mean *me* contempt.

My looks, my lord, generally indicate my heart. You may make light of my intention; and so will I of the trouble I have been at, if your lordship make not light of *me*. But were I not, my lord, in my own lodgings, I would tell you that you seem not to know, in my case, what graciousness is. Yet I ask not for favour from you, but as much for your own sake as mine.

* 2 Kings v.

Dear Grandison! said the bishop—My lord! to his brother—did not you promise me—Why did you mention Olivia to the chevalier?—Does that disturb you, sir? said the general to me. I cannot make light of a man of your consequence; especially with ladies, sir—in a scornful manner.—The general, you see, my lord, said I, turning to the bishop, has an insuperable ill-will to me. I found, when I attended him at Naples, that he had harboured surmises that were as injurious to his sister as to me. I was in hopes that I had obviated them: but a rooted malevolence will recur. However, satisfied as I am in my own innocence, he shall, for *many sakes*, find it very difficult to provoke me.—For *my own* sake, among the rest, chevalier? with an air of drollery.—You are at liberty, returned I, to make your own constructions. Allow me, my lords, to attend you to Signor Jeronimo.

Not till you are cordial friends, said the bishop—Brother, give me your hand, offering to take it—Chevalier, yours—

Dispose of mine as you please, my lord, said I, holding it out.

He took it and the general's at the same time, and would have joined them.

Come, my lord, said I to the general, and snatched his reluctant hand, accept of a friendly offer from a heart as friendly. Let me honour you, from my *own knowledge*, for those great qualities which the world gives you. I demand your favour from a consciousness that I deserve it, and *that* I could not, were I to submit to be treated with indignity by any man. I should be sorry to look little in *your* eyes; but I will not in *my own*.

Who can bear the superiority this man assumes, brother?—You *oblige* me, my lord, to assert myself.

The chevalier speaks nobly, my lord. His character is well known. Let me lead you both friends to our Jeronimo. But say, brother—Say, chevalier, that you are so.—I cannot bear, said the general, that the Chevalier Grandison should imagine himself of so much consequence to my sister as some of you seem to think him.

You know me not, my lord. I have at present no wish but for the recovery of your sister and Signor Jeronimo. Were I able to be of service to them, that service would be

my reward. But, my lord, if it will make you easy, and induce you to treat me as my own heart tells me I *ought* to be treated, I will give you my honour, and let me say, that it never yet was forfeited, that whatever turn your sister's malady may take, I will not accept of the highest favour that can be done me, but with the joint consent of the three brothers, as well as of your father and mother. Permit me to add, that I will not enter into any family that shall think meanly of me; nor subject the woman I love to the contempt of her own relations.

This indeed is nobly said, replied the general. Give me your hand upon it, and I am your friend for ever.

Proud man! He could not bear to think that a simple English gentleman, as he looks upon me to be, should ally with their family; improbable as it is, in his own opinion, that the unhappy lady should ever recover her reason. But he greatly loves the Count of Belvedere; and all the family was fond of an alliance with that deserving nobleman.

The bishop rejoiced to find us at last in a better way of understanding each other, than we had hitherto been in; and it was easier for me to allow for this haughty man, as Mrs. Beaumont had let me know what the behaviour was that I had to expect from him: and indeed, his father, mother, and two brothers, were very apprehensive of it: it will therefore be a pleasure to them, that I have so easily overcome his prejudices.

They both advised me to suspend my visit to their brother till the afternoon, that they might have the more time to consult with one another, and to prepare and dispose their sister to see me.

At taking leave, the general snatched my hand, and with an air of pleasantry said, I have a wife, Grandison. I wished him joy. You need not, said he; for I *have* it: one of the best of women. She longs to see you. I think I need not be apprehensive, because *she* is generous, and *I* ever must be grateful: but take care, take care, Grandison! I shall watch every turn of your eye. Admire her, if you will: you will not be able to help it. But I am glad she saw you not before she was mine.

I rejoice, said the bishop, that at a meeting, which, notwithstanding your *promises*, brother, gave me apprehensions

as we came, is followed by so pleasant a parting: henceforth we are four brothers again.—Ay; and remember, chevalier, that my *sister* has also *four* brothers.—May the number four not be lessened by the death of my Jeronymo, and may Clementina be restored; and Providence dispose as it pleases of me! I am now going to the palace of Porretta: with what agitations of mind, you Dr. Bartlett, can better imagine than I describe.

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LETTER XXIX.

Sir Charles Grandison to Dr. Bartlett.

Bologna, Monday Night, May 15-26.

I AM just returned. You will expect me to be particular. I went the earlier in the afternoon, that I might pass half an hour with my Jeronymo. He complains of the aperture so lately made: but Mr. Lowther gives us hopes from it.

When we were alone, They will not let me see my sister, said he; I am sure she must be very bad. But I understand that you are to be allowed that favour by and by. Oh my Grandison! how I pity that tender, that generous heart of yours! But what have you done to the general? He assures me that he admires and loves you; and the bishop has been congratulating *me* upon it. He knew it would' give me pleasure. My dear Grandison, you subdue everybody; yet in your own way; for they both admire your spirit.

Just then came in the general. He saluted me in so kind a manner, that Jeronymo's eyes overflowed; and he said, Blessed be God, that I have lived to see you two, dearest of men to me, so friendly together.—This sweet girl! said the general: How, Grandison, will you bear to see her? The bishop entered: O chevalier! my sister is insensible to everything and everybody. Camilla is nobody with her to-day.

They had forgot Jeronymo, though in his chamber; and their attention being taken by his audible sensibilities, they comforted him: and withdrew with me into Mr. Lowther's apartment; while Mr. Lowther went to his patient.

The marchioness joined us in tears. This dear child knows me not; heeds me not: she never was unmindful of her mother before. I have talked to her of the Chevalier

Grandison: she regards not your name. Oh this affecting silence!—Camilla has told her that she is to see you. My daughter-in-law has told her so. O chevalier! she has quite, quite lost her understanding. Nay, we were barbarous enough to try the name of Laurana. She was not terrified, as she used to be, with that.

Camilla came in with a face of joy: Lady Clementina has just spoken! I told her, she must prepare to see the Chevalier Grandison in all his glory, and that everybody, the general in particular, admired him. Go, naughty Camilla, said she, tapping my hand; you are a wicked deceiver. I have been told this story too often, to credit it. This was all I could get her to say.

Hence it was concluded that she would take some notice of me when she saw me; and I was led by the general, followed by the rest, into the marchioness's drawing-room. Father Marescotti hath given me an advantageous character of the general's lady, whom I had not yet seen. The bishop had told me that she was such another excellent woman as his mother, and like her, had the Italian reserve softened by a polite French education.

When we came into the drawing-room the general presented me to her. I do not, madam, bid you admire the Chevalier Grandison, said he; but I forgive you if you do; because you will not be able to do otherwise.

My lord, said she, you told me an hour ago that I must: and now that I see the chevalier, you will have no cause to reproach me with disobedience.

Father Marescotti, madam, said I, bid me expect from the lady of the young Marchese della Porretta everything that was condescending and good. Your compassionate love for an unhappy new sister, who deserves every one's love, exalts your character. Father Marescotti came in. We took our places. It was designed, I found, to try to revive the young lady's attention, by introducing her in full assembly, I one of it. But I could not forbear asking the marchioness, if Lady Clementina would not be too much startled at so much company?—I wish, said the marquis, sighing, that she *may* be startled.—We meet, as only on a conversation visit, said the marchioness. We have tried every other way to awaken her attention.

We are all near relations, said the bishop.—And want to make our observations, said the general. She has been bid to expect you among us, resumed the marchioness. We shall only be attended by Laura and Camilla.—Just then entered the sweet lady, leaning upon Camilla, Laura attending. Her movement was slow and solemn. Her eyes were cast on the ground. Her robes were black and flowing. A veil of black gauze half covered her face. What woe was there in it!

What, at that moment, was my emotion! I arose from my seat, sat down, and arose again, irresolute, not knowing what I did, or what *to do*!—She stopt in the middle of the floor, and made some motion, in silence, to Camilla, who adjusted her veil: but she looked not before her; lifted not up her eyes; observed nobody.

On her stopping, I was advancing towards her; but the general took my hand: Sit still, sit still, dear Grandison, said he: yet I am charmed with your sensibility. She comes! She moves towards us!

She approached the table round which we sat, her eyes more than half closed, and cast down. She turned to go towards the window. Here, here, madam, said Camilla, leading her to an elbow chair that had been placed for her, between the two marchionesses. She implicitly took her woman's directions, and sat down. Her mother wept. The young marchioness wept. Her father sobbed, and looked from her. Her mother took her hand: My love, said she, look around you.

Pray, sister, said the count, her uncle, leave her to her own observation.

She was regardless of what either said; her eyes were cast down, and half closed. Camilla stood at the back of her chair.

The general, grieved and impatient, arose and stepping to her, My dearest sister, said he, hanging over her shoulder, look upon us all. Do not *scorn* us, do not *despise* us: see your father, your mother, your sister, and everybody in tears. If you love us, smile upon us. He took the hand which her mother had quitted, to attend to her own emotions.

She reared up her eyes to him, and, sweetly condescending, tried to smile; but such a solemnity had taken possession of her features, that she only could show her obligingness by the effort. Her smile was a smile of woe. And still further to

show her compliance, withdrawing her hand from her brother, she looked on either side of her ; and seeing which was her mother, she with both hands took hers, and bowed her head upon it.

The marquis arose from his seat, his handkerchief at his eyes. Sweet creature! said he; never, never let me again see such a smile as that. It is *here*, putting his hand to his breast.—Camilla offered her a glass of lemonade; she accepted it not, nor held up her head for a few moments.—Obliging sister! You do not scorn us, said the general. See, Father Marescotti is in tears: [The reverend man sat next me]: Pity his grey hairs! See, your own father too—comfort your father. *His* grief for your silence——

She cast her eyes that way. She saw me. Saw me greatly affected. She started. She looked again; again started: and quitting her mother's hand, now changing pale, now reddening, she arose, and threw her arms about her Camilla——O Camilla! was all she said; a violent burst of tears wounding, yet giving some ease to every heart. I was springing to her, and should have clasped her in my arms before them all, but the general taking my hand as I reached her chair, Dear Grandison, said he, pronouncing in her ear my name, keep your seat. If Clementina remembers her English tutor, she will bid you welcome once more to Bologna.—O Camilla, said she, faithful, good Camilla! Now, at last, have you told me truth! It is, it is he!—And her tears *would* flow, as she hid her face in Camilla's bosom.

The general's native pride again showed itself. He took me aside. I see, Grandison, the consequence you are of to this unhappy girl: every one sees it. But I depend upon your honour: you remember what you said this morning——Good God! said I, with some emotion: I stopt—and resuming, with pride equal to his own, Know, sir, that the man whom you thus remind, calls himself a man of honour; and you, as well as the rest of the world, shall find him so.

He seemed a little abashed. I was flinging from him, not too angrily for *him*, but for the rest of the company, had they not been attentive to the motions of their Clementina.—We, however, took the bishop's eye. He came to us.—I left the general, and the bishop led him out in order to inquire into the occasion of my warmth.

When I turned to the company, I found the dear Clementina, supported by the two marchionesses, and attended by Camilla, just by me, passing towards the door, in order, it seems, at *her* motion, to withdraw. She stopt. Ah, chevalier! said she; and reclining her head on her mother's bosom, seemed ready to faint. I took one hand, as it hung down lifelessly extended (her mother held the other): and kneeling, pressed it with my lips—Forgive me, ladies; forgive me, Lady Clementina!—My soul overflowed with tenderness, though the moment before it was in a tumult of another kind; for she cast down her eyes upon me with a benignity, that for a long time they all afterwards owned they had not beheld. I could not say more. I arose. She moved on to the door; and when there, turned her head, straining her neck to look after me, till she was out of the room. I was a statue for a few moments; till the count, snatching my hand, and Father Marescotti's, who stood nearest him, We see to what the malady is owing—Father, you must join their hands!—Chevalier! you will be a Catholic? will you not?—Oh that you would! said the father.—Why, why, joined in the count, did we refuse the so earnestly-requested interview a year and a half ago?

The young marchioness returned, weeping—They will not permit me to stay. My sister, my dear sister, is in fits!—Oh, sir, turning graciously to me, you *are*—I will not say *what* you are—but I shall not be in danger of disobeying my lord, on your account.

Just then entered the general, led in by the bishop. Now, brother, said the latter, if you will not be generous, be, however, just—chevalier, were you not a little hasty?—*I was*, my lord. But surely the general was unseasonable.—Perhaps I was.

There is as great a triumph, my lord, said I, in a due acknowledgment, as in a victory. Know me, my lords, as a man incapable of meanness, who will assert himself, but who, from the knowledge he has of his own heart, wishes at his soul to be received as the unquestionably disinterested friend of this whole family. Excuse me, my lords, I am obliged to talk greatly, because I would not wish to act petulantly. But my soul is wounded by those distresses, which had not, I am sorry to say it, a little while ago, a first place

in *your* heart.—Do you reproach me, Grandison?—I need not, my lord, if you *feel* it as such. But indeed you either know not me, or forget yourself. And now, having spoken all my mind, I am ready to ask your pardon for anything that may have offended you in the manner. I snatched his hand so suddenly, I hope not rudely, but rather fervently, that he started—Receive me, my lord, as a friend. I will *deserve* your friendship.—Tell me, brother, said he to the bishop, what I shall say to this strange man? Shall I be angry or pleased?—Be pleased, my lord, replied the prelate.

The general embraced me—Well, Grandison, you have overcome. I *was* unseasonable. You were passionate. Let us forgive each other.

His lady stood suspended, not being able to guess at the occasion of this behaviour, and renewed friendship.

We sat down and reasoned variously on what had passed, with regard to the unhappy lady, according to the hopes and fears which actuated the bosoms of each.

But I cannot help thinking, that had this interview been allowed to pass with less surprise to her, she might have been spared those fits, with the affecting description of which the young marchioness alarmed us; till Camilla came in with the happy news, that she was recovering from them; and that her mother was promising her another visit from me, in hopes it would oblige her; though it was not what she required.

I took this opportunity to put into the hands of the young marchioness, sealed up, the opinions of the physicians I had consulted in England on the case of Clementina; requesting that she would give it to her mother, in order to have it considered.

The bishop withdrew, to acquaint Jeronymo, in the way he thought best, with what had passed in this first interview with his sister; resolving not to take any notice of the little sally of warmth between the general and me.

I hope to make the pride and passion of this young nobleman of use to myself, by way of caution: for am I not naturally too much inclined to the same fault? O Dr. Bartlett! how have I regretted the passion I suffered myself to be betrayed into, by the foolish violence of O'Hara and Salmonet, in my own house, when it would have better become me, to have had them showed out of it by my servants!

And yet, were I to receive affronts with tameness from those haughty spirits, who think themselves of a rank superior to me, and from men of the sword, I, who make it a principle not to draw mine but in my own defence, should be subjected to insults, that would be continually involving me in the difficulties I am solicitous to avoid.

I attended the general and his lady to Jeronymo. The generous youth forgot his own weak state, in the hopes he flattered himself with, of a happy conclusion to his sister's malady, from the change of symptoms which had already taken place; though violent hysterics disordered and shook her before-wounded frame.

The general said, that if she could overcome this first shock, perhaps it was the best method that could have been taken to rouse her out of that stupidity and inattention which had been for some weeks so disturbing to them all.

There were no hopes of seeing the unhappy lady again that evening. The general would have accompanied me to the Casino;* saying that we might both be diverted by an hour passed there: but I excused myself. My heart was full of anxiety for the welfare of a brother and sister, both so much endeared to me by their calamities: and I retired to my lodgings.



LETTER XXX.

Sir Charles Grandison to Dr. Bartlett.

Bologna, Tuesday, May 16-27.

I HAD a very restless night, and found myself so much indisposed in the morning with a feverish disorder that I thought of contenting myself with sending to know how the brother and sister rested, and of staying within, at least till the afternoon, to give my hurried spirits some little repose: but my messenger returned with a request from the marchioness, to see me presently.

I obeyed. Clementina had asked, whether she had really

* The Casino at Bologna is a fine apartment, illuminated every night, for the entertainment of the gentlemen and ladies of the city, and whomsoever they please to introduce. There are card-tables; and waiters attend with chocolate, coffee, ice. The whole expense is defrayed by twelve men of the first quality, each in turn taking his month.

seen me, or had only dreamed so. They took this for a favourable indication; and therefore sent the above request.

I met the general in Jeronymo's apartment. He took notice that I was not very well. Mr. Lowther proposed to bleed me. I consented. I afterwards saw my friend's wounds dressed. The three surgeons pronounced appearances not to be unfavourable.

We all then retired into Mr. Lowther's apartment. The bishop introduced to us two of the faculty. The prescriptions of the English physicians were considered; and some of the methods approved, and agreed to be pursued.

Clementina, when I came, was retired to her own apartment with Camilla. Her terrors on Laurana's cruelty had again got possession of her imagination; and they thought it not advisable that I should be admitted into her presence, till the hurries she was in, on that account, had subsided.

But by this time, being a little more composed, her mother led her into the dressing-room. The general and his lady were both present; and by their desire, I was asked to walk in.

Clementina, when I entered, was sitting close to Camilla, her head leaning on her bosom, seemingly thoughtful. She raised her head and looked towards me; and clasping her arms about Camilla's neck, hid her face in *her* bosom for a few moments; then, looking as bashful towards me, she loosed her hands, stood up, and looked steadily at me, and at Camilla, by turns, several times, as irresolute. At last, quitting Camilla, she moved towards me with a stealing pace; but when near me, turning short, hurried to her mother; and putting one arm about her neck, the other held up, she looked at me, as if she were doubtful whom she saw. She seemed to whisper to her mother, but not to be understood. She went then by her sister-in-law, who took her hand as she passed her, with both hers, and kissed it; and coming to the general, who sat still nearer me, and who had desired me to attend to her motions, she stood by him, and looked at me with a sweet irresolution.

As she had stolen such advances towards me, I could no longer restrain myself. I arose, and, taking her hand, Behold the man, said I, with a bent knee, whom once you honoured with the name of tutor, your English tutor!—

Know you not the grateful Grandison, whom all your family have honoured with their regard?

Oh yes! yes,—I think I do.—They rejoiced to hear her speak.—But where have you been all this time?—In England, madam—but returned, *lately* returned, to visit you and your Jeronymo.—Jeronymo! one hand held up; the other not withdrawn. Poor Jeronymo!—God be praised! said the general; some faint hopes. The two marchionesses wept for joy.—Your Jeronymo, madam, and my Jeronymo, is, we hope, in a happy way. Do you love Jeronymo?—Do I?—But what of Jeronymo? I don't understand you.—Jeronymo, now you are well, will be happy.—Am I well? Ah, sir!—But save me, save me, chevalier?—faintly screaming, and looking about her, with a countenance of woe and terror.—I will save you, madam. The general will also protect you. Of whom are you afraid?—Oh the cruel, cruel Laurana!—She withdrew her hand in a hurry, and lifted up the sleeve of the other arm. You shall see—Oh, I have been cruelly used!—But *you* will protect me. Forbearing to show her arm, as she seemed to intend.—Laurana shall never more come near you.—But don't hurt her! Come, sit down by me, and I will tell you all I have suffered. She hurried to her former seat; and sat down by her weeping Camilla. I followed her. She motioned to me to sit down by her.

Why, you must know, chevalier—she paused—Ah, my head! putting her hand to it—Well, but, now you must leave me. Something is wrong—leave me—I don't know myself——

Then looking with a face of averted terror at me—You are not the same man I talked to just now!—Who *are* you, sir?—She again faintly shrieked, and threw her arms about Camilla's neck, once more hiding her face in her bosom. I could not bear this. Not very well before, it was too much for me. I withdrew.—Don't withdraw, chevalier, said the general, drying his eyes.

I withdrew, however, to Mr. Lowther's chamber. He not being there, I shut the door upon myself—so oppressed! my dear Dr. Bartlett, I was greatly oppressed.

Recovering myself in a few moments, I went to Jeronymo. I had but just entered his chamber, when the general, who seemed unable to speak, took my hand, and in silence led

me to his mother's dressing-room. As we entered it, She inquires after you, chevalier, said he, and laments your departure. She thinks she has offended you. Thank God, she has recollection!

When I went in she was in her mother's arms; her mother soothing her, and weeping over her.—See, see, my child, the chevalier! you have *not* offended him.

She quitted her mother's arms. I approached her. I thought it was not *you* that sat by me awhile ago. But when you went away from me, I saw it could be nobody but you. Why did you go away? Was you angry?—I could not be angry, madam. You bid me leave you: and I obeyed.

Well, but now what shall I say to him, madam? I do not know what I would say. You, madam, stepping with a hasty motion towards her sister-in-law, will not tell Laurana anything against me!

Unhappy hour, said her mother, speaking to the general, that I ever yielded to her going to the cruel Laurana!

The marchioness took her hand; I hate Laurana, my dear; I love nobody but you.—Don't hate her, however. Chevalier, whisperingly, who is this lady?

The general rejoiced at the question; for this was the first time she had ever taken any particular notice of his lady, or inquired who she was, notwithstanding her generous tenderness to her.

That lady is your sister, your brother Signor Giacomo's wife—My sister! how can that be? Where has she been all this time?—Your sister by marriage: your elder brother's wife.—I don't understand it. But why, madam, did you not tell me so before? I wish you happy. Laurana would not let me be *her* cousin. Will *you* own me?

The young marchioness clasped her arms about her. My sister, my friend, my dear Clementina! Call me your sister, and I shall be happy!—What strange things, said she, have come to pass?—How did these dawnings of reason rejoice every one!—Sir, turning to the general, let me speak with you.—She led him by the hand to the other end of the room.—Let nobody hear us, said she: yet spoke not low. What had I to say?—I had something to say to you very earnestly. I don't know what—Well, don't puzzle yourself, my dear, to recollect it, said the general. Your new sister loves you.

She is the best of women. She is the joy of my life. Love your new sister, my Clementina.

So I will. Don't I love everybody?—But you must love her better than any other woman, the best of mothers excepted. She is *my* wife and *your* sister; and she loves both you and our dear Jeronymo.—And nobody else? Does she love nobody else?—Whom else would you have her love?—I don't know. But everybody, I think; for I do.—Whomsoever you love, she will love. She is all goodness.

Why that's well. I will love her, now I know who she is. But, sir, I have some notion—Of what, my dear?—I don't know. But pray, sir, what brings the chevalier over hither again?—To comfort you, your father, mother, Jeronymo: to comfort us all. To make us all well, and happy in each other.—Why that's very good. Don't *you* think so? But he was always good. Are you, brother, happy?

I am, and should be more so, if you and Jeronymo were.—But that can never, never be.—God forbid! my sister. The chevalier has brought over with him a skilful man, who hopes to cure our Jeronymo—

Has the chevalier done this? Why did he not do so before?—The general was a little disconcerted; but generously said, We were wrong; we took not right methods. I, for my part, wish we had followed his advice in everything.

Bless me!—holding up one hand. How came all these things about?—Sir, sir, with quickness—I will come again presently, and was making to the door.

Camilla stept to her—Whither, whither, my dear young lady?—Oh! Camilla will do as well—Camilla, laying her hand upon her shoulder, go to Father Marescotti—tell him—There she stopt—then proceeding, Tell him, I have seen a vision—he shall pray for us all.—Then stepping to her mother, and taking her passive hand, she kissed it, and stroked her own forehead and cheek with it—Love me, madam; love your child. *You* don't know, neither do I, what ails my poor head. Heal it! heal it! with your gentle hand! Again stroking her forehead with it; then putting it to her heart.

The marchioness, kissing her forehead, made her face wet with her tears.

Shall I, said Camilla, go to Father Marescotti?—No, said the general, except she repeats her commands. Perhaps she has forgot him already. She said no more of Father Marescotti.

The marchioness thinks that she had some confused notions of the former enmity of the general and father to me; and finding the former reconciled, wanted the father to be so too, and to pray for us all.

I was willing, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to give you minutely the workings of the poor lady's mind on our two first interviews. Everybody is rejoiced at so hopeful an alteration already.

We all thought it best, now, that she had so surprisingly taken a turn, from observing a profound silence, to free talking, and shown herself able, with very little incoherence, to pursue a discourse, that she should not exhaust herself; and Camilla was directed to court her into her own dressing-room, and endeavour to engage her on some indifferent subjects. I asked her leave to withdraw: she gave it me readily, with these words, I shall see you again, I hope, before you go to England.

Often, I hope, very often, answered the general for me.

That is very good, said she; and, courtesying to me, went up with Camilla.

We all went into Jeronymo's apartment, and the young marchioness rejoiced him with the relation of what had passed. That generous friend was for ascribing to my presence the hoped for happy alteration; while the general declared that he never would have her contradicted, for the future, in any reasonable request she should make.

The count her uncle, and Signor Sebastiano his eldest son, are set out for Urbino. They took leave of me at my lodgings. He hoped, he said, that all would be happy; and that I would be a Catholic.

I HAVE received a large packet of letters from England.

I approve of all you propose, my dear Dr. Bartlett. You shall not, you say, be easy except I will inspect your accounts. Don't refuse to give your own worthy heart any satisfaction that it can receive, by consulting your true friend: but otherwise, you need not ask my consent to anything you shall think fit to do. Of one thing, methinks, I

could be glad, that only such children of the poor, as show a peculiar ingenuity, have any great pains taken with them in their *books*. Husbandry and labour are what are most wanting to be encouraged among the lower class of people. Providence has given to men different geniuses and capacities for different ends; and that all might become useful links of the same great chain. Let us apply those talents to labour, those to learning, those to trade, to mechanics, in their different branches, which point out the different pursuits, and then no person will be unuseful; on the contrary, every one may be eminent in some way or other. Learning, of itself, never made any man happy. The ploughman makes fewer mistakes in the conduct of life than the scholar, because the sphere in which he moves is a more contracted one. But if a genius arise, let us encourage it: there will be rustics enough to do the common services for the finer spirits, and to carry on the business of the world, if we do not, by our own indiscriminate good offices, contribute to their misapplication.

I will write to congratulate Lord W—— and his lady. I rejoice exceedingly in their happiness.

I will also write to my Beauchamp, and to Lady Beauchamp, to give her joy on her enlarged heart. Surely, Dr. Bartlett, human nature is not so bad a thing as some disgracers of their own species have imagined. I have, on many occasions, found that it is but applying properly to the passions of persons, who, though they have not been very remarkable for benevolence, may yet be induced to do right things in *some* manner, if not always in the *most graceful*. But as it is an observation, that the miser's feast is often the most splendid; so may we say, as in the cases of Lord W—— and Lady Beauchamp, the one to her son-in-law, the other to his lady and nieces, that when such persons are brought to taste the sweets of a generous and beneficent action, they are able to behave greatly. We should not too soon, and without making *proper* applications, give up persons of ability or power, upon conceptions of their general characters: and then with the herd, set our faces against them, as if we knew them to be incorrigible. How many ways are there to overcome persons, who may not, however, be naturally beneficent! Policy, a regard for outward ap-

pearances, ostentation, love of praise, will sometimes have great influences: and not seldom is the requester of a favour himself in fault, who perhaps shows as much *self* in the application as the refuser does in the denial.

Let Charlotte know that I will write to her when *she gives me a subject*.

I will write to Lord and Lady L—— by the next mail. To write to either is to write to both.

I have already answered Emily's favour. I am very glad that her mother, and her mother's husband, are so wise as to pursue their own interests in their behaviour to that good girl, and their happiness in their conduct to each other.

My poor cousin Grandison!—I am concerned for him. I have a very affecting letter from him. But I see the proud man in it, valuing himself on his knowledge of the world, and rather vexed to be over-reached by the common artifices of some of the worst people in it, than from right principles.

I know not what I can do for him, except I were on the spot. I am grieved that he has not profited by other men's wisdom: I wish he may by his own experience. I will write to him; yet neither to reproach him, nor to extenuate his folly, though I wish to free him from the consequences of it.

I write to my aunt Eleanor, to congratulate and welcome her to London. I hope to find her there on my return from Italy.

The unhappy Sir Hargrave! The still unhappier Merceda! What sport have they made with their health, in the prime of their days; and with their reputation! How poor would have been their triumph, had they escaped, by a flight so ignominious, the due reward of their iniquitous contrivances! But to meet with such a disgraceful punishment, and so narrowly to escape a still *more* disgraceful one—tell me, can the poor men look out into open day?

But poor Bagenhall! sunk as he is, almost beneath pity, what can be said of him?

We see, Dr. Bartlett, in the behaviour and sordid acquiescence with insults of these three men, that offensive spirits cannot be true ones.

If you have any call or inclination to go to London, I am sure you will look in upon the little Oldhams, and their mother.

My compliments to the young officer. I am glad he is pleased with what has been done for him.

I have letters from Paris. I am greatly pleased with what is done, and doing there, in pursuance of my directions relating to good Mr. Danby's legacy.

As he gained a great part of his considerable fortune in France, I think it would have been agreeable to him to find out there half of the objects of his benevolence: why else named he France in his will?

The *intention* of the bequeather in doubtful cases ought always to be considered: and another case has offered, which, I think, as there is a large surplus in my hands, after having done by his relations more than they expected, and full as much as is necessary to put them in a flourishing way, I ought to consider in that light.

Mr. Danby, at his setting out in life, owed great obligations to a particular family, then in affluent circumstances. This family fell, by unavoidable accidents, into indigence. Its descendants were numerous. Mr. Danby used to confer on no less than six grand-daughters and four grandsons of this family, an annual bounty which kept them just above want. And he had put them in hopes that he would cause it to be continued to them, as long as they were unprovided for: the elder girls were in services: the younger were brought up to be qualified for the same useful way of life: the sons were neither idle nor vicious. I cannot but think that it was his *intention* to continue his bounty to them by his last will, had he not forgot them when he gave orders for drawing it up; which was not till he thought himself in a dying way.

Proper inquiries have been made; and this affair is settled. The numerous family think themselves happy. And the supposed intention of my deceased friend is fully answered and no legatee a sufferer.

You kindly, my dear Dr. Bartlett, regret the distance we are at from each other. I am the loser by it, and not you: since I give you, by pen and ink, almost as minute an account of my proceedings, as I could do were we conversing together: such are your expectations upon, and such is the obedience of your ever affectionate and filial friend,

CHARLES GRANDISON:

LETTER XXXI.

Sir Charles Grandison.—In continuation.

June 12-23.

WE have now, thank God, some hopes of our Jeronimo. The opening made below the great wound answers happily its intention; and that in the shoulder is once more in a fine way.

Lady Clementina has been made to understand that he is better; and this good news and the method she is treated with, partly in pursuance of the advice of the English physicians, leave us not without hopes of her recovery.

The general and his lady are gone to Naples in much higher spirits than when they left that city. His lady seconding his earnest invitation, I was not able to deny them the promise of a visit there.

Every one endeavours to sooth and humour Lady Clementina; and the whole family is now satisfied that this was the method which always ought to have been taken with her; and lay to the charge of Lady Sforza and Laurana perhaps much deeper views than they had at first; though they might enlarge them afterwards, and certainly did extend them, when the poor lady was deemed irrecoverable.

Let me account to you, my dear friend, for my silence of near a month since the date of my last.

For a fortnight together, I was every day once with Lady Clementina. She took no small pleasure in seeing me. She was very various all that time in her absences; sometimes she had sensible intervals, but they were not durable. She generally rambled much, and was very incoherent. Sometimes she fell into her silents fits, but they seldom lasted long when I came. Sometimes she aimed to speak to me in English: but her ideas were too much unfixed and her memory too much shattered, to make herself understood for a sentence together, in the tongue she had so lately learned, and for some time disused. Yet on the whole, her reason seemed to gather strength. It was a heavy fortnight to me; and the heavier, as I was not very well myself—yet I was loath to forbear my daily visits.

Mrs. Beaumont, at the fortnight's end, made the family

and me a visit of three days. In that space, Lady Clementina's absences were stronger, but less frequent, than before.

I had, by letter, been all this time preparing the persons who had the management of Mr. Jervois's affairs, to adjust finally the account relating to his estate which remained unsettled; and they let me know that they were quite ready to put the last hand to them. It was necessary for me to attend those gentlemen in person: and as Mrs. Beaumont could not conveniently stay any longer than the three days, I acquainted the marchioness that I should do myself the honour of attending her to Florence.

As well Mrs. Beaumont, as the marchioness, and the bishop, thought I should communicate my intention and the necessity of pursuing it, to Lady Clementina; lest on her missing me she should be impatient, and we should lose the ground we had gained.

I laid before the young lady, in presence of her mother and Mrs. Beaumont, in a plain and simple manner, my obligation to leave her for a few days, and the reason for it. To Florence, said she? Does not Lady Olivia live at Florence?—She does usually, answered Mrs. Beaumont: but she is abroad on her travels.

Well, sir, it is not for me to detain you if you have business: but what will become of my poor Jeronymo in the meantime?—But, before I could answer, What a silly question is that!—I will be his comforter.

Father Marescotti just then entered—O father! rambled the poor lady, you have not prayed with me for a long time. Oh, sir, I am an undone creature! I am a lost soul!—She fell on her knees, and with tears bemoaned herself.

She endeavoured, after this, to recollect what she had been talking of before. We make it a rule not to suffer her, if we can help it, to puzzle and perplex herself by aiming at recollection; and therefore, I told her what was our subject. She fell into it again with cheerfulness—Well, sir, and when may Jeronymo expect you again?—In about ten days I told her. And, taking her hint, I added that I doubted not but she would comfort Signor Jeronymo in my absence. She promised she would; and wished me happy.

I attended Mrs. Beaumont accordingly. I concluded, to my satisfaction, all that remained unadjusted of my Emily's

affairs in two days after my arrival at Florence. I had a happy two days more with Mrs. Beaumont, and the ladies her friends ; and I stole a visit out of the ten days to the Count of Belvedere, at Parma.

This excursion was of benefit to my health ; and having had a letter from Mr. Lowther, as I had desired, at Modena, in my way to Parma with very favourable news, in relation both to the sister and brother, I returned to Bologna, and met with a joyful reception from the marquis, his lady, the bishop, and Jeronymo ; who all joined to give me a share in the merit that was principally due to Mr. Lowther and his assistants, with regard to the brother's amendment, and to their own soothing methods of treating the beloved sister ; who followed strictly the prescriptions of her physicians.

I was introduced to Lady Clementina by her mother, attended only by Camilla. The young lady met me at the entrance of her antechamber, with a dignity like that which used to distinguish her in her happier days. You are welcome, chevalier, said she : but you kept not your time. I have set it down ; pulling out her pocket-book.—Ten days, madam : I told you ten days. I am exactly to my time.—You shall see that : I cannot be mistaken, smiling. But her smiles were not quite her own.

She referred me to her book. You have reckoned two days twice over, madam. See here——

Is it possible ?—I once, sir, was a better accomptant. Well, but we will not stand upon two days in so many. I have taken great care of Jeronymo in your absence, I have attended him several times, and would have seen him oftener, but they told me there was no need.

I thanked her for her care of my friend——

That's good enough, said she, to thank me for the care of myself. Jeronymo is myself.

Signor Jeronymo, replied I, cannot be dearer to his sister than he is to me.

You are a good man, returned she ; and laid her hand upon my arm ; I always said so. But, chevalier, I have quite forgot my English. I shall never recover it. What happy times were those, when I was innocent, and was learning English !

My beloved young lady, said Camilla, was always innocent.

No, Camilla! No! And then she began to ramble—And taking Camilla under the arm, whispering, Let us go together to that corner of the room, and pray to God to forgive us. You, Camilla, have been wicked as well as I.

She went and kneeled down, and held up her hands in silence: then rising she came to her mother and kneeled to her, her hands lifted up—Forgive me, forgive your poor child, my mamma!

God bless my child!—Rise, my love!—I do forgive you!—But do you forgive me, tears trickling down her cheeks, for ever suffering you to go out of my own sight? for delivering you into the management of less kind, and less indulgent relations?

And God forgive *them* too, rising. Some of them made me crazy, and then upbraided me with being so. God forgive them! I do.

She then came to me: and, to my great surprise, dropt down on one knee. I could not, for a few moments, tell what to do, or what to say to her. Her hands held up, her fine eyes supplicating—Pray, sir, forgive me!

Humour, humour the dear creature, chevalier, said her mother, sobbing.

Forgive you, madam!—Forgive you, dear lady! for what?—You have not offended! You could not offend.

I raised her; and taking her hand, pressed it with my lips! Now, madam, forgive *me*—for this freedom forgive me!

Oh, sir, I have given you, I have given everybody trouble!—I am an unhappy creature; and God and you are angry with me—and you will not say you forgive me?

Humour her, chevalier.

I do, I do forgive you, most excellent of women!

She hesitated a little; then turned round to Camilla, who stood at a distance weeping, and running to her cast herself into her arms, hiding her face in her bosom—Hide me, hide me, Camilla!—What have I done!—I have kneeled to a man!—She put her arm under Camilla's and hurried out of the room with her.

Her mother seeing me in some confusion; Rejoice with me, chevalier, said she, yet weeping, that we see, though her reason is imperfect, such happy symptoms. Our child will, I

trust in God, be once more our own. And you will be the happy instrument of restoring her to us.

The marquis and the bishop were informed of what had passed. They also rejoiced in these further day-breaks, as they called them, of their Clementina's reason.

You will observe, my dear Dr. Bartlett, that I only aim to give you an account of the greater and more visible changes that happen in the mind of this unhappy lady; omitting those conversations between her and her friends in which her situation varied but little from those before described. By this means, you will be able to trace the steps to that recovery of her reason, which we presume to hope will be the return to our fervent prayers and humble endeavours.



LETTER XXXII.

Sir Charles Grandison.—In continuation.

Bologna, June 13-24.

THE Conte della Porretta, and his two sons, came hither yesterday, to rejoice on the hopeful prospects before us.

I thought I saw a little shyness and reserve sit upon the brow of the marchioness, which I had not observed till the arrival of the count. A complaisance that was too civil for friendship; for *our* friendship. I never permit a cloud to hang for one hour upon the brow of a friend, without examining into the reason of it, in hopes it may be in my power to dispel it. An abatement in the freedom of one I love is a charge of unworthiness upon me, that I must endeavour to obviate the moment I suspect it. I desired a private audience of the good lady.

She favoured me with it at the first word. But as soon as I had opened my heart to her, she asked, If Father Marescotti, who loved me, she said, as if I were his own son, might be allowed to be present at our conversation? I was a little startled at the question; but answered, By all means.

The father was sent to, and came. Tender concern and reserve were both apparent in his countenance. This showed that he was apprised of the occasion of the marchioness's reserve; and expected to be called upon, or employed in the explanation, had I *not* demanded it.

I repeated, before him, what I had said to the Marchioness, of the reserve that I had thought I saw since yesterday in one of the most benign countenances in the world.

Chevalier, said she, if you think that every one of our family, as well those of Urbino and Naples, as those of this place, do not love you as one of their own family, you do not do us justice.

She then enumerated and exaggerated their obligations to me. I truly told her, that I could not do less than I had done, and answer it to my own heart.

Leave *us*, replied she, to judge for ourselves on this subject. And, for God's sake, do not think us capable of ingratitude. We begin with pleasure to see the poor child, after a course of sufferings and distresses that few young creatures have gone through, reviving to our hopes. She must in gratitude, in honour, in justice, be yours, if you require her of us, and upon the terms you have formerly proposed.

I think so, said the father.

What can I say? proceeded she: we are all distressed. I am put upon a task that grieves me. Ease my heart, chevalier, by sparing my speech.

Explain yourself no further, madam: I fully understand you. I will not impute ingratitude to any heart in this family. Tell me, Father Marescotti, if you can allow for *me*, as I could for *you*, were you in my circumstances (and you cannot be better satisfied in your religion, than I am in mine); tell me, by what you *could do*, what I *ought*.

There is no answering a case so strongly put, replied the father. But can a false religion, a heresy, persuade an ingenuous mind as strongly as the true?

Dear Father Marescotti, you know you have said nothing: it would sound harshly to repeat your own question to you; yet that is all I need to do. But let us continue our prayers that the desirable work may be perfected: that Lady Clementina may be quite recovered. You have seen, madam, that I have not offered to give myself consequence with her. You see the distance I have observed to her: you see nothing in her, not even in her most afflicting reveries, that can induce you to think she has marriage in view. As I told your ladyship at first, I have but one wish at present, and that is her perfect recovery.

What, father, can we say? resumed the marchioness. Advise us, chevalier. You know our situation. But do not; do not impute ingratitude to us. Our child's salvation, in our own opinion, is at stake—If she be yours; she will not be long a Catholic—Once more advise us.

You generously, I know, madam, think you speak in time, both for the young lady's sake and mine. You say she shall be mine upon the terms I formerly offered, if I insist upon it. I have told the general, that I will have the consent of all three brothers, as well as yours, madam, and your good lord's or I will not hope for the honour of your alliance: and I have declared to you, that I look upon myself as bound; upon you all, as free. If you think that the sense of supposed obligation, as Lady Clementina advances in her health may engage her further than you wish, let me decline my visits by degrees, in order to leave her as disengaged as possible in her own mind; and that I may not be thought of consequence to her recovery. In the first place, I will make my promised visit to the general. You see she was not the worse, but, perhaps the better, for my absence of ten days. I will pass twenty, if you please, at Rome, and at Naples; holding myself in readiness to return post, at the first call. Let us determine nothing in the interim. Depend upon the honour of a man, who once more assures you that he looks upon himself as bound, and the lady free; and who will act accordingly by her and all your family.

They were both silent, and looked upon each other.

What *say* you, madam, to this proposal? What *say you*, Father Marescotti? Could I think of a more disinterested one I would make it.

I say, you are a wonderful man.

I have not words, resumed the lady—she wept. Hard, hard fate! The man, that of all men——

There she stopt. The father was present, or perhaps, she had said more.

Shall we, said she, acquaint Jeronymo with this conversation?—It may disturb him, replied I. You know, madam, his generous attachment to me. I have promised the general a visit. Signor Jeronymo was as much pleased with the promise as with the invitation. The performance will add

to his pleasure. He may get more strength: Lady Clementina may be still better: and you will from events so happy be able to resolve. Still be pleased to remember that I hold myself bound, yourselves to be free.

Yet I thought at the time, with a concern, that perhaps, was too visible, When shall I meet with the returns, which my proud heart challenges as its due? But then my pride (shall I call it?) came in to my relief—Great God! I thank thee, thought I, that thou enablest me to do what my conscience, what humanity, tells me is fit and right to be done, without taking my measures of right and wrong from any other standard.

Father Marescotti saw me affected. Tears stood in his eyes. The marchioness was still more concerned. She called me the most generous of men, took a respectful leave, and withdrew to Jeronymo.

As I was intending to return to my lodgings, in order to try to calm there my disturbed mind, the marquis and his brother, and the bishop, sent for me into the marchioness's drawing-room, where were she and Father Marescotti, who had acquainted them with what had passed between her, himself, and me.

The bishop arose, and embraced me—Dear Grandison, said he, how I admire you!—Why, why will you not let me call you brother?—Were a prince your competitor, and you would be a Catholic——

Oh that you would! said the marchioness; her hands and eyes lifted up.—And will you not? Can you not, my dear chevalier? said the count.—That, my lord, is a question kindly put, as it shows your regard for me—but it is not to be answered now.

The marquis took my hand. He applauded the disinterestedness of my behaviour to his family. He approved of my proposal of absence; but said that I must myself undertake to manage that part, not only with their Clementina, but with Jeronymo; whose grateful heart would otherwise be uneasy, on a surmise that the motion came not from myself, but them.

We will not resolve upon any measures, said he. God continue and improve our prospects; and the result we will

leave to his providence.—I went from them directly to Jeronymo and told him of my intended journey.—He asked me, What would become of Clementina in the meantime? Was there not too great a danger that she would go back again?—I told him I would not go, but with her approbation. I pleaded my last absence of ten days, in favour of my intention. Her recovery, said I, must be a work of time. If I am of the consequence your friendship for me supposes, her attention will probably be more engaged by short absences, and the expectations raised by them, than by daily visits. I remember not, my dear Jeronymo, continued I, a single instance, that could induce any one to imagine that your Clementina's regard for the man you favour was a personal one. Friendship never lighted up a purer flame in a human heart, than in that of your sister. Was not the future happiness of the man she esteemed, the constant, I may say the *only*, object of her cares? In the height of her malady, did she not declare, that were that great article but probably secured she would resign her life with pleasure?

True, very true: Clementina is an excellent creature: she ever was. And you only can deserve her. Oh, that she could be now worthy of you! But are my father, mother, brother, willing to part with you? Do they not, for Clementina's sake, make objections?

The last absence sitting so easy on her mind, they doubt not but frequent absences may excite her attention.

Well, well, I acquiesce. The general and his lady will rejoice to see you. I must not be too selfish. God preserve you, wherever you go!—Only let not the gentle heart of Clementina be wounded by your absence. Don't let her miss you.

To-morrow, replied I, I will consult her. She shall determine for me.

—o—

LETTER XXXIII.

Sir Charles Grandison.—In continuation.

June 14-25.

HAVING the honour of an invitation to a conversation-visit to the cardinal legate, and to meet there the

gonfalonier, I went to the palace of Porretta in the morning.

After sitting about half an hour with my friend Jeronymo, I was admitted in the presence of Lady Clementina. Her parents and the bishop were with her. Clementina, chevalier, said her mother, was inquiring for you. She is desirous to recover her English. Are you willing, sir, to undertake your pupil again?—Ay, chevalier, said the young lady, those were happy times, and I want to recover them. I want to be as happy as I was then.—You have not been very well, madam: and is it not better to defer our lectures for some days, till you are quite established in your health?

Why, that is the thing. I know I have been very ill, I know that I am not yet quite well; and I *want* to be so: and that is the reason that I would recover my English.

You will soon recover it, madam, when you begin. But at present, the thought, the memory, it would require you to exert, would perplex you. I am afraid the study would rather retard, than forward your recovery.

Why, now, I did not expect this from you, sir. My mamma has consented.—I did, my dear, because I would deny you nothing that your heart was set upon: but the chevalier has given you such good reasons to suspend his lectures, that I wish you would not be earnest in your request.—But I can't help it, madam. I want to be happy.

Well, madam, let us begin now. What English book have you at hand?—I don't know. But I will fetch one.

She stepped out, Camilla after her; and, poor lady, forgetting her purpose, brought down some of her own work, the first thing that came to hand out of a drawer that she pulled out, in her dressing-room; instead of looking into her book-case. It is an unfinished piece of Noah's ark, and the rising deluge: the execution admirable. And coming to me, I wonder where it has lain all this time. Are you a judge of women's works, chevalier?

She went to the table—Come hither, and sit down by me. I did. Madam, to her mother; my lord, to her brother (for the marquis withdrew, in grief, upon this instance of her wandering); come and sit down by the chevalier and me. They did. She spread it on the table, and, in an attentive posture, her elbow on the table, her head on one

hand, pointing with the finger of the other—Now tell me your opinion of this work.

I praised, as it deserved, the admirable finger of the work-woman. Do you know, that's *mine*, sir? said she: but tell me; everybody can praise; do you see no fault?—I think *that* is one, said I; and pointed to a disproportion that was pretty obvious.—Why, so it is. I never knew you to be a flatterer.

Men, who can find faults more gracefully, said the bishop, than others praise, need not flatter.—Why that's true, said she. She sighed; I was happy when I was about this work. And the drawing was my own too, after—after—I forget the painter—but you think it tolerable—do you?

I think it, upon the whole, very fine. If you would rectify that one fault, it would be a master-piece.—Well, I think I'll try, since you like it. She rolled it up—Camilla, let it be put on my toilet. I am glad the chevalier likes it. But, sir, if I am not at a loss; for my head is not as it should be——

Poor lady! She lost what she was going to say—she paused as if she would recollect it—Do you know, at last, said she, what is the matter with my head? putting her hand to her forehead—Such a strange confusion just here! And so stupid!—She shut her eyes. She laid her head on her mother's shoulder; who dropt an involuntary tear on her forehead.

The bishop was affected. Can you, chevalier, whispered he, suppose this dear creature's reason in your power, and yet withhold it from her?

Ah, my lord, said I, how cruel!——

She raised her head; and taking her mother's and Camilla's offered salts, smelt to them in turn—I think I am a little better. Were you, chevalier, ever in such a strange way? I hope not—God preserve all people from being as I have been!—why now you are all affected. Why do you all weep? What have I said! God forbid that I should afflict anybody!—Ah, chevalier! and laid her hand upon my arm, God will bless you. I always said you were a tender-hearted man. God will pity him that can pity another!—But, brother, my lord, I have not been at church of a long time. Have I? How long is it?—Where is the general? Where is my uncle?—Laurana! poor Laurana!

God forgive her; she is gone to answer for all her unkindness!—And she said she was sorry; did she?

Thus rambled the poor lady! What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, can be more affecting than these absences, these reveries, of a mind once so sound and sensible!

She withdrew, at her own motion, with Camilla; and we had no thoughts of communicating to her, at that time, my intentional absence. But as I was about taking my leave for the day, Camilla came into Jeronymo's chamber where I was, and told me that her young lady was very sedate, and desired to see me, if I were not gone.

She led me into Clementina's dressing-room, where was present the marchioness only; who said she thought I might apprise her daughter of my proposed journey to Naples; and she herself began the subject.

My dear, said she, the chevalier has been acquainting my lord and me with an engagement he is under to visit your brother Giacomo and his lady, at Naples.

That is a vast journey, said she.—Not for the chevalier, my dear. He is used to travel.—Only for a visit!—Is it not better, sir, for you to stay here, where everybody loves you?—The general, my dear, and his lady, love the chevalier.—May be so. But did you promise them, sir?

I did, madam.—Why then you must perform your promise, but it was not kind in them to engage you.—Why so, my dear? asked her mother.—Why so! Why, what will poor Jeronymo do for his friend?—Jeronymo has consented, my dear. He thinks the journey will do the chevalier good.

Nay, then—Will the journey do you good, sir? If it will, I am sure Jeronymo would not, for the world, detain you.

Are you willing, my dear, that the chevalier should go.

Yes, surely, madam, if it will do him good. I would lay down my life to do him good. Can we ever requite him for his goodness to us?

Grateful heart! said her mother, tears in her eyes.

Gratitude, piety, sincerity, and every duty of the social life, are constitutional virtues in this lady. No disturbance of mind can weaken, much less efface them.

Shall you not want to see him in his absence?—Perhaps I may: but what then? If it be for his good, you know

— Suppose, my dear, we could obtain the favour of Mrs. Beaumont's company, while the chevalier is gone?

I should be glad.—Mrs. Beaumont is all goodness, said I. I will endeavour to engage her. I can go by sea to Naples; and then Florence will be in my way.—Florence! Ay, and then you may see Olivia too, you know—Olivia is not in Italy, madam. She is on her travels.—Nay, I am not against your seeing Olivia, if it will do you good to see her.—You don't love Olivia, my dear, said her mother.—Why, not much—But *will* you send Mrs. Beaumont to keep me company?—I hope, madam, I may be able to engage her. And how long shall you be gone?

If I go by sea, I shall return by the way of Rome: and shall make my absence longer or shorter, as I shall hear how my Jeronymo does, or as he will, or will not dispense with it.—That is very good of you—But, but—suppose—(a sweet blush overspread her face)—I don't know what I would say—but, for Jeronymo's sake, don't stay longer than will do you good. No need of *that*, you know.—Sweet creature! said the mother.

Did you call *me* so, madam! wrapping her arms about her, and hiding her faintly-blushing face in her bosom. Then raising it up, her arms still folded about her mother: As long as I have my mamma with me, I am happy. Don't let me be sent away from you again, my mamma. I will do everything you bid me do. I never was disobedient—Was I? Fie upon me, if I was!—No, never, never, my dearest life!

So I hoped. For when I knew nothing, this I used to say over my beads: Gracious Father! let me never forget my duty to Thee, and to my parents! I was afraid I *might*, as I remembered nothing—but that was partly owing to Laurana. Poor Laurana! She has now answered for it. I would pray her out of her pains, if I could. Yet she *did* torment me.

She has entertained a notion, that Laurana is dead: and as it has removed that terror which she used to have, at her very name, they intend not to undeceive her. But, Dr. Bartlett, well or ill, did you ever know a more excellent creature?

Well, sir, and so you *must* go—She quitted her mother,

and with a dignity like that which used to distinguish her, she turned to me; and gracefully waving one hand, while she held up the other—God preserve you wherever you go! You *must* go from friend to friend, were it all the world over. You will let Jeronymo hear often from you—won't you?—Pray do. And I will, in every visit I make to him, inquire when he heard from his friend. Adieu, sir: adieu.

I had not intended then to take my leave of her; but as she anticipated me, I thought it right to do so; and respectfully bowing on her hand, withdrew, followed by her eyes and her blessings.

I went to Jeronymo. The marchioness came to me there; and was of opinion with me, that I should take this as a farewell visit to her Clementina; and to-morrow (sooner by two days than I intended) I propose to set out for Florence, in hopes to engage for them Mrs. Beaumont's company.

Mr. Lowther will write to me at all opportunities: and perhaps, you will not, for some weeks, hear further from your ever affectionate

CHARLES GRANDISON.

—o—

LETTER XXXIV.

Miss Byron to Lady G——.

Thursday, May 11.

I WRITE on purpose to acquaint you that I have had a visit from Lady Olivia. She dined with me; and is just set out for Northampton. We all joined in the most cordial manner to entreat her to favour us with her company till morning; but she was not to be prevailed upon. Every one of us equally admires and pities her. Indeed she is a finer woman than you, Lady G——, would allow her to be, in the debate between us in town, on that subject.

After dinner, she desired a quarter of an hour's discourse with me alone. We retired into the cedar-parlour.

She opened, as she said, her *whole* heart to me. What an hatred has she to the noble Lady Clementina! She sometimes frightened me by her threatenings—poor unwomanly lady!

I took the liberty to blame her. I told her, she must excuse me; it was ever my way with those I respected.

She would fain have got me to own that I loved Sir Charles Grandison. I acknowledged gratitude and esteem—but as there are no prospects (*hopes* I had like to have said), I would go no further. But she was sure it was so. I *did* say, and I am in earnest, that I never could be satisfied with a divided heart. She clasped me in her arms upon this, and put her cheek to my forehead.

She told me that she admired him for his virtue. She knew he had resisted the greatest temptations that ever man was tried with. I hope, poor woman, that none of them were from her!—For her own sake (notwithstanding what Dr. Bartlett once whispered, and, good man as he is) I hope so!—The chevalier, she said, was superior to all attempts that were not grounded on honour and conscience. She had heard of women who had spread their snares for him in his early youth: but women, in her country, of slight fame, she said, had no way to come at *him*: and women of virtue were secure from *his* attempts. Yet would you not have thought, asked she, that beauty might have marked him for its own? Such an air, such an address, so much personal bravery, accustomed to shine in the upper life; all that a woman can value in a man, is the Chevalier Grandison!

She at last declared that she wished him to be mine, rather than any woman's on earth.

I was very frank, very unreserved. She seemed delighted with me; and went away, professing to every one, as well as to me, that she admired me for my behaviour, my sincerity, my prudence (she was pleased to say), and my artlessness, above all the women she had ever conversed with.

May her future conduct be such as may do credit to her birth, to her high fortune, to her sex, and I shall then forgive her for an attempt (as it was frustrated) that I thought she ought never to be forgiven for; and which made me, as we sat, often look upon her with terror and *deprecation*, may I say?

In answer to your kind inquiries about my health—I only say, What must be, will—sometimes better than at others. If I could hear you were good, I should be better, I believe.

Adieu, my dear Lady G——! adieu.

LETTER XXXV.

Miss Byron to Lady G——.

[On Sir Charles's first Letter from Bologna, see Letter XXVI. of this vol., p. 143.]

*Wednesday, May 31.**

I AM greatly obliged to you, my dear Lady G——, for despatching to me, in so extraordinary a way, the first letter of your brother to Dr. Bartlett. I thank God for his safe arrival at the destined place; and for the faint hopes given in it of his friend's life. The Almighty will do His own work, and in His own way. And that must be best.

You ask me for my opinion of the contents of this letter, at large—What can I say? Thus much I must say——

I admire, more and more, your brother: I pity the family he is gone to comfort and relieve: and I pray for Clementina and Jeronymo; and this as well for your brother's sake as theirs.

He generously rejoices that he did not pursue his own INCLINATIONS—I am very happy in what he says of your Harriet. Indeed, my dear, I am. Though we may be conscious of not deserving the praises bestowed upon us, yet are we fond of standing high in the opinion of those we love. Two paragraphs I have got by heart. I need not tell you which they are. But, alas! his greatly favoured friend is *not* so free as he hoped she was. It is a pleasure to me, however, because it is such to him, that it is not his fault, but her own, that she is not.

The countess, whom he so justly praises, writes to me; and I answer—But to what purpose? I am afraid, that a very important observation of his comes not in time to do me service; since, if my prudence is proportioned to my trials, I ought to have endeavoured to exert it sooner.

But it seems there is an insuperable objection against the poor lady's going into a nunnery. I never heard of that before. It seems right to the marchioness that the young lady who is entitled to a great share of this world's goods, should not be dedicated to Heaven. This *may* be so in the

† Several letters of Miss Byron, Lady G——, Lady L——, and Miss Jer-vois, which were written between the date of the preceding letter and the present, are omitted.

family eye, for aught I know: but I am persuaded that if there is any one of it who would not have pleaded this obstacle to a divine dedication, it would be Clementina herself. And yet I own I can allow of their regret that the cruel Laurana should be a gainer by Clementina's being lost, as I may say, to the world.

Your brother's kind remembrance of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves is an honour done to me, as well as to them. I *must* take it so, Lady G——. And what he says of me in the paragraph in which he mentions Emily, adds to the pride he had raised in me before.

Dr. Bartlett is extremely obliging in not offering to withhold any passage in your brother's letters from us. I have let him know that I think him so; and have begged him not to spare anything out of tenderness to me, on a supposition that I may be affected, or made uneasy, by what your brother shall write to him. This is speaking very plainly, my dear: but it is to Dr. Bartlett; and he signified to us, more than once, that he could not be a stranger to the heart of your Harriet.

And now, my dear Lady G——, let me ask you, in my turn, what you think of one passage in your brother's letter, of which you have not taken the least notice in yours to me? 'Charlotte, I hope, is happy. If she be not, it must 'be her own fault.'

You have honestly owned in your last (yet too roguishly for a true penitent), that it was evidently so in the debate about being presented. *Miss Grandison* used to like the drawing-room well enough. Her brother has owned, in my hearing, as well as in yours, that had he not been so long out of England, and, since his return to it, so seldom in town, he would have made it a part of his duty to pay his attendance there, at proper times. But *Lady G——*, forsooth, disdained to appear as the property [Reflect but, my dear, how absurd,] of a worthy man, to whom she had vowed love, honour, and obedience.

I should not remind you thus of past flippancies, did not new ones seem to spring up every day.

For Heaven's sake, my dear Lady G——, let it not be carried from England to Italy, that Lord G—— is not so happy with a sister of Sir Charles Grandison as might be

expected, lest it be asked, Whether that sister and this brother had the same mother? I have written before all that I could possibly say on this subject. You know yourself to be wrong. It would be impertinence to expostulate further on a duty so known, and acknowledged. No more, therefore, on this head (authorise me to say), for ever!

As to my health—I would fain be well. I am more sorry that I am not, for the sake of my friends (who are incessantly grieving for me), than for my own. I have not, I *think* I have not, anything to reproach myself with; nor yet anybody to reproach me. To whom have I given cause of triumph over me, by my ill usage, or insolence to him? I yield to an event to which I ought to submit: and to a woman, not *less*, but *more* worthy than myself; and who has a prior claim.

I long to hear of the meeting of this noble pair. May it be propitious! May Sir Charles Grandison have the satisfaction, and the merit with the family, of being the means of restoring to reason (a greater restoration than to health) the woman, every faculty of whose soul ought, in that case, to be devoted to GOD, and to him! Methinks I have at present but one wish; it is, that I may live to *see* this lady, if she *is* to be the happy woman. Could I, do you think, Lady G——, if I were to have this honour, cordially congratulate her as Lady Grandison? Heaven only knows! But it would be my glory, if I could; for then I should not scruple to put myself in a rank with Clementina; and to demand her hand, as that of my sister.

But poor Olivia!—Shall I not pity the unhappy woman, who, I am afraid, is too short-sighted to look forward to that only consolation which can weaken the force of worldly disappointments?

My cousin Reeves, in a joyful letter, just now received, acquaints me with the birth of the fine boy his wife has presented to him: an event that exceedingly rejoices us all. He tells me in it, how good you are. Continue to them, my dear Lady G——, your affectionate regards. They ever loved you: even for your very faults, so bewitchingly lively are you. But I have told Mr. Reeves that his partiality for you shows that he feels not for Lord G—— as he would for himself, were *his* wife a Lady G——.

I will write to my other friends. Dear creature! Don't

let me say that I love Lord G—— better than I do Lady G——: yet were the aggressor in a quarrel my own sister, endeared to me by a thousand generous offices, I would, I *must* love the sufferer best; at least, while he is a sufferer.
Witness,
HARRIET BYRON.

—o—

LETTER XXXVI.

Miss Byron to Lady G——.

Thursday, June 1.

THANKS a hundred times repeated to you, my dear Lady G——, and to good Dr. Bartlett, for the favour of Sir Charles's letters of May 22, 23, 26, and 27, N. S., all following so quick that which you favoured me with of the 10th-21st, upon which I wrote to you yesterday. I despatch them to you for the doctor all together.

I cannot, my dear, have much to say to the contents of these.

They *have* met: had more interviews than one.

Why cannot the Count of Belvedere—but no more of that. I don't like this general. The whole family (the two noble sufferers, Jeronymo and Clementina excepted) seem to me to have more pride than gratitude—ay, mother and all, my dear!

But you see Sir Charles has been indisposed. No wonder—visited by the marquis and marchioness, you see: not a slight illness, therefore, you may believe. God preserve him, and restore Lady Clementina, and the worthy Jeronymo!

His kind remembrance of me—but, my dear, I think the doctor and you must forbear obliging me with any more of his letters—his goodness, his tenderness, his delicacy, his strict honour, but add—yet can any new instances add to a character so uniformly good?—But the chief reason of my self-denial, if you were to take me at my word, as to these communications, is, that his affecting descriptions and narratives of Lady Clementina's reveries (poor, poor lady!) will break my heart! Yet you must send them to your ever obliged
HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXVII.

*Lady G—— to Miss Byron.**Monday, June 5.*

MY DEAR CREATURE!—You must not, you shall not be ill. What signify your *heroics*, child, if they only give you placid looks, and make a hypocrite of the sincerest girl in England? In other words, if they are only a cover for a despairing heart? Be better: be less affected; or, I can tell you, the doctor and I, and Lady L——, shall all think it but right to take you at your first word, and send you no more of my brother's letters. Yet we are all of us as greatly affected by the contents of them, as our dear Harriet can be. I am sure you will allow us to be so for the poor lady. But to subjects less interesting.

The doctor is with us. Aunt Nell is in love with him. He ordered his matters, and came to town at Lady L——'s request and mine, and Beauchamp's that we might the sooner come at my brother's letters—very obliging!—Beauchamp worships the good man. He would have been with him at Grandison Hall but that Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp knew not how to part with him: and I fancy another slyer reason with-held him, half unknown to himself. Love is certainly creeping into his heart. This Emily! a little rogue! has already (yet suspects it not) made a conquest. He deserves her better than any man I know: she him, had she not already a great hole in her heart, through which one may run one's head. But does not Beauchamp love the same person as much as she can do? And does he not know that the girl is innocent, and the man virtuous, even, as I believe, to chastity?—Dear Harriet! don't let the ladies around you, nor the gentlemen neither, hear this grace supposed to be my brother's. Nobody about us shall for *me*. I would not have my brother made the jest of one sex, and the aversion of the other; and be thought so singular a young man.

Beauchamp says nothing to anybody of his regard to Emily. But he lays himself out in so many unaffected assiduities to her, that one cannot but see it. She likes his company and his conversation. But why? because he is always launching out in the praises of his and her beloved

friend. He says, there is not, he believes, such another innocent and undesigning heart in the world, except one in Northamptonshire—there's for you, Harriet!—So he praises not *mine*. That is the wickedest thing of these *felons* of men: poverty compels them, though—poverty of genius!—They cannot praise one woman, but by robbing the rest. Different, however, from all men, is my brother. I will engage he could find attributes for fifty different women, yet do justice to them all: because, though he sees every one with favour, he is above flattering any.

Well, but, Harriet, I expected letters six times as long as those you have sent me. Upon my word, if you are so very heavenly-minded, as you appear to be in the first (for the second is hardly a letter), I will have you to town, and nun you up with aunt Nell. The doctor is one of the most pious men in England: but she will tire him with praying, and *expounding*, as she calls it. Do you know that the good creature was a methodist in Yorkshire? These *over-doers*, my dear, are wicked wretches. What do they but make religion look unlovely, and put *under-doers* out of heart? My brother is *The Man*: you know I must always bring in my brother, though I am a little out of humour with him at present: and am I not justified by the *many*? Since it is always the way of those who intend not to amend, to set their hearts against their correctors. My brother professes not the one half of what he practises. He uses the fashion without abusing it, or himself, by following it. Some such words in a sacred book rumble in my mad head; but I know I have not them right.

It is impossible, say what you will, Harriet, to be long upon terms with *this* man—Lord G—— I mean. He was once half in the right, to be sure, but you should not have reproached me with *that*. The bride was shown, the jewels were shewn, the whole family paraded it together; and Emily wrote you all how and about it. But never fear for your poor friend. The honest man will put himself in the wrong next, to save her credit. He has been long careless, and now he is, at times, *imperious* as well as careless. Very true! Nay, it was but yesterday that he attempted to hum a tune of contempt, upon my warbling an Italian air. An opera couple, we! Is it not charming to sing *at* (I cannot

say *to*) each other, when we have a mind to be spiteful? But he has a miserable voice. He cannot sing so fine a song as I can. He should not attempt it. Besides, I can play to my song; that cannot he. Such a foe to melody, that he hates the very sight of my harpsichord. He flies out of the room, if I but move towards it.

He has everybody on his side; Lord and Lady L——, Emily, nay, Dr. Bartlett and aunt Nell. This sets him up. No such thing as managing one's own husband, when so many wise heads join together to uphold him. Utterly ruined for a husband, is Lord G——; I once had some hopes of him. But now, every good-natured jest is turned into earnest by these mediators and mediatrices.

A few days ago, in a fond fit, I would have stroked his cheek, though he was not in a very good humour neither—*So, then! So, then!* said I, as I had seen Beauchamp do an hour before by his prancing nag; and it was construed as a contempt; and his bristles got up upon it. Bless me, thought I, this man is not so sensible of a favour as Beauchamp's horse; and yet I have known the time when he has thought it an honour to be admitted to press the same fair hand with his lips on one knee.

Hark! He is now, at this very instant, complaining to aunt Nell. Little do they think, that I am in her closet. She hears all he has to say, with greedy ears.—These antiquated souls are happy, when they can find reasons, from the disagreement of honest people in matrimony, to make a virtue of necessity. 'Thank the Lord, I am not married, 'if these be the fruits of matrimony!'—Ah! Lord, my dear! Now these *last* words have slipt me! The man—between you and me, has been a villain to me! Can I forgive him? Could *you*, in my circumstances? Yet I hope it is *not* so. If it should, and Lady Gertrude and aunt Nell (spiteful old souls)! should find their perpetual curiosity answered as they wish, I will have my own will in everything.

And how came I, you will wonder, in aunt Nell's closet!—I will tell you. She had got my pen and ink, and I went to fetch it myself: the scribbling fit was strong upon me; so I sat down in her closet to write: and they both came into her chamber together, to have their own talk—Hark, I say!—They are really talking of me—Complaining!—

Abominable!—This wicked aunt of mine—‘I tell you, nephew, that you are too ready to make up with her.’—Could you have believed this of one’s own aunt? No wonder that he is so refractory at times. But, hush!—Why don’t he speak louder? He can’t be in earnest hurt, if he does not raise his voice. Creeping soul, and whiner! I can’t hear a word he says. I have enough against *her*!—But I want something against *him*—Deuce take them both! I can’t hear more than the sound of her broken-toothed voice, mumbling, and his plaintive humdrum, whimpering. I will go out in full majesty. I will lighten upon them with airs imperial. How the poor souls will start at my appearance! How will their consciences fly in their faces! The complainer and adviser both detected in the very fact, as I may say: And yet perhaps you, Harriet, will think them less blameable than their conscience-striker.

Hem!—Three hems in anger!—And now I burst upon them.

O HARRIET! what a triumph was mine!

Aunt Nell, who has naturally a good blowzing north-country complexion, turned as pale as ashes. Her chin, nose, and lips, were all in motion. My nimble lord gave a jump; and three leaps, to the other side of the room. He had not the courage to look directly at me. His face, as sharp as a new moon in a frosty night, and his sides *so* gaunt—as if he wanted to shrink into himself. They could not in their hearts but accuse themselves of all they had said, as if I had heard every word of it.

While I (what a charming thing is innocence!) half a foot taller than usual, stalked along between them, casting a look of indignation upon aunt Nell; of haughtiness on Lord G——. My with-held breath raised my complexion, and swelled my features; and when I got to the door, I pulled it after me with an air, that I hope made them both tremble.



LETTER XXXVIII.

Lady G——.—In continuation.

WELL, my dear—Aunt Nell and I have made up. I have been pacified by her apologies, and promises never again to

interfere between man and wife. As I *told* the forlorn soul, You maiden ladies, though you have lived a great while in the world, cannot know what strange creatures these husbands are, and how many causes (that cannot be mentioned by the poor wife to her friends) a woman may have to be displeased with her man, in order to keep the creature in some little decorum—Indeed, madam—there I stopt—this excited her prudery ; and she made out the rest, and, perhaps, a great deal more than the rest. She looked down, to show she was sensible, tried for a blush ; and I verily believe, had she been a young woman, would have succeeded. ‘Why, truly, niece, ‘I believe you are right. These men are *odious creatures*!’—And then she shuddered, as if she had said, Lord defend me from them!—A prayer, that, being a good creature, she need not doubt will be answered.

But for Lord G—— there lies no forgiveness. To complain of his wife to her aunt ! A married man to submit matrimonial squabbles (and every honest pair has *some*) to others ; to an old maid, especially ! and to authorise her to sit in judgment on his wife’s little whimsies, when the good woman wants to make herself important to him ; and thereby endeavour to destroy the wife’s significance ; there’s no bearing of that. He had made Lord L—— and Lady L—— judges over me before. Nay, this infant Emily has taken her seat on the same bench ; and in her pretty manner, has, by beseeching me to be good, supposed me bad. And to some one of them (who knows but to the tell-tale himself, though he denies it ?) my brother’s hint is owing, on which you so sagely expostulate : my reputation, therefore, as an obedient wife, with all those whose good opinion was worth courting, is gone : and is not this enough to make one careless ?

BLESS me, my dear ! This man of errors has committed, if possible, a still worse fault. He regards me not as anybody. The earl and he have been long uneasy, it seems, that we live at the expense of my brother, to whom there is no making returns ; and a house offering in Grosvenor Square, he has actually contracted for it, without consulting me. I must own, that I cannot in my heart disapprove either of the motive, or the house, as I have the latter described to me : but his doing it of his own head, is an insolent act of pre-

rogative. Don't you in conscience think so? Does he not, by this step, make me his chattels, a piece of furniture only, to be removed as any other piece of furniture, or picture, or cabinet, at his pleasure?

He came to me—I hope, madam, in a reproaching accent, I have done something now that will please you. Ought his stiff air, and the reflecting word now, to have gone unpunished?—Hast thou found out any other old maid, to sit in judgment on the behaviour of thy wife? But what hast thou done?

I was astonished when the man told me.

And who is to be thy housekeeper? Is this done, in hope I'll follow thee? Or dost thou intend to exclude from thy habitation the poor woman who met thee at church a few weeks ago?

Just then came in Lady L——. I asked her, What she thought of this step?

Had she vindicated him, I never would have regarded a word she said between us. But she owned that she thought I *should* have been consulted. And then he began to see that he had done a wrong thing. I acquainted her with his former fault, unatoned for as it was—Why, as to *that*, she did not know what to say; only, that it became *my* character and good sense, so to behave, as that Lord G—— should have no reason to complain of me to *any* body. A hard thing, Harriet, to be reflected upon by an own sister!

LADY L—— prevailed upon me, unknown to Lord G——, to go with her to see this house. 'Tis a handsome house. I have but the one aforesaid objection to it—but let me ask you again; Is not the slight he has put upon me, in taking it without consulting me, an inexcusable thing?—I know you will say it is. But I'll tell you how I think to do—I will make him give up the contract; and when he has done so, unknown to him, take the same house myself. This will be returning the compliment. His excuse is, He was sure I should like the house and the terms. If he is sure of my liking it, and has chosen it himself, the deuce is in it, if I may not be sure of his—Would *he* dislike it, because *I* liked it?—Say so, if you dare, Harriet; and suppose me blamable.

OH my dear ! What shall I do with this passionate man ? I could not, you know, forgive him for the two unatoned-for steps which he has taken, without *some* contrition : and do you think he would show any ?—Not he !—I said something that set him up ; something bordering upon the whimsical—no matter what. He pranced upon it. I, with my usual meekness, calmly rebuked him ; and then went to my harpsichord : and what do you think ? How shall I tell it ? Yet to you I may—Why then he whisked his hat from under his arm (he was going out) ; and silenced, broke, demolished, my poor harpsichord.

I was surprised ; but instantly recovering myself : You are a violent wretch, Lord G—— ! said I quite calmly : How could you do so ?—Suppose (and I took the wicked hat) I should throw it into the fire ? But I gave it to him, and made him a fine courtesy. There was command of temper ! I thought, at the instant, of Epictetus and his snapt leg. Was I not as great a philosopher ?

HE is gone out. Dinner is ready ; and no Lord G——. Aunt Nell is upon the fret : but she remembers her late act of delinquency, so is obliged to be silent. I have her under my thumb.

THE man came in after we had dined. I went to him as if nothing had been the matter between us. You look vexed, my lord !—It *was* a very violent action : it vexed *me* at first : but you see how soon I recovered my temper. I wish you would learn patience of me. But come, I forgive you ; I will not be angry with you, for an evil that a little money will repair. I see you are vexed.

So I am, madam, at my very soul ! But it is not——

Now to be helped—True, my lord, and I forgive you——

But curse me, if I forgive you, madam—— Oh fie ! that's wickedly said : but I know you *will*, when I ask you.

Aunt Nell sat by the window ; her eyes half shut ; her mouth as firmly closed as if her lips were glued together.

Madam, addressing himself to her, I shall set out to-morrow for Windsor.—Windsor, my lord ? said I—He answered me not.—Ask my good Lord G——, madam, said I, in a sweet humble voice, how long he shall stay at Windsor ?

—How long, my lord? mumbled out aunt Nell— From Windsor I shall go to Oxford.—Ask him, madam, how long he shall be before he returns?—How long, my lord, shall you be absent from us?

When I find I can return, and not be the jest of my own wife—I *may*, perhaps—there he stopt, and looked stately.

Tell my lord that he is too serious, madam. Tell him that hardly any other man but would see I was at play with him, and would play again.

You hear what my niece says, my lord.—I regard nothing she says.—Ask him, madam, who is to be of his party?—Who, my lord, is to be of your party?—Nobody; turning himself half round, that he might not be thought to answer *me*, but *her*.—Ask him, madam, whether it be business or pleasure, that engages him to take this solitary tour? She *looked* the question to him.—Neither, madam, to her. I left my pleasure some weeks ago at St. George's Church. I have never found it since.

A strange forgetful man! and as ungrateful as forgetful. And I stept to him, and looked in his face *so* courteously! and with such a *sweet* smile!

He sullenly turned from me, and to aunt Nell.

Ask my lord, if he takes his journey thinking to oblige me?—Ask him your own questions, niece.—My lord won't answer *me*.—He strutted, and bit his lips with vexation.

Come, I'll try once more if you think me worth answering—I think, my lord, if you shall be gone a *month* or *two*, I may take a little trip to Northamptonshire. Emily shall go with me. The girl is very uneasy to see Miss Byron: and Miss Byron will rejoice to see us both. A visit from us will do her good.

He took it, that I was not desirous of a short absence. And he pouched his mouth, and reared himself up, and swelled; but answered me not.

See, madam, my lord is sullen; he won't answer *me*. I must get *you* to ask my questions. I think it my duty to ask leave to go. My *lord* may go where he pleases, without my leave—very fit he should. He is a *man*. I once could have done so! heigh-ho! but I have vowed obedience and vassalage. I will not break my vow. Ask him if I have his consent for a visit to Miss Byron, of a month or two?

Ask him, madam, if he can make himself happy in my absence? I should otherwise be loath to go for so long a time.

I should be as welcome, said he, to Miss Byron, as *her*.

As her! As she, you should say, I believe, if you won't say *As you*, madam, and bow to me—I believe so, my lord, Miss Byron would rejoice to see any of *my* friends. Miss Byron is very good.—Would to God——That somebody were half as good, interrupted I. Somebody understands you, my lord, and wishes so too—Pray, madam, ask my lord if I may go?—His *new house* will be putting in order meantime——I will ask none of your questions for you. *New house*, niece! You harp too much on one string.—I mean not offence. I have done with that subject. My lord, to be sure, has dominion over his bird. He can choose her cage. She has nothing to do, but sit and sing in it—when her instrument is mended, and in tune—He has but one fault. He is *too good-natured* to his bird. But would he take *your* advice, madam—— Now, though this may sound to you, Harriet, a little recriminating; yet, I do assure you, I spoke it in a very sweet accent: yet up got aunt Nell in a passion: my lord too was all alive. I put myself between her and the door; and throwing my arms about her, You shan't go, madam—smiling sweetly in her glowing face. Upon my honour, you shan't.—Wicked trifler! she called me, as I led her to a chair. Perverse girl! and two or three other names;—apropos enough: my character is not difficult to hit; that's the beauty of it. My lord withdrew in wrath; and then the old lady said, she would now tell me a piece of her mind: and she made me sit down by her; and thus she addressed me:—Niece, it is my opinion, that you might be, if you *would*, one of the happiest women in the world.—You don't hear *me* complain, madam.—Well, if Lord G—— *did* complain to me! it was to *me*: and you should be sorry for the occasion, and not for the complaint.—I may be sorry for both, madam.—Well, but Lord G—— is one of the best-natured men in the world.—The man's well enough. Passionate men, they say, *are* good-natured.—Why won't you be happy, niece?—I will. I am not now *un*-happy.—More shame for you then, that you will not make Lord G—— happy.—He is captious. I am playful. That's all.—What do you think your brother would say?—

He would blame me, as you do.—Dear creature, be good. Dear creature, make Lord G—— happy.—I am like a builder, madam. I am digging for a foundation. There is a good deal of rubbishy humours to remove; a little swampiness of soil: and I am only removing it, and digging deeper, to make my foundation sure.—Take care, take care, niece: you may dig too deep. There may be springs you may open, and never be able to stop them, till they have sapped your foundation. Take care, niece.—Thank you, madam, for your caution. Pity you had not been a builder yourself!—Had such a fellow-labourer as Lord G—— offered, I should not have refused a partnership with him, I do assure you.—Fairly answered, aunt Nell, thought I. I was pleased with her.—Don't you think Lord G—— loves you dearly?—As to *dearly*, I can't say: but I believe he loves me as well as most husbands love their wives.—Are you not ungrateful then?—No. I am only at play with him. I don't hate him.—Hate him! dreadful if you did! but he thinks you despise him.—That is one of the rubbishy notions I want to remove. He would have it that I did, when he could have helped himself. But he injures me now, if he thinks so. I can't say I have a very profound reverence for him. *He* and my *brother* should not have been allied. But had I despised him in my heart, I should have thought myself a very bad creature for going to church with him.—That's well said. I love you now. Your brother is, indeed, enough to put all other men down with one. But may I tell Lord G—— that you love him?—No, madam.—No! I am sorry for that.—Let him find it out. But he ought to know so much of human nature, and of my sincerity, as to gather from my behaviour to him, that had I either hated or despised him, I would not have been his: and it would have been impossible for me to be so playful with him; to be so domestic, and he so much at home with me. Am I fond of seeking occasions to carry myself from him? What delights, what diversions, what public entertainments do I hunt after? None. Is not he, are not all my friends, sure of finding me at home, whenever they visit me?—So far, so good, said aunt Eleanor.—I will open my heart to you, madam. You are my father's sister. You have a right to my sincerity. But you must keep my secret.—Proceed, my

dear.—I know my own heart, madam. If I thought I could not trust it (and I wish Lord G—— had a good opinion of it), I would not dance thus, as you suppose, on the edge of danger.—Good creature!—I shall call you good creature by and by. Let me call Lord G—— to us.

I was silent. I contradicted her not. She rang. She bid the servant tell Lord G—— that she desired his company. Lord G—— was pranced out. She regretted (I was not glad) that he was.

I will tell you what, my dear, said she. I have heard it suggested, by a friend of yours that you would much rather have had Mr. Beauchamp——.—Not a word more of such a suggestion, madam. I should hate myself, were I capable of treating Lord G—— meanly or contemptibly, with a thought of preference to any man breathing, now I am his. I have a great opinion of Mr. Beauchamp. He deserves it. But I never had the shadow of a wish that I had been his. I never should have spoken of my brother's excellencies, as outshining those of Lord G——, had he not been my *brother*, and therefore could not be *more* to me; and had they not been so conspicuous, that no other man could be disgraced by giving place to him. No madam, let me assure you, once for all, that I am so far from despising my Lord G——, that, were any misfortune to befall him, I should be a miserable woman.

She embraced me. Why then——

I know your inference, madam. It is a just one. I am afraid I think as *well* of my own understanding as I do of Lord G——'s. I love to jest, to play, to make him look about him. I dislike not even his petulance. You see I bear all the flings, and throws, and peevishness, which he returns to my sauciness. I think I *ought*. His complaints of me to you, to Lord and Lady L——, which bring upon me their and your grave lecturings, and even anger; I can forgive him for; and this I show, by making those complaints matter of pleasantry rather than resentment. I know he intended well in taking the house, though he consulted me not first. It was surely wrong in him; yet I am not mortally offended with him for it. His violence to my poor harpsichord startled me; but I recollected myself; and had he buffeted *me* instead of *that*, as I was afraid he would, I

should have thought I *ought* to have borne it, whether I *could* or *not*, and to have returned him his hat with a courtesy. Believe me, madam, I am not a bad, I am only a whimsical creature. I tried my brother once. I set him up. I was afraid of *him* indeed: but I tried him again. Then he called it constitution, and laughed at me, and run me out of breath in my own way. So I let *him* alone. Lord L—— and Lady L—— had it in turn. Lord G—— has a little more than his turn, perhaps: and why? because he is for ever fitting the cap to his head; and because I don't love him less than those I am less free with. Come, madam, let me demand your kind thoughts. I *will* deserve them. Contradiction and opposition, mediators and mediatrices, have carried my playfulness further than it would otherwise have gone. But henceforth *your* precepts, my *brother's*, and *Miss Byron's*, shall not want their weight with me, whether I may show it or not at the instant. My reign, I am afraid, will be but short. Let the man bear with me a little now and then. I am not absolutely ungenerous. If he can but show his love by his forbearance, I will endeavour to reward his forbearance with my love.

She embraced me, and said, That now she attributed to the gaiety of my spirits, and not to perverseness, my *till* now unaccountable behaviour. I was sure, said she, that you were more your mother's than your father's daughter. Let me, when my lord comes in, see an instance of the behaviour you bid me hope for.—I will try, said I, what can be done.

We parted. I went up to my pen; and scribbled down to this place.

This moment my lord is come in. Into my brother's study is he directly gone. Not a question asked about me. Sullen! I warrant. He used to pay his duty to me, and ask blessing the moment he came in, if *admissible*: [Is that a word, Harriet?] but times are altered. Ah, Harriet! when I know I am saucy, I can bear negligence and slight: but when I intend to be good, knowing my own heart to be right, I shall be quite saucy if he is sullen. Is not the duty of wedded people reciprocal?—Aunt Eleanor and he are talking together. She is endeavouring, I suppose, to make a philosopher of him. 'Promise nothing for me, aunt 'Nell, I will have the whole merit of my own reformation.'

LETTER XXXIX.

Lady G——.—In continuation.

PREPARE, Harriet, to hear strange and wonderful things.

My lord sent up his compliments and desired to know if he might attend me. I was in my dressing-room. He was not always so polite. I wish, thought I, since displeasure produces respect, that familiarity does not spoil this man. But I'll try him.

I shall be glad to see my lord, was the answer I returned.

Up he came, one leg dragged after the other. Not alert, as he used to be on admission to his Charlotte. The last eight stairs his steps sounded, I, go, up, with, an, hea-vy, heart. He entered; bowed: Were the words yours, You should be glad to see me, madam?—They *were*, my lord.—Would to God you said truth!—I did. I *am* glad to see you. I wanted to talk with you, about this Northamptonshire visit.—Are you in earnest, madam, to make that visit?—I am. Miss Byron is not well. Emily pines to see her as much as I. You have no objection?

He was silent.—Do you set out to-morrow, sir, for Windsor and Oxford?

He sighed. I think so, madam.—Shall you visit Lord W——?—I shall.

And complain to him of me, my lord?—He shook his grave head, as if there were wisdom in it—Be quiet, Harriet—Not good all at once—That would not be to hold it.

No, madam, I have done complaining to *anybody*. You will one day see you have not acted generously by the man who loves you as his own soul.

This, and his eyes glistening, moved me—Have we not been *both* wrong, my lord?—Perhaps we have, madam; but here is the difference: I have been wrong, with a *right intention*; you have been wrong, and *studied* to be so.—Prettily said. Repeat it, my lord. How was it? And I took his hand and looked very graciously.—I cannot ear these airs of contempt.—If you call them so, you are wrong, my lord, though perhaps *intending* to be *right*.—He did not see how good I was disposed to be. As I said, a change

all at once would have been unnatural.—Very well, madam ! and turned from me with an air half-grieved, half-angry.

Only answer me, my lord ; are you willing I should go to Northamptonshire ?—If you choose to go, I have no objection. Miss Byron is an angel.

Now don't be perverse, Lord G——. Don't praise Miss Byron at the expense of somebody else.

Would to Heaven, madam—— I wish so too—and I put my hand before his mouth—*so* kindly !

He held it there with both his, and kissed it. I was not offended. But do you actually set out for Windsor and Oxford to-morrow, my lord ?—Not, madam, if you have any commands for me.—Why, now, that's well said. Has your lordship anything to propose to me ?—I could not be so welcome to you, as your *escort*, as I am sure I should be to Miss Byron and her friends, as her *guest* ?—You *could* not ? How can you say so, my lord ! You would do me both honour and pleasure.—What would I give that you mean what you say ?—I *do* mean it, my lord. My hand upon it—I held out my hand for his. He snatched it ; and I thought would have devoured it.—We will take the coach, my lord, that I may have your company all the way.—You equally astonish and delight me, madam ! Is it possible that you are——.—Yes, yes ; don't in policy make it such a wonder that I am disposed to be what I *ought* to be.—I shall be too, too, too happy ! sobbed the grateful man.—No ! no ! I'll take care of that. Married folks, brought up differently, of different humours, inclinations, and so forth, never can be too happy. Now I intend to put up all our little quarrels in my work-bag [You know I am a worker : not quite so bad, at worst, as some modern wives] : there they shall lie, till we get to Miss Byron's—I revere the character of Mrs. Shirley : Mrs. Selby you have seen : Harriet, and you, and I, and the two sages I have named, will get together in some happy hour. Then I will open my work-bag, and take out our quarrels one by one, and lay them on the table before us ; and we will be determined by their judgment.—My dear Lady G——, if you think there is anything amiss in your behaviour to me, or in mine to you, let us spread the faults on your toilet now ; and we shall go down to Northamptonshire all love and harmony, and delight those excellent——

Always prescribing, my lord! Oh these men! Why, why will you not let me have my own way? Have not all these good folks heard of our folly? And shall they not be witnesses of our wisdom? If they are not at the agreement, they will wonder how it came about. I tell you, sir, that they shall have an opportunity to laugh at us both; at *me*, for my flippancy; at *you*, for your petulance. I will be sorry, you shall be ashamed, that quarrels so easily made up, and where the heart of either is not bad, should subsist a quarter of an hour, and be perpetually renewing. I *will* have my own way, I tell you.

Don't make me look like a fool, madam, before such ladies as those, if we do visit them.

I *must* have my jest, my lord. You know (for have you not tried it?) that I can have patience. Let me see—Is that the hat that you pulled off with an air so lately? Pish! How your countenance falls! I am *not* angry with you. But don't do so again, if you can help it. I *must* have my jest, I say: but assure yourself of the first place in my heart.—What more would the man have?

O madam! nothing, nothing more! And he kissed my hand on one knee, with a rapture that he never could have known had we always been quiet, easy, and drowsy, like some married folks whom the world calls happy.

But then the man came out with his gew-gaw japan-china taste. Why is it the privilege of people of quality now, to be educated in such a way that their time can hardly ever be worthily filled up; and as if it were a disgrace to be either manly or useful? He began to talk of equipage, and such nonsense; but I cut him short, by telling him that I must have my own way on this occasion. Our visit is to be a private one, said I. We will have only the coach. Jenny shall attend on Emily and me. No other female servant. Two men: we will have no more. I will not have so much as your French horn. We go to the land of harmony. Kings sometimes travel incog. We will ape kings when they put off royalty. Will not this thought gratify your pride? You, my lord, have some foibles to be cured of as well as I. We shall be wonderfully amended, both of us, by this excursion.

Poor man! His heart was as light as a *feather*. Upon

my word, my dear, I begin to think that if my lord and master had been a wise man, I should not have known what to do with him. Yet I will not forgive any one but myself, who finds him out to be *other-wise*.

He told me, in raptures of joy, that I should direct everything as I pleased. God grant that I might not change my mind as to the visit! He hoped I was in earnest; and looked now and then at me, as if he questioned it.

But what do you think the man did? He retired; came back presently; called me his dearest life; and said that it was possible I might want to have an opportunity given me to make some presents, or to furnish myself with trinkets of one nature, or other, against I set out; and he should be very sorry if, by his inattention, I were obliged to ask him for the means to show the natural liberality of my spirit in the way I thought best to exert it; and then he begged me to accept of that note; putting into my hand a bank-note of 500*l*.

I stept to my closet, and *as* instantly returned. This, my lord, said I, is a most cruel reflection upon me. It looks as if I were to be bribed to do my duty. There, my lord! Take back your present. I will endeavour to be good without it—And as a proof that I *will*, you must not only receive back your favour (though I look upon it as such, and from my heart thank you for it), but take, as your right, this note which Lord W—— presented to me on the day you received me as yours.

He held back both hands, gratefully reluctant.

You must, you *shall*, take *both* notes, my lord. I only wanted a fit opportunity to put Lord W——'s note into your hands before. It was owing to my flippant folly, and not to your want of affection, that I had not that opportunity sooner. Bear with me now and then, if I should be silly again. Complain of me only to myself. My heart, I re-assure you, is yours, and yours *only*. I was not willing that you should owe to any other person's interposition, my declarations of affection and regard to you, not even to Miss Byron (though I talked of my work-bag), whom I love as my own sister.

The worthy man was in ecstasies. He could not express in words the joy of his heart. He kneeled, and wrapt his arms about my waist; and sobbed his request to me to

forgive his petulance, and the offences he had ever given me by any acts of passion, or words of anger.

You have not offended me, my lord. Forgive my past follies and my future failures. When you were most angry, I wondered at your patience. Had I been you, I should not have borne what you bore with me.

For God's sake, madam, take back both notes. We *can* have but one interest. You will make me easier when I know that you have power in your hands to gratify every wish of your heart.

You *must*, you *shall*, my lord, take these notes. I will apply to you whenever I have occasion, and receive your favours, as such. I wish not to be independent of you. I have a handsome sum by me, the moiety of the money that was my mother's, which my brother divided between my sister and me when he first came over. Is not the settlement made upon me more than my brother asked, or thought I *should* expect? Did he not oppose so large an annuity for pin-money, as your father, Lady Gertrude, and you would have me accept of, because he thought that such a large allowance might make a wife independent of her husband, and put it out of his power, with discretion, to oblige her? My brother, in an instance glorious to him, said that he would not be a richer man than he ought to be. In such instances I will be his sister.

Aunt Nell joined us. My lord, in transports, told her what had passed. The good old soul took the merit of the reformation to herself. She wept over us. She rejoiced to hear of our intended journey to Northamptonshire. My lord proposed to have the house he had taken fitted up to my liking while we were away. At his desire, I promised to see it in his company, and give my opinion of his designed alterations. But as I know he has judgment in nick-knackatories, and even as much as I wish him in what is called *taste*, I intend to compliment him with leaving all to him; and resolve to be satisfied with whatever he does.

And now is the good man *so* busy, *so* pleased, *so* important! Bless me, my dear! who would rob the honest man of any part of his merit; or even wish to divide it with him?

And what, Harriet, do you say to me *now*?—In a week's

time I shall be with you. Be sure be cheerful and well ; or I shall be ready to question my welcome.

This moment, having let Dr. Bartlett into our intended visit, he has offered to accompany us. Now shall we, I know, be doubly welcome. The doctor, Emily, my Lord G——, and your Charlotte, will be happy in one coach. The doctor is prodigiously pleased with me. *What is the text ? More joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons, who need it not.*

I long to see you, and every one of the family so deservedly dear to you ! God give you health ; and us no worse news from Italy than we have yet had ; and how happy shall we be !—Lord and Lady L—— wish they could be of the party. They are in love with me now. Emily says she dotes upon me. I begin to think that there is almost as much pleasure in being good as in teasing. Yet a little roguery rises now and then in the heart of your CHARLOTTE G——.

June 8.

The doctor has been so good (I believe because I am good) as to allow me to take a copy of a letter of my brother's to that wretch Everard ; but for your perusal only. I enclose it, therefore, under that restriction. Let it speak its own praises.

We are actually preparing to be your guests. You will only have time to forbid us, if we shall not be welcome.

Merciful ! what a packet !



LETTER XL.

Sir Charles Grandison to Mr. Grandison.

Bologna, June 4, N. S.

WHAT can I do for my cousin ? Why would he oppress me with so circumstantial an account of the heavy evil that has befallen him, and not point out a way by which I could comfort or relieve him ? Don't be afraid of what you call the severity of my virtue. I should be ready to question the rectitude of my own heart, if on examination I had not reason to hope that charity is the principal of those virtues

which you attribute to me. You recriminate enough upon yourself. In what way I can extricate or assist you, is now my only question.

You ask my advice in relation to the payment of the debts which the world calls debts of honour; and for which you have asked, and are granted, three months' time. Have you not, sir, strengthened your engagement by your request? And have they not entitled themselves to the performance, by their compliance with it? The obligation which rashness, and perhaps surprise, laid you under, your deliberation has confirmed.

You say that your new creditors are men of the town, sharpers, and gamesters. But, my cousin, how came you among such? They came not to you. I say not this to upbraid you: but I must not have you deceive yourself. Who but a man's self is to suffer by his rashness or inconsideration? They are reputed to have been possessed of fortunes, however they came by them, which would have enabled them to answer the stakes they played for, had they been the losers: and would you not have exacted payment from them, had you been the winner? Did you at the *time* suspect loaded dice, or foul play? You are not, sir, a novice in the ways of the town. If you had good *proof* of what, from the ill success you seem only to *suspect*, I should not account the debts incurred *debts of honour*; and should hardly scruple, had I not indirectly promised payment, by asking time for it, or had they refused to give it, to call in to my aid the laws of my country; and the rather, as the appeal to those laws would be a security to me against ever again being seen in such company.

Adversity is the trial of principle: without it, a man hardly knows whether he is an honest man. Two things, my cousin in his present difficulties must guard against; the one, that he do not suffer himself to be prevailed upon, in hopes to retrieve his losses, to *frequent* the tables by which he has suffered; and so become one of the very men he has so much reason to wish he had avoided. [Who would not rather be the sufferer than the defrauder? What must be the nature of that man who, having himself been ruined, will endeavour to draw in other innocent men to their ruin?]

The other, that he do not permit prior and worthier credi-

tors (creditors for valuable considerations) to suffer by the distresses in which he has involved himself.

It is a hard decision; but were I my cousin, I would divest myself of my whole estate (were it necessary) for the satisfaction of my creditors; and leave it to their generosity to allow me what pittance they pleased for subsistence; and within that pittance would I live: and this (were my difficulties owing to my own inconsideration), not only for justice sake, but as a proper punishment for not being satisfied with my own ampler fortune, and for putting to hazard a certainty, in hopes of obtaining a share in the property of others. Excuse me, my dear Everard, I mean not particular reflection; but only to give you my notion of general justice in cases of this nature.

Acquit yourself worthily of these difficulties. I consider you as my brother: and you shall be welcome to take with me a brother's part of my estate, till you can be restored to a competency.

But with regard to the woman whom the infamous Lord B—— would impose upon you as a wife, that is an imposition to which you must not submit. Had she been the poorest honest girl in Britain, and you had seduced her, by promises of marriage, I must have made it the condition of our continued friendship that you had married her: but a kept-woman!—Let not *her*, let not the *bad man*, have such a triumph. I know his character well: I know his dependence on the skill of his arm. And I know his litigious spirit, and the use he is capable of making of his privilege. But regard not these. Let me advise you, sir, after you have secured to your creditors the payment of their just debts, to come over to me: the sooner the better. By this means you will be out of the way of being disturbed by the menaces of this lord and the machinations of this woman. We will return together. I will make your cause my own. As well the courage, as the quality of the man who can be unjust, are to be despised. Is not Lord B—— an unjust man in *every* article of his dealings with men? Do not you, my dear cousin, be so in *any one*; and you will ever command the true fraternal love of your

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XLI.

Lady G—— to Lady L——.

Selby House, Friday June 16.

HERE we are, my Caroline: and the happiest people in the world should we be, if Harriet were but well, my brother in England, and you and Lord L—— with us.

Mrs. Selby, Lucy, Nancy, Harriet, met us at Stony-Stratford, escorted by uncle Selby and his kinsman James.

My lord and I were dear, love, and life, all the journey. I was the *sweetest*-tempered creature!—Joyful people are not always wise ones. When the heart is open, silly things will be said; anything, in short, that comes uppermost. I kindly allowed for my lord's joy on twenty occasions. I smiled when he smiled, laughed out when he laughed out, did not talk to anybody else when he directed his discourse to me; so that the honest man crowed all the way. It is a charming thing, thought I, several times, to be on a foot of good understanding with each other; for now I can call him *honest man*, or any names that lately would have made him prance and caper; and he takes everything kindly: nay, two or three times he called me *honest woman*; but laughed and looked round him at the time, as if he were conscious that he had made a *bold* as well as *witty* retort.

Let me tell you, Lady L——, that I intend to give him signs when he exceeds, and other signs when he is right and clever; and I will accept of signs from him, that he may not be affronted. I am confident that we shall be in time an amazing happy couple.

Emily was rejoiced to see her equally beloved and revered Miss Byron. Miss Byron embraced Emily with the affection of a sister. My honest man kissed Miss Byron's hand on one knee, in the fervour of his love and gratitude; for I had let him know that he owed much of his present happiness to her. She congratulated him whisperingly, in my hearing, on my being good.

James Selby almost wept for love over Emily's hand; while Emily looked as sleek and as shy as a bird new-caught, for fear of being thought to give him encouragement, after what you may remember passed between them at Dunstable.

Aunt Selby, Lucy, Nancy, were all in rapture to see us: we to see them. We were *mother* and *sisters* the moment we were seated. Uncle Selby began to crack his jokes upon me in the first half-hour. I spared him not: and Lord G——, since I must have somebody to play the rogue with, will fare the better for him. Dr. Bartlett was the revered of every heart. By the way, I am in high credit with that good man for my behaviour to my lord.

Miss Byron received him with open arms, and even, as her father, with an offered cheek: and the modest man was so much affected by her filial regard for him, that I was obliged, for our own sakes, to whisper her to rein-in her joy to see him, that we might have the pleasure of hearing him talk.

When we arrived at Selby House, our joy was renewed, as if we had not seen each other at Stratford.

Oh, I should have told you that in our journey from Stratford hither, aunt Selby, Harriet, Emily, and I, were in one coach: and I had, as we went on, a great deal of good instruction insinuated to me, by way of felicitation, on my being so very kind and obliging to Lord G——. And as if I had been a child (corrected for being untoward), they endeavoured to coax me into a perseverance in what they called my duty. Aunt Selby, on this occasion, performed the maternal part with so much good sense, and her praise and her cautions were so delicately insinuated, that I began to think it was almost as pretty to be good as to be saucy.

Upon the whole, I really believe Lord G—— will have reason to rejoice, as long as he lives, that he was ruled by his wife, in changing his Windsor and Oxford journey for this of Northamptonshire. So *right* a thing is it for men to be governable; and perhaps you'll add for women to keep good company.

Lord L—— thinks you, my sage sister, so good already, that you need not be better, or I would wish him to send you down to Selby House.

Well may Harriet revere her grandmother. That venerable woman is good in every sense of the word. She is pious, charitable, benevolent, affectionate, condescending to the very foibles of youth; cheerful, wise, patient under the infirmities of age, having outlived all her wishes but one;

which is to see her Harriet happily married: and then, she says, she hopes to be soon released. Never could she be so much admired in her blooming youth, though she was then, it seems, deservedly celebrated both for her mind and person, as she is now in her declining age.

You have seen and admire Mrs. Selby. She rises upon me every hour. It gives one's heart joy, Lady L——, to look forward, beyond the age of youth and flutter, when we see by these ladies, that women in their advanced years may, to express myself in the style of Sir Rowland Meredith, be good for something; or, still better, that the matronly time of female life is by far the most estimable of all the stages of it; if they make good wives, good mistresses, and good mothers: and, let me say, good *aunts*; were it but to keep in countenance aunt Gertrude and aunt Nell; who, good souls! will now hardly ever be *mothers*.

Lucy is an excellent young creature. Nancy, when Lucy is not present, is *as* excellent. Her cousins, Kitty and Patty Holles, are agreeable young women.

James Selby is a good sort of blundering, well-meaning, great boy; who, when he has lived a *few years longer*, may make much such a good sort of man as my Lord G——. There's for you, my once catechising sister! Pray be as ready to praise as you used to be to blame me. I find duty and love growing fast upon me. I shall get into a custom of bringing in Lord G—— on every occasion that will do him credit: and then I shall be like Lady Betty Clemson; who is so perpetually dinning the ears of her guests with her domestic superlatives, that we are apt to suspect the truth of all she says.

But Harriet, our dear Harriet, is not at all well. She visibly falls away, and her fine complexion fades. Mr. Deane was here a week ago; and Lucy tells me, was so much startled at the alteration in her lovely countenance, that he broke from her and shed tears to Lucy. This good girl and Nancy lament to each other the too visible change: but when they are with the rest of the family, they all seem afraid to take notice of it to one another. She herself takes generous pains to be lively, cheerful, and unapprehensive, for fear of giving concern to her grandmother and aunt; who will sometimes sit and contemplate the alteration, sigh,

and now and then drop a silent tear, which, however, they endeavour to smile off, to avoid notice. I have already observed that as these good ladies sit in her company, they watch in silent love every turn of her mild and patient eye, every change of her charming countenance; for they too well know to what to impute the inward malady which has approached the best of hearts; and they know that the cure cannot be within the art of the physician. They, as *wè* do, admire her voice and her playing. They ask her for a song, for a lesson on her harpsichord. She plays, she sings, at the very first word. In no one act of cheerfulness does she refuse to join. Her grandmother and her aunt Selby frequently give a private ball. The old lady delights to see young people cheerful and happy. She is always present, and directs the diversion; for she has a fine taste. We are often to have these balls for our entertainment. Miss Byron, her cousins say, knowing the delight her grandmother takes in these amusements, for the sake of the young people, to whom she considers it as a healthful exercise as well as diversion, is one of the alertest in them. She excuses not herself, nor encourages that supineness that creeps on, and invades a heart ill at ease. Yet every one sees that solitude and retirement are her choice; though she is very careful to have it supposed otherwise; and on the first summons, hastens into company and joins in the conversation. Oh, she is a lovely and beloved young creature! I think verily, that though she was the admiration of everybody when she was with us, yet she is, if possible, more amiable at home and among her own relations. Her uncle Selby rallies her sometimes. But respect, as well as love, are visible in his countenance when he does: in her returns, sweetness and reverence are mingled. She never forgets that the rallier is her uncle; yet her delicacy is not more apparent than that she is mistress of fine talents in that way; but often restrains them, because she has far more superior ones to value herself upon. And is not this the case with my brother also?—Not so, I am afraid, with your Charlotte.

All her friends, however, rejoice in our visit to them, for her sake. They compliment me on my lively turn; and hope for a happy effect on Miss Byron from it.

I cannot accuse her of reserve to me. She owns her love for our brother as frankly as she used to do, after we had torn the secret from her bosom at Colnebrook. She acknowledges to me that she glories in it, and will not try to conquer it; because she is sure the trial will be to no purpose; an excuse, by the way, that if the conquest be necessary, would better become the mouth of your Charlotte than that of our Harriet: and so I have told her.

She prays for the restoration of Lady Clementina, and recovery of Signor Jeronymo. She loves to talk of the whole Italian family; and yet seems fully assured that Clementina will be the happy woman. But, surely, Harriet must be our sister. She values herself upon my brother's so solemnly requesting and claiming her friendship. True friendship; she but this morning argued with me, being disinterested, and more intellectual than personal regard, is nobler than love. Love, she said, does not always ripen into friendship, as is too frequently seen in wedlock.

But does not the dear creature refine too much when she argues thus? A calm and easy kind of esteem is all I have to judge from in *my* matrimony. I know not what love is. At the very highest, and when I was most a fool, my motive was *supposed* convenience (in order to be freed from the apprehended tyranny of a father); and that never carried me beyond liking. But you, Lady L——, were an adept in the passion. Pray tell me, if there *be* a difference between love and friendship, which is the noblest? Upon my opposing you and Lord L—— (so truly one mind) to her argument, she said, That yours is love mellowed into friendship, upon full proof of the merit of each: but that there *was* a time, that the flame was love only, founded in *hope* of the merit; and the *proof* might have been wanting; as it often is, when the hope has been as strong, and seemingly as well founded, as in your courtship.

Harriet, possibly, may argue from her own situation, in order to make her heart easy; and my brother is so *unquestionably* worthy, that love and friendship may be one thing in the bosom of a woman admiring him; since he will not enter into any obligation that he cannot, that he *will* not, religiously perform. And if this refinement will make her heart easier, and enable her to allow his love to be placed

elsewhere, because of a prior claim, and of circumstances that call for generous compassion, while she can content herself with the offered friendship, I think we ought to indulge her in her delicate notions.

Selby House is a large, convenient, well-furnished habitation. To-morrow we are to make a visit, with Lucy and Nancy, to their branch of the Selby family. James is gone before. Those two girls are orphans: but their grandmother, by their mother's side (a good old lady, mother-in-law to Mr. Selby), lives with them, or rather, they with her; and loves them.

On our return, we are to have our first private ball at Shirley Manor; a fine old seat, which already the benevolent owner calls her Harriet's; with an estate of about 500*l.* a year round it.

Adieu, my dear Lady L——. My lord and you, I hope, will own me now. Yet are you not sometimes surprised at the suddenness of my reformation? Shall I tell you how it came about? To own the truth, I began to find the man could be stout. 'Charlotte, thought I, what are you about? ' You mean not to continue for ever your playful folly. ' You have no malice, no wickedness, in your sauciness; ' only a little levity: it may grow into habit.—Make your ' retreat while you can with honour; before you harden ' the man's heart, and find your reformation a matter of ' indifference to him. You have a few good qualities; are not ' a modern woman; have neither wings to your shoulders, ' nor gad-fly in your cap: you love home. At present the ' honest man loves you. He has no vices. Every one loves ' you; but all your friends are busy upon your conduct. ' You will estrange them from you. The man will not be ' a king log—be you a prudent frog, lest you turn him into ' a stork. A weak man, if you *suppose* him weak, made a ' tyrant, will be an insupportable thing. I shall make him ' appear weak in the eyes of everybody else, when I have so ' much grace left as would make me rise against any one ' who should let me know they thought him so. My brother ' will be reflected upon for his solicitude to carry me to church ' with a man whom I shall make the world think I despise. ' Harriet will renounce me. My wit will be thought folly. ' Does not the suckling Emily, does not the stale virgin, aunt

‘ Eleanor, think they have a right to blame, entreat, instruct me? I will be good of choice, and make my *duty* received as a *favour*. I have travelled a great way in the road of perverseness. I see briers, thorns, and a pathless track, before me. I may be benighted: the day is far gone. Serpents may be in the brakes. I will get home as fast as I can; and rejoice every one, who now only wonders what is become of me.’

These, Lady L——, were some of my reasonings. Make your advantage of them against me, if you can. You see that your grave wisdom had some weight with my light folly. Allow a little for constitution now and then; and you shall not have cause to be ashamed of your sister.

Let me conclude this subject, half one way, half t’other—that is to say, half serious, half roguish: if my lord would but be cured of his taste for trifles and nick-knacks, I should possibly be induced to consider him as a man of better understanding than I once thought him: but who can forbear, sometimes, to think slightly of a man who, by effeminacies, and a shell and china taste, undervalues himself? I hope I shall cure him of those foibles; and, if I *can*, I shall consider him as a work of my own hands, and be proud of him in compliment to myself.

Let my aunt Eleanor (no more Nell, if I can help it) know how good I *continue* to be. And now I will relieve you and myself with the assurance that I am, and ever will be, notwithstanding yours and Lord L——’s past severity to me,

Your truly affectionate sister,

CHARLOTTE G——.

—o—

LETTER XLII.

Lady G—— to Lady L——.

*Selby House, Monday, July 24 **

LORD bless me, my dear, what shal. we do! My brother, in all probability, may, by this time!—But I cannot tell how to suppose it!—Ah, the poor Harriet! The three letters

* Several letters, written in the space between the last date, June 16, and the present, which give an account of their diversions, visits, entertainments, at Selby House, Shirley Manor, &c., are omitted.

from my brother, which, by the permission of Dr. Bartlett, I enclose, will show you that the Italian affair is now at a crisis.

Read them in this place; and return them sealed up, and directed to the doctor.



LETTER XLIII.

Sir Charles Grandison to Dr. Bartlett.

Florence, Wednesday, July 5-16.

THREE weeks have now passed since the date of my last letter to my paternal friend. Nor has it, in the main, been a disagreeable space of time; since within it I have had the pleasure of hearing from you and other of my friends in England; from those at Paris; and good news from Bologna, wherever I moved, as well from the bishop and Father Marescotti, as from Mr. Lowther.

The bishop particularly tells me that they ascribe to the amendment of the brother, the hopes they now have of the sister's recovery.

I passed near a fortnight of this time at Naples and Portici. The general and his lady, who is one of the best of women, made it equally their study to oblige and amuse me.

The general, on my first arrival at Naples, entered into talk with me on my expectations with regard to his sister. I answered him as I had done his mother; and he was satisfied with what I said.

When we parted, he embraced me as his brother and friend; and apologised for the animosity he once had to me. If it pleased God to restore his sister, no more from him, he said, should her mind be endangered: but *her* choice should determine *him*. His lady declared her esteem for me without reserve; and said that next to the recovery of Clementina and Jeronymo, her wish was to be entitled to call me brother.

What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is at last to be my destiny! The greatest opposer of the alliance once in view, is overcome: but the bishop, you will observe by what I have told you, ascribes to another cause the merit which the

general gives me ; with a view, possibly, to abate my expectation. Be the event as it may, I will go on in the course I am in and leave to Providence the issue.

Mrs. Beaumont returned from Bologna but yesterday.

She confirms the favourable account I had before received of the great alteration for the better that there is in the health both of brother and sister ; and because of that, in the whole family. Mr. Lowther, she says, is as highly as deservedly caressed by every one. Jeronymo is able to sit up two hours in a day. He has tried his pen, and finds it will be again in his power to give his friends pleasure with it.

Mrs. Beaumont tells me that Clementina generally twice a day visits her beloved Jeronymo. She has taken once more to her needle, and often sits and works in her brother's room. This amuses her, and delights him.

She converses generally without much rambling ; and seems to be very soon sensible of her misfortune when she begins to talk incoherently ; for at such times she immediately stops, not seldom sheds a tear, and either withdraws to her own closet, or is silent.

She several times directed her discourse to Mr. Lowther, when she met him in her brother's chamber. She observed great delicacy when she spoke of me to him ; and dwelt not on the subject : but was very inquisitive about England, and the customs and manners of the people ; particularly of the women.

Everybody has made it a rule (Jeronymo among the rest, and to which also Camilla strictly conforms) never to lead her to talk of me. She, however, asks often after me, and numbers the days of my absence.

At one time, seeking Mrs. Beaumont in her dressing-room, she thus accosted her : I come, madam, to ask you why everybody forbears to mention the Chevalier Grandison ; and when I do, talks of somebody or something else ? Camilla is as perverse in this way as anybody : nay, Jeronymo (I have tried him several times) does the very same. Can Jeronymo be ungrateful ? Can Jeronymo be indifferent to his friend, who has done so much for him ? I hope I am not looked upon as a silly, or as a forward creature, that am not to be trusted with hearing the name of the man mentioned, for whom I profess a high esteem and gratitude.

Tell me, madam, have I at any time, in my unhappy hours, behaved or spoken aught unworthy of my character, of my family, of the modesty of woman?—If I *have*, my heart renounces the guilt; I must, indeed, have been unhappy; I could not be Clementina della Porretta.

Mrs. Beaumont set her heart at ease on this subject.

Well, said she, it shall be seen, I hope so, that true modesty and high gratitude, may properly have a place together in *this* heart, putting her hand to her bosom. Let me but own that I esteem him; for I really do; and I hope my sincerity shall never mislead or betray me into indecorum: and now, madam, let us talk of him for one quarter of an hour, and no more. Here is my watch; it is an English watch; nobody knows that I bought it for that very reason. Don't *you* tell. She then, suspecting her head, dropt a tear; and withdrew in silence.

Mrs. Beaumont, my dear friend, knows the true state of my heart; and she pities me. She wishes that the lady's reason may be established; she is afraid it should be risked by opposition: but there is a man whom she wishes to be Clementina's. There *is* a woman—but—do thou, Providence, direct us both! All that thou orderest must be best.

Mrs. Beaumont thinks Lady Clementina is at times too solemn; and is the more apprehensive when she is so: and there is a greatness in her solemnity which she is afraid will be too much for her. She has often her silent fits, in which she is regardless of what anybody but her mother says to her.

As she grows better, the fervour of her devotion, which, in her highest delirium never went quite off, increases. Nor do they discourage, but indulge her in it, because in her it seems, by the cheerfulness with which her ardent zeal is attended, to be owing to true piety, which, they justly observe, never makes a good mind sour, morose, and melancholy.

Mrs. Beaumont says that for two days before she came away, she had shown, on several occasions, that she began to expect my return.—She broke silence in one of her dumb fits—'Twenty days, did he say, Camilla?' and was silent again.

The day before Mrs. Beaumont set out, as she, the young lady, and marchioness, were sitting at work together, Camilla

entered with unusual precipitation, with a message from the bishop, desiring leave to attend them—and the marchioness saying, By all means, pray let him come in; the young lady, on hearing him approach, laid down her work, changed colour, and stood up with an air of dignity; but, on the bishop's entrance, sat down with a look of dissatisfaction, as if disappointed.

Adieu, my dear friend! I shall reach Bologna, I hope, to-morrow night. You will soon have another letter from your truly affectionate

GRANDISON.



LETTER XLIV. '

Sir Charles Grandison.—In continuation.

Bologna, July 7-18.

It was late last night before I arrived at this place. I sent my compliments to the family. In the morning I went to their palace, and was immediately conducted to the chamber of Signor Jeronymo. He was disposing himself to rise, that he might receive me up, in order to rejoice me on his ability to do so. I sat down by him, and received the overflowings of his grateful heart. Everybody, he told me, was amended both in health and spirits.

Camilla came in soon after, congratulating me on my arrival in the name of her young lady. She let me know, that in less than a quarter of an hour she would be ready to receive my visit.

Oh, sir, said the good woman, miracles! miracles!—We are all joy and hope!

At going out, she whispered as she passed (I was then at the window), My young lady is dressing in colours to receive you. She will no more *appear* to you, she says, in black—Now, sir, will you soon reap the reward of all your goodness; for the general has signified to my lord his entire acquiescence with his sister's choice, and their determination.

The bishop came in: Chevalier, said he, you are welcome, thrice welcome, to Bologna. You have subdued us all. Clementina commands her own destiny. The man

whom she chooses to call hers, be he who he will, will have a treasure in her, in every sense of the word.

The marquis, the count, Father Marescotti, all severally made me the highest compliments. The count particularly, taking my hand, said, From *us*, chevalier, nothing will be wanting to make *you* happy: from *you*, there can be but one thing wanting to make *us* so.

The marchioness entering saved me any other return, than by bowing to each. Before I could speak to her, Welcome, chevalier, said she: but you are not come before you were wished for. You will find we have kept a more exact account of the days of your absence, than we did before. I hope her joy to see you will not be too much for her. Clementina ever had a grateful heart.

The chevalier's prudence, said Father Marescotti, may be confided in. He knows how to moderate his own joy on his first address to her, on seeing her so greatly amended: and then Lady Clementina's natural delicacy will not have an *example* to carry her joy above her reason.

The chevalier, madam, said the bishop, smiling, will at this rate be *too* secure. We leave him not room for *professions*. But he cannot be ungenerous.

The Chevalier Grandison, said the kind Jeronymo, speaks by *action*: it is his way. His head, his heart, his lips, his hands, are governed by one motion, and directed by one spring. When he leaves no room for doubt, professions would depreciate his service.

He then ascribed an extraordinary merit to me, on my leaving my native country and friends, to attend them in person.

We may, perhaps, my reverend friend, be allowed to repeat the commendations given us by grateful and benevolent spirits, when we cannot *otherwise* so well do justice to the generous warmth of their friendship. The noble Jeronymo, I am confident, were he in my place, and I in his, would put a more moderate value on the like services, done by himself. What is friendship, if on the like calls and blessed with power, it is not ready to exert itself in action?

Grandison, replied the bishop, were he *one of us*, might expect canonisation. In a better religion, we have but few

young men of quality and fortune so good as he; though, I think, none so bad, as many of the pretended reformed, who travel, as if to copy our vices, and not to imitate our virtues.

I was overwhelmed with gratitude on a reception so very generous and unreserved. Camilla came in seasonably with a message from the young lady, inviting my attendance on her in her dressing-room.

The marchioness withdrew just before. I followed Camilla. She told me, as we went, that she thought her not quite so sedate as she had been for some days past; which she supposed owing to her hurrying in dressing, and to her expectation of me.

The mother and daughter were together. They were talking, when I entered.—Dear fanciful girl! I heard the mother say, disposing otherwise some flowers that she had in her bosom.

Clementina, when her mind was sound, used to be all unaffected elegance. I never saw but one woman who equalled her in that respect. Miss Byron seems conscious that she may trust to her native charms; yet betrays no pride in her consciousness. Whoever spoke of her jewels that beheld her face? For mingled dignity, and freedom of air and manner, these two ladies excel amongst women.

Clementina appeared exceedingly lovely. But her fancifulness in the disposition of her ornaments, and the unusual lustre of her eyes, which every one was wont to admire for their *serene* brightness, showed an imagination more disordered than I hoped to see; and gave me pain at my entrance.

The chevalier, my love! said the marchioness (turning round to me), Clementina, receive your friend.

She stood up, dignity and sweetness in her air. I approached her: she refused not her hand. The general, madam, and his lady, salute you by me.

They received you, I am sure, as the friend of our family. But tell me, sir, smiling, have you not exceeded your promised time?

Two or three days only.

Only, sir!—Well, I upbraid you not. No wonder that a man, so greatly valued, cannot always keep his time.

She hesitated, looked at her mother, at me, and on the

floor, visibly at a loss. Then as sensible of her wandering, turned aside her head, and took out her handkerchief.

Mrs. Beaumont, madam, said I, to divert her chagrin, sends you her compliments.

Were you at Florence?—Mrs. Beaumont, said you?—Were you at Florence? Then running to her mother, she threw her arms about her neck, hiding her face in her bosom—O madam! conceal me; conceal me from myself. I am not well.

Be comforted, my best love, wrapping her maternal arms about her, and kissing her forehead; you will be better presently.

I made a motion to withdraw. The marchioness, by her head, approving, I went into the next apartment.

She soon inquired for me, and on notice from Camilla, I returned.

She sat with her head leaning on her mother's shoulder. She raised it—Excuse me, sir, said she, I cannot be well, I see—but no matter! I am better and I am worse, than I was: *worse*, because I am sensible of my calamity.

Her eyes had then lost all that lustre which had shown a too raised imagination: but they were as much in the other extreme, overclouded with mistiness, dimness, vapours; swimming in tears.

I took her hand: Be not disheartened, madam. You will be soon well. These are usual turns of the malady you seem to be so sensible of, when it is changing to perfect health.

God grant it!—O chevalier! what trouble have I given my friends!—My mamma here!—You, sir!—Everybody! Oh that naughty Laurana! But for *her*!—but tell me—is she dead?—Poor cruel creature! Is she no more?

Would you have her to be no more, my love? said her mother.

Oh no! no! I would have had her to live, and to repent. Was she not the companion of my childhood? She loved me once. I *always* loved her. Say, chevalier, is she living?

I looked at the marchioness, as asking, if I should tell her she was; and receiving her approving nod, She is living, madam, answered I—and I hope will repent.

Is she, is she, indeed, my mamma? interrupted she.
She is, my dear.

Thank God! rising from her seat, clasping her hands, and standing more erect than usual; then have I a triumph to come! said the noble creature. Excuse my pride! I will show her that I can forgive her!—But I will talk of her when I am better. You say, sir, I *shall* be better! You say that my malady is changing—what comfort you give me!

Then dropping down against her mother's chair, on her knees, her eyes and hands lifted up, Great and good God Almighty, heal, heal, I beseech thee, my wounded mind, that I may be enabled to restore to the most indulgent of parents, the happiness I have robbed them of! Join your prayers with mine, sir! You are a good man—but you, madam, are a Catholic. The chevalier is not—do *you* pray for me. I shall be restored to *your* prayers. And may I *be* restored, as I shall never more do anything, wilfully, to offend or disturb your tender heart.

God restore my child! sobbed the indulgent parent, raising her.

Camilla had not withdrawn. She stood weeping in a corner of the room. Camilla, said the young lady, advancing towards her, lend me your arm. I will return to you again, sir—don't go—Excuse me, madam, for a few moments. I find, putting her hand to her forehead, I am not quite well—I will return presently.

The marchioness and I were extremely affected by her great behaviour: but though we were grieved for the pain her sensibility gave her, yet we could not but console and congratulate ourselves upon it, as affording hopes of her perfect recovery.

— She returned soon, attended by Camilla; who having been soothing her, appealed to me, whether I did not think she would soon be quite well.

I answered, that I had no question of it.

Look you there now, my dear lady.

I thought you said so, chevalier; but I was not sure. God grant it! My affliction is great, my mamma. I must have been a wicked creature—pray for me.

Her mother comforted her, praised her, and raised her dejected heart. And then Clementina looking down, a blush overspreading her face and standing motionless, as if considering of something—What is in my child's thoughts?

said the marchioness, taking her hand. What is my love thinking of?

Why, madam, in a low, but audible voice, I should be glad to talk with the chevalier alone, methinks. He is a good man. But if you think I ought not, I will not desire it. In everything I will be governed by you: yet I am ashamed. What can I have to say that my mother may not hear!—Nothing, nothing. Your Clementina's heart, madam, is a part of yours.

My love shall be indulged in everything. You and I, Camilla, will retire.—Clementina was silent; and both withdrew.

She commanded me to sit down by her. I obeyed. It was not, in the situation I was in, for me to speak first. I attended her pleasure in silence.

She seemed at a loss; she looked round her, then at me; then on the floor. I could not then forbear speaking.

The mind of Lady Clementina, said I, seems to have something upon it that she wishes to communicate. You have not, madam, a more sincere, a more faithful friend, than the man before you. Your happiness, and that of my Jeronimo, engross all my cares. Honour me with your confidence.

I had something to say: I had many questions to ask—but pity me, sir! my memory is gone: I have lost it all. But this I know, that we are all under obligations to you, which we never can return: and I am uneasy under the sense of them.

What, madam, have I done, but answered to the call of friendship, which, in the like situation, not any one of your family but would have obeyed?—

This generous way of thinking adds to the obligation. Say but, sir, in what way we can express our gratitude, in what way I, in particular, can, and I shall be easy. Till we have done it, I never shall.

And can you, madam, think, that I am not highly rewarded, in the prospect of that success which opens to all our wishes?

It may be so in your opinion: but this leaves the debt still heavier upon us.

How could I avoid construing the hint in my favour? And yet I did not think the lady, even had she not had *parents* in being, had she been absolutely independent, well

enough to determine for herself in a situation so delicate. How then could I, in honour (all her friends expecting that I should be entirely governed by her motions, as they were resolved to be), take direct advantage of the gratitude which at that instant possessed her noble mind?

If, madam, answered I, you *will* suppose yourselves under obligations to me, and will not be *easy* till you have acknowledged them, the return must be a family act. Let me refer myself to your father, mother, brothers, and to yourself: what you and they determine upon must be right.

After a short silence—Well, sir, I believe you have put the matter upon a right footing: but *here* is my difficulty—you *cannot* be rewarded. I cannot reward you. But, sir, the subject begins to be too much for me. I have high notions—my duty to God, and to my parents; my gratitude to you—But I have *begun* to write down all that has occurred to me on this important subject. I wish to act greatly! You, sir, have set me the example. I will *continue* to write down my thoughts: I cannot trust to my memory—no, nor yet to my heart!—But no more on a subject that is at present too affecting to me. I will talk to my mother upon it first; but not just now; though I will ask for the honour of her presence.

She then went from me into the next room; and instantly returned, leading in the marchioness. Don't, dear madam, be angry with me. I had many things to say to the chevalier; which I thought I could best say when I was alone with him; but I forget what they were. Indeed, I ought not to remember them, if they were such as I could not say before my mother.

My child cannot do anything that can make me displeased with her. The chevalier's generosity, and my Clementina's goodness of heart, can neither of them be doubted.

O madam! What a deep sense have I of yours and of my father's indulgence to me! How shall I requite it!—How unworthy should I be of that returning reason, which sometimes seems to enliven my hope, if I were not to resolve, that it shall be wholly employed in my duty to God, and to you both! But even then, my gratitude to that generous man will leave a burden upon my heart, that never can be removed.

She withdrew with precipitation, leaving the marchioness and me in silence, looking upon each other, and admiring her. Camilla followed her; and instantly returning—My dear young lady—don't be frightened, madam—is not well. She seems to have exhausted her spirits by talking.

The marchioness hastened in with Camilla. And while I was hesitating, whether to withdraw to Jeronymo or to quit the palace, Camilla came to me—My young lady asks for you, sir.

I followed her to her closet. She was in her mother's arms, on a couch; just come out of a fit, but not a strong one. She held out her hand to me. I pressed it with my lips. I was affected with her nobleness of mind, and weakness of spirit—O chevalier, said she, how unworthy am I of that tenderness which you express for me! Oh that I could be grateful!—but God will reward you. He *only* can.

She desired her mother and me to leave her to her Camilla. We both withdrew.

What can be done with this dear creature, chevalier? She is going to be bad again!—Oh, sir! her behaviour is now different from what it ever was!

She seems, madam, to have something on her mind, that she has a difficulty to reveal. When she *has* revealed it, she will be easier. You will prevail upon her, madam, by your condescending goodness to communicate it to you. Allow me to withdraw to Signor Jeronymo. Lady Clementina, when she is a little recovered, will acquaint you with what passed between her and me.

I heard it all, replied she; and you are the most honourable of men. What man would, what man *could*, have acted as you acted, with regard to her, with regard to us; yet not slight the dear creature's manifest meaning; but refer it to us, and to her, to make it a family act? A family act it must, it *shall* be. Only, sir, let me be assured that my child's malady will not lessen your love for her: and permit her to be a Catholic!—These are all the terms, I, for *my* part, have to make with you. The rest of us still wish that *you* would be so, though but in appearance, for the sake of our alliances. But I will not expect an answer to the last. As to the first, you cannot be ungenerous to one who has suffered so much for love of you.

The marquis and the bishop entering the room, I leave it to you, madam, said I, to acquaint their lordships with what has passed. I will attend Signor Jeronymo for a few moments.

I went accordingly to his chamber; but being told that he was disposed to rest, I withdrew with Mr. Lowther into his: and there Camilla, coming to me, Mr. Lowther retiring, she told me that her young lady was pretty well recovered. It was evident to her, she said, that she never would be well till the marriage was solemnised. They are all, said she, in close conference together, I believe upon that subject. My young lady is endeavouring to compose herself in her closet. The marchioness hopes you will stay and dine here.

I excused myself from dining; and desired her to tell her lady that I would attend them in the evening.

I am now preparing to do so.



LETTER XLV.

Sir Charles Grandison.—In continuation.

Bologna, July 7-18.

Now, my dear friend, are matters here drawing to a crisis. I was conducted, as soon as I entered this palace, to the presence of the marquis and marchioness. The marquis arose and took my hand, with great but solemn kindness, and led me to a chair placed between theirs. The bishop, the count, and Father Marescotti entered, and took their places.

My dear, said the marquis, referring to his lady——

After some little hesitation—— We have no hope, sir, said she, of our child's perfect restoration, but from—she stopt——

Our compliance with every wish of her heart, said the bishop.—Ay, do you proceed, said the marchioness to the prelate.—It would be to no purpose, chevalier, questioned the bishop, to urge to you the topic so near to all our hearts?

I bowed my assent to what he said.—I am sorry for it, replied the bishop.—I am *very* sorry for it, said the count.—

What security can we ask of you, sir, said the marquis, that our child shall not be perverted? O chevalier! it is a hard, hard trial!—Father Marescotti, answered I, shall prescribe the terms.

I cannot, in conscience, said the father, consent to this marriage: yet the merits of the Chevalier Grandison have taken from me the power of opposing it. Permit me to be silent.

Father Marescotti and I, said the bishop, are in one situation as to scruples of conscience. But I will forget the prelate for the brother. Dear Grandison, will you permit us to say to inquirers that we *look* upon you as one of our church, and that prudential reasons, with regard to your country and friends in it, deter you at present from declaring yourself?

Let not terms be proposed, my good lord, that would lessen your opinion of me, should I comply with them. If I am to be honoured with an admission into this noble family, let me not, in my own eyes, appear unworthy of the honour. Were I to find myself capable of prevaricating in an article so important as religion, no one could hate me so much as I should hate myself, were even an imperial diadem with your Clementina, the noblest of women, to be the consideration.

You have the example of great princes, chevalier, said Father Marescotti, Henry the Fourth of France, Augustus of Poland——

True, father—but great princes are not always, and in every action of their lives, great men. *They* might make the less scruple of changing their religion, as they were neither of them strict in the practice of it. They who can allow themselves in *some* deviations, may in *others*. I boast not of my own virtue; but it has been my aim to be uniform. I am too well satisfied with my own religion to doubt: if I were not, it would be impossible but I must be influenced by the wishes of friends so dear to me; whose motives are the result of their own piety, and of the regard they have for my everlasting welfare.

The chevalier and I, rejoined the bishop, have carried this argument to its full extent before. My honoured lord's question recurs, What security can we have, that my sister shall not be perverted? The chevalier refers to Father

Marescotti to propose it. The father excuses himself. I, as the brother of Clementina, ask you, chevalier, will you promise never by yourself, or your English divines, to attempt to pervert her?—A confessor you *have* allowed her. Shall Father Marescotti be the man?

And will Father Marescotti—— I will, for the sake of preserving to Lady Clementina her faith; that faith, by which only she can be saved; and perhaps, in hope of converting the man who then will be dear to the whole family.

I not only comply with the proposal, but shall think Father Marescotti will do me a favour, in putting it into my power to show him the regard I have for him. One request I have only to make, that Father Marescotti will prescribe his own conditions to me. And I assure you all that they shall be exceeded, as to the consideration, be they ever so high.

You and I, chevalier, replied the father, shall have no difficulty as to the terms.—None you can have, said the marquis, as to those. Father Marescotti will be still *our* spiritual director.

Only one condition I will beg leave to make with Father Marescotti; that he will confine his pious cares to those only who are already of his own persuasion; and that no disputable points may ever be touched upon to servants, tenants, or neighbours, in a country where a different religion, from that to which he is a credit, is established. I might, perhaps, have safely left this to his own moderation and honour; yet without such a previous engagement, his conscience might have been embarrassed; and had I not insisted on it, I should have behaved towards my country in a manner for which I could not answer to my own heart.

Your countrymen, chevalier, said the count, complain loudly of persecution from our church: yet what disqualifications do Catholics lie under in England!

A great deal, my lord, may be said on this subject. I think it sufficient to answer for myself, and my own conduct.

As to our child's servants, said the marchioness, methinks I should hope that Father Marescotti might have a small congregation about him, to keep their lady in countenance, in a country where her religion will subject her to inconveniencies, perhaps to *more* than inconveniencies.

Her woman, and those servants, replied I, who will immediately attend her person, shall always be chosen by herself. If they behave well, I will consider them as *my* servants for their benefit. If they misbehave, I must be allowed to consider them also as my servants, as well as their lady's. I must not be subject to the dominion of servants; the most intolerable of all dominion. Were they to know that they are independent of me, I should be disobeyed, perhaps insulted; and my resentment of their insolence would be thought a persecution on account of their religion.

This article bore some canvassing. If Camilla, at last, I said, were the woman; on her discretion I should have great dependence.

—And on Father Marescotti's you also may, chevalier, said the bishop. I should hope, that when my sister and you are in England together, you would not *scruple* to consult *him* on the misbehaviour of any of my sister's Catholic servants.

Indeed, my lord, I *would*. I will myself be judge in my own house of the conduct and behaviour of all my servants. From the independence of such people upon me, disputes or uneasinesses might arise, that otherwise would never happen between their lady and me. The power of dismissal, on any flagrant misbehaviour, must be in me. My temper is not capricious: my charity is not confined: my consideration for people in a foreign country and wholly in my power will, I hope, be even generous. I perhaps may bear with them the more for having them in my power. But my wife's servants, were she a sovereign, must be mine.

Unhappy! said Father Marescotti, that you cannot be of one faith! But, sir, you will allow, I hope, if the case will bear it, of expostulation from me?

Yes, father: and should *generally*, I believe, be determined by your advice and mediation: but I would not *condition* to make the greatest saint, and the wisest man on earth, a judge in my own family over me.

There is reason in this, rejoined the bishop. You, perhaps, would not scruple, sir, to consult the marchioness, before you dismissed such a considerable servant as her woman, if my sister did not agree to it?

The marquis and marchioness will be judges of my conduct when I am in Italy: I should despise myself were it not to

be the same in England as at Bologna. I have in my travels been attended by Catholic servants. They never had reason to complain of want of kindness, even to indulgence, from me. We Protestants confine not salvation within the pale of our own church: Catholics do, and have therefore an argument for their zeal, in endeavouring to make proselytes, that we have not. Hence, generally speaking, may a Catholic servant live more happily with a Protestant master, than a Protestant servant with a Catholic master. Let my servants but live up to their own professions, and they shall be indulged with all reasonable opportunities of pursuing the dictates of their own consciences. A truly religious servant, of whatever persuasion, cannot be a bad one.

Well, as to this article, we must leave it, acquiesced the bishop, to occasions as they may arise. Nine months in the year, I think, you propose to reside in Italy——

That, my lord, was on a supposition that Lady Clementina would not oblige me with her company to my native country any part of the year; in that case, I proposed to pass but three months in every year in England: otherwise I hoped that year and year, in turn, would be allowed me.

We can have no wish to separate man and wife, said the marquis. Clementina will, no doubt, accompany her husband. We will stipulate only for year and year: but let ours be the first year: and we cannot doubt but the dear child will meet with all reasonable indulgence, for the sake of her tender health.

Not one request that you, my lord, and you, madam, shall think reasonable, shall be denied to the dear lady.

Let *me* propose one thing, chevalier, said the marchioness; that in the first year, which is to be ours, you endeavour to prevail upon your sisters, amiable women, as we have heard they are, to come over, and be of our acquaintance: your ward also, who may be looked upon as a little Italian. You love your sisters; and I should be glad (so would Clementina, I make no doubt) to be familiarised to the ladies of your family before she goes to England.

My sisters, madam, are the most obliging of women, as their lords are of men. I have no doubt of prevailing upon them to attend you and Lady Clementina here. And as it will give them time to prepare for the visit, I believe, if it be

made in the latter part of the first year, it will be most acceptable to them and to you ; since then they will not only have commenced a friendship with Lady Clementina, and obtained the honour of your good opinion, but will attend the dear lady in her voyage to England.

They all approved of this. I added that I hoped when the second year arrived, I should have the honour of finding in the party some of this noble family (looking round me), which could not fail of giving delight, as well as affiance, to the tender heart of their beloved Clementina.

My lord and I, said the marchioness, will probably, if well, be of the party. We shall not know how to part with a child so dear to us.—But these seas——

Well, well, said the bishop, this is a contingency, and must be left to time, and to the chevalier and my sister, when they are one. As his is the strongest mind, it will, in all reasonable matters, yield to the weaker. Now, as to my sister's fortune——

It is a large one, said the count. We shall all take pleasure in adding to it.

Should there be more sons than one by the marriage, rejoined the bishop, as the estate of her two grandfathers will be an ample provision for one of them, and your English estate for another, I hope we may expect that the education of one of them may be left to us.

Every one said this was a very reasonable expectation.

I cannot condition for this, my lord. The education of the sons was to be left to me ; that of the daughters, to the mother. I will consent that the Italian estate shall be tied up for daughters' portions ; and that *they* shall be brought up under your own eyes, Italians. The sons shall have no benefit by the Italian estate——

Except they become Catholics, chevalier, added the bishop.

No, my lord, replied I : that might be a temptation—Though I would leave posterity as free as I myself am left in the article of religion, yet would I not lay any snares for them. I am for having them absolutely secluded from any possibility of enjoying that estate, as they will be Englishmen. Cannot this be done by the laws of your country, and the tenure by which these estates are held ?

If Clementina marry, said the marquis, whether there be issue or not, Laurana's claim ceases. But, chevalier, can you think it just to deprive children unborn of their natural right?

I have a very good estate: it is improving. I have considerable expectations besides. That is not mine which I do not possess, and shall have no right to, but by marriage; and which, therefore, must and ought to be subject to marriage-articles. Riches never made men happy. If my descendants will not be so with a competence, they will not with a redundancy. I hope Signor Jeronymo may recover, and marry: let the estate here, from the hour that I shall be honoured with the hand of your dear Clementina, be Jeronymo's and his posterity's for ever. If it shall be thought proper for him, on taking possession, to make his sister any brotherly acknowledgment, it shall be to her sole and separate use, and not subject to any control of mine. If Signor Jeronymo marry not, or if he do, and die without issue, let the estate in question be the general's. He and his lady deserve everything. The estate shall not, by my consent, go out of the name.

They looked upon each other.—Brother, said the count, I see not, but we may leave everything to the generosity of such a young man as this. He quite overcomes me.

A disinterested and generous man, rejoined the bishop, is born a ruler; and he is, at the same time, the greatest of politicians, were policy only to be considered.

The most equitable medium, I think, resumed the marchioness, is what the chevalier hinted at—and most answerable to the intention of the dear child's grandfathers: it is, that the estate in question be secured to the daughters of the marriage. Our sons will be greatly provided for: and it will be rewarding, in some measure, the chevalier for his generosity, that the sons of the marriage shall not have their patrimony lessened, by the provision to be made for daughters.

They all generously applauded the marchioness; and proposing this expedient to me, I bowed my grateful assent.—See, chevalier, said Father Marescotti, what a generous family you are likely to be allied with! Oh that you could be subdued by a goodness so much like your own, and declare yourself a Catholic: his holiness himself (my lord the bishop could

engage) would receive you with blessings, at the footstool of his throne. You allow, sir, that salvation may be obtained in our church: out of it, *we* think, it cannot. Rejoice us all. Rejoice Lady Clementina—and let us know no bound in our joy.

What opinion, my dear Father Marescotti, would you all have of the man who could give up his conscience, though for the highest consideration on earth?—Did you, could you, think the better of the two princes mentioned to me, for the change of their religion? One of them was assassinated in the streets of his metropolis, by an ecclesiastic, who questioned the sincerity of his change. Could the matter be of *indifference* to me—but, my dear Father Marescotti, let us leave this to be debated hereafter between you and me, as father and son. Your piety shall command my reverence: but pain not my heart by putting me on denial of anything that shall be asked of me by such respectable and generous persons as those I am before; and when we are talking on a subject so delicate, and so important.

Father Marescotti, we must give up this point, said the bishop. The chevalier and I have discussed it heretofore. He is a determined man. If you hereafter can gain upon him, you will make us all happy. But now, my lord, to the marquis, let the chevalier know what he will have with my sister, besides the bequests of her grandfathers, from *your* bounty, and from *yours*, madam, to his mother, as a daughter of your house.

I beg, my lord, one word, said I to the marquis, before you speak. Let not a syllable of this be mentioned to me now. Whatever you shall be pleased to do of this nature, let it be done annually, as my behaviour to your daughter may deserve. Do I not know the generosity of every one of this noble family?—Let me be in your power. I have enough for her, and for me, or I do not know the noble Clementina. Whatever you do, for the sake of your own magnificence, that do: but let us leave particulars unmentioned.

What would Lady Sforza say, were she present? rejoined the count. Averse as she is to the alliance, she would admire the man.

Are you earnest in your request, chevalier, asked the bishop, that particulars shall not be mentioned?

I *beg* they may not. I *earnestly* beg it.

Pray let the chevalier be obliged, returned the prelate—Sir, said he, and snatched my hand, brother, friend, what shall I call you?—we *will* oblige you; but not in doubt of your kind treatment of Clementina. She must, she *will*, deserve it; but that we may have it in our power to be revenged of you. Sir, we will take great revenge of you. And now let us rejoice Jeronymo's heart with an account of all that has passed. We might have held this conference before him. All that is further necessary to be said, may be said in his presence.

Who, said Father Marescotti, can hold out against the Chevalier Grandison? I will tell every one who shall question me on this alliance, zealous Catholics with a Protestant so determined, what a man he is: and then they will allow of this one particular exception to a general rule.

All we have now to do, said the marquis, is to gain his holiness's permission. That has not been refused in such cases, where either the sons or daughters of the marriage are to be brought up Catholics.

The count then took the marchioness's hand, and we all entered Jeronymo's chamber together.

I stepped into Mr. Lowther's apartment, while they related to him all that had passed. He was impatient to see me. The bishop led me in to him. He embraced me as his brother. Now, my dear Grandison, said he, I am indeed happy. This is the point to which I have long directed all my wishes. God grant that our dear Clementina's malady may be no drawback upon your felicities; and you must both then be happy.

I was sensible of a little abatement, on the bishop's saying to his mother, not knowing I heard him, Ah, madam! the poor Count of Belvedere—how will *he* be affected!—but he will go to Madrid, and I hope make himself happy there with some Spanish lady. The poor Count of Belvedere! returned the marchioness, with a sigh—but he will not know how to blame us——

To-morrow morning I am to drink chocolate with Lady Clementina. We shall be left together, perhaps, or only with her mother or Camilla.

'What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, would I give to be assured,

‘ that the most excellent of Englishwomen could think herself happy with the Earl of D——, the only man of all her admirers, who is in any manner worthy of calling so bright a jewel his! Should Miss Byron be unhappy, and through my means, the remembrance of my own caution and self-restraint could not appease the grief of my heart.

‘ But so *prudent* a woman as she is, and as the countess of D—— is—what are these suggestions of tenderness—are they not suggestions of *vanity* and *presumption*? They *are*. They *must* be so. I will banish them from my thoughts, as such. Ever-amiable Miss Byron! friend of my soul! forgive me for them! Yet if the noble Clementina is to be mine, my heart will be greatly gratified, if, before she receive my vows, I could know that Miss Byron had given her hand, in compliance with the entreaties of all her friends, to the deserving Earl of D——.’

Having an opportunity, I despatch this and my two former. In you I include remembrances to all my beloved friends.—Adieu, my dear Dr. Bartlett. ‘ In the highest of our pleasures, the sighing heart will remind us of imperfection.’ It is fit it should be so.—Adieu, my dear friend!

CHARLES GRANDISON.

—o—

Continuation of Lady G——’s letter to

Lady L——. No. XLII.

[Begun p. 223, and dated July 24.]

WELL, my dear sister!—and what say you to the contents of the three enclosed letters? I wish I had been with you and Lord L—— at the time you read them, that I might have mingled my tears with yours for the sweet Harriet! Why would my brother despatch these letters, without staying till, at least, he could have informed us of the result of the next day’s meeting with Clementina? *What* was the opportunity that he had to send away these letters, which he must be assured would keep us in strange suspense! *Hang* the opportunity that so officiously offered!—But, perhaps, in the tenderness of his nature, he thought that this

despatch was necessary, to prepare us for what was to follow, lest, were he to acquaint us with the event as decided, our emotion would be too great to be supported.—We sisters, to go over to attend Lady CLEMENTINA GRANDISON, a twelve-month hence!—Ah the poor Harriet! and will she give us leave? But it surely must not, cannot be!—and yet—Hush, hush, hush, Charlotte!—And proceed to facts.

Dr. Bartlett, when these letters were brought him post from London, was with us at table. We had but just dined. He arose, and retired to his own apartment with them. We were all impatient to know the contents. When I thought he had withdrawn long enough to read despatches of a mile long, and yet found that he returned not, my impatience was heightened; and the dear Harriet said, Bad news, I fear! I hope Sir Charles is well! I hope Lady Clementina is not relapsed! The good Jeronymo! I fear for him.

I then stepped up to the doctor's room. He was sitting with his back towards the door, in a pensive mood; and when, hearing somebody enter, he turned about, I saw he had been deeply affected——

My dear Dr. Bartlett!—For God's sake!—How is my brother?——

Don't be affrighted, madam! All are well in Italy—in a way to be well—but, alas! [Tears started afresh] I am grieved for Miss Byron!

How, how, doctor! is my brother married?—It cannot, it shall not be!—Is my brother married?

Oh no, not married, by these letters! But all is concluded upon! Sweet, sweet Miss Byron! Now, indeed, will her magnanimity be put to the test!—yet Lady Clementina is a most excellent woman!—*You*, madam, may read these letters: Miss Byron, I believe, must not. You will see, by the concluding part of the last, how greatly embarrassed my patron must be between his honour to one lady, and his tenderness for the other: whichsoever shall be his, how much will the other be to be pitied!

I ran over, with a weeping eye, as the paragraphs struck me, the passages most affecting. O Dr. Bartlett, said I, when I had done, how shall we break this news to Mrs. Selby, to Mrs. Shirley, to my Harriet!—A trial, indeed, of her magnanimity!—Yet, to have received letters from my

brother, and to delay going down, will be as alarming as to tell it. Let us go down.

Do you, madam, take the letters. You have tenderness: your prudence cannot be doubted—I will attend you by and by. His eyes were ready to run over.

I went down. I met *my* lord at the stairs' foot. How, how, madam, does Sir Charles?—Oh, my lord! we are all undone. My brother, by this time, is the husband of Lady Clementina.

He was struck as with a thunderbolt: God forbid! were all the words he could speak; and turned as pale as death.

I love him for his sincere love to my Harriet. I wrung his hand—The letters do not say it. But everybody is consenting; and if it be not already so, it soon will—Step, my lord, to Mrs. Selby, and tell her that I wish to see her in the flower-garden.

Miss Byron and Nancy, said he, are gone to walk in the garden. She was so apprehensive, on your staying above, and the doctor not coming down, that she was forced to walk into the air. I left Mr. Selby, his lady, Emily, and Lucy, in the dining parlour, to find you and let you know how everybody was affected. Tears dropt on his cheeks.

I gave him my hand in love. I was pleased with him. I called him my dear lord.

I think our sweet friend once said that fear made us loving. Ill-news will oblige us to look around us for consolation.

I found the persons named, just rising from their seats to walk into the garden—Oh my dear Mrs. Selby! said I, everything is agreed upon in Italy.

They were all dumb but Emily. *Her* sorrow was audible: she wrung her hands; she was ready to faint: her Anne was called to take care of her, and she retired.

I then told Mr. and Mrs. Selby what were the contents of the last letter of the three. Mr. Selby broke out into passionate grief—I know not what the honour *is*, said he, that could oblige Sir Charles, treated as he had been by the proud Italians, to go over at the first invitation. One might have guessed that it would have come to this—Oh! the poor Harriet! flower of the world! She deserved not to be made a second woman to the stateliest minx in Italy, but

this is my comfort, she is superior to them both. Upon my soul, madam, she is. The man, were he a king, that could prefer another woman to our Harriet, does not deserve her.

He then arose from his seat, and walked up and down the room in anger; and afterwards sitting down, My dear Mrs. Selby, said he, we shall now see what the so often pleaded-for dignity of your sex, in the noblest-minded, will enable you to do. But, oh, the dear soul! She will find a difference between theory and practice!

Lucy wept. Her grief was silent. Mrs. Selby dried her eyes several times. My dear Lady G——, said she, at last, how shall we break this to Harriet? *You* must do it; and she will apply to me for comfort.—Pray, Mr. Selby, be patient. You must not reflect upon Sir Charles Grandison.

Indeed you should not, sir, said I. He is to be pitied. I will read you the concluding part of his last letter.

I did.

But Mr. Selby would not be pacified. He tried to blame my brother.

After all, my dear, these lords of the creation are more violent, more unreasonable, and of consequence, more silly and perverse, more babies, if you please, than we women, when they are disappointed in anything they set their hearts upon. But in every case, I believe, one extreme borders on another. What a fool has Otway made of Castalio, raving against the whole sex by a commonplace invective, on a mere temporary disappointment; when the fault and all the dreadful consequences that attended it were owing to his own baseness of heart, in being ashamed to acquaint his brother that he meant honourable love to the unhappy orphan who was entitled to inviolable protection! Whenever I saw this play, I pitied the impetuous Polydore more than I did the blubbering great boy Castalio; though I thought both brothers deserved to be hanged.

As we were meditating how to break this matter to our lovely friend, Mrs. Shirley came to Selby House in her chariot. We immediately acquainted her with it. No surprises affect her steady soul. This can't be helped, said she. Our dear girl herself expects it. May *I* read the letter that contains the affecting tidings?

She took it. She ran it over slightly, to enable herself to

speaking to the contents.—Excellent man!—How happy should we have been, blessed with the enjoyment of our wishes! But you, Mrs. Selby, and I, have always pitied Lady Clementina. His generous regard for our child is too apparent for his own tranquillity. God comfort him, and our Harriet! Oh the dear creature! Her fading cheeks have shown the struggles of her heart, in such an expectation—where is my child?

I was running out to see for her, and met her just ascending the steps that led from the garden into the house. Your grandmamma, my love, said I——

I hear she is come, answered she. I am hastening to pay my duty to her.

But how do you, Harriet?

A little better for the air! I sent up to Dr. Bartlett, and he has let me know that Sir Charles is well, and everybody better: and I am easy.

She hurried in to her grandmother, rejoicing, as she always does to see her. She kneeled; received her tender blessing. And what brings my grandmamma to her girl?

The day is fine; the air, and the sight of my Harriet, I thought would do me good—You have letters, I find, from Italy, my love?

I, madam, have not: Dr. Bartlett has: but I am not to know the contents, I suppose. Something, I doubt not, that will be thought unwelcome to me, by their not being communicated. But as long as everybody there is well, I *can* have patience. Time will reveal all things.

Dr. Bartlett, who admires the old lady, and is as much admired by her, came down and paid his respects to her. Mrs. Shirley had returned me the letters. I slid them into the doctor's hand, unperceived by Miss Byron.

I am told, said she, that my Emily is not well; I will just ask how she does—and was going from us.—No, don't, my love, said her aunt, taking her hand; Emily shall come down to us.

I see, said she, by the compassionate looks of every one, that something is the matter. If it be anything that most concerns me to know, don't, through a mistaken tenderness, let me be the last to whom it is communicated. But I *guess*—with a forced smile.

What does my Harriet guess? said her aunt.

Dr. Bartlett, replied she, has acquainted me that Sir Charles Grandison is well; and that his friends are on the recovery; is it not then easy to guess by every one's silence on the contents of the letters brought to Dr. Bartlett, that Sir Charles is either married, or near being so? What say you, my good Dr. Bartlett?

He was silent, but tears were in his eyes. She turned round, and saw us with our handkerchiefs at ours. Her uncle, rising from his seat, stood with his back to us at one of the windows.

Well, my dear friends, you are all *grieved* for me. It is kind, and I can thank you for your *concern* for me, because the man is Sir Charles Grandison—And so, doctor, laying her hands upon his, he is actually married? God Almighty, piously bending one knee, make him and his Clementina happy!—Well, my dearest dear friends, and what is there in this more than I expected?

Her aunt embraced her.

Her uncle ran to her, and clasped his arms about her; Now, now, said he, have you overcome me, my niece! for the future I never will dispute with you on some of the arguments I have heretofore held against your sex. Were all women like you——

Her grandmother, as she sat, held out her open arms: My own Harriet! child of my heart! let me fold you to it!—She ran to her and clasped her knees, as the old lady threw her arms about her neck—Pray for me, however, my grandmamma—that I may act up to my judgment, and as your child and my aunt Selby's!—It is a trial—I own it—but permit me to withdraw for a few moments.

She arose and was hastening out of the room, but her aunt took her hand: My dearest love! said she, Sir Charles Grandison is not married—but——

Why, why, interrupted she, if it *must* be so, is it *not* so?

At that moment came in Emily. She had been trying to suppress her concern; and fancied, it seems, that she had recovered her presence of mind: but the moment she saw her beloved Miss Byron, her fortitude forsook her. She gushed into tears, and sobbing, would have quitted the room; but Miss Byron, stepping after her, caught her arm; My

Emily, my love, my friend, my sister! fly me not: let me give you an example, my dear!—I am not ashamed to own myself affected: but I have fortitude, I hope:—Sir Charles Grandison, when he could not be happy from his own affairs, made himself a partaker in the happiness of others; and shall not you and I, after so great an example, rejoice in *his*?

I am, I am—grieved, replied the sobbing girl, for my Miss Byron. I don't love Italian ladies! Were you, madam, turning to her, Lady Grandison, I should be the happiest creature in the world.

But, Dr. Bartlett, said I, may we not, now that Miss Byron knows the worst, communicate to her the contents of these letters?

I hope you will, sir, said Mrs. Shirley. You see that my Harriet is a noble girl.

I rely upon your judgments, ladies, answered the doctor; and put the letters into Mrs. Shirley's hands.

I *have* read them, said I. We will leave Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Miss Byron together. We, Lucy, Nancy, Emily, will take a walk in the garden. Shall we have *your* company, Dr. Bartlett? I saw he was *desirous* to withdraw. Lucy *desired* to stay behind. Harriet looked as if she wished Lucy to stay; and I led the other two into the garden, Dr. Bartlett leaving us at the entrance into it; and I told them the contents of the letters as we walked.

They were greatly affected, as I thought they would be; which made me lead them out. Lord G—— joined us in our walk, as well as in our concern; so that the dear Harriet had none but comforters left about her, who enabled her to support her spirits; for Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Selby had always applauded the preference their beloved child was so ready to give to Clementina, because of her malady; though it is evident, against their wishes. There were never three nobler women related to each other than Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Miss Byron. But Mr. Selby is by no means satisfied that my brother, loving Harriet as he *evidently* does, should be so ready to leave her, and go to Italy. *His* censure arises from his love to my brother and to his niece: but I need not tell you, that, though a *man*, he has not a soul half so capacious as that of either of the three ladies I have named.

At our return from our little walk, it was lovely to see

Harriet take her Emily aside to comfort her, and to plead with her in favour of my brother's obligations; as afterwards she did against her uncle. How the generous creature shone in my eyes, and in those of every one present!

When she and I were alone, she took grateful notice of the concluding part of the third letter, where she is mentioned with so much tenderness, and in a manner so truly worthy of the character of the politest of men, as well respecting herself as her sex, charging himself with vanity and presumption, but to suppose to himself that Miss Byron wanted his compassion, or had the tender regard for *him*, that he avows for *her*. She pleased herself that he had not *seen* the very great esteem she had for him, as you and I had done: and how *could* he, you know? said she, for he and I were not often together; and I was under obligation enough to him to make him attribute my regard to gratitude: but it is plain, proceeded she, that he *loves* the poor Harriet—don't you think so? and perhaps would have given her a preference to all other women, had he not been circumstanced as he was. Well, God bless him! added she; he was my first love; and I never will have any other—don't blame me for this declaration, my dear Lady G——. My grandmamma, as well as you, once chid me for saying so, and called me *romancer*—But is not the man Sir Charles Grandison?

But, alas! with all these appearances, it is easy to see that this amiable creature's solitary hours are heavy ones. She has got a habit of sighing. She rises with swelled eyes: sleep forsakes her: her appetite fails: and she is very sensible of all this; as she shows by the pains she takes to conceal the alteration.

And must Harriet Byron, blessed with beauty so unequalled; health so blooming; a temper so even; passions so governable; generous and grateful, even to heroism;—superior to every woman in frankness of heart, in true delicacy, and in an understanding and judgment beyond her years—must *she* be offered up, as a victim on the altar of hopeless love!—I deprecate such a fate;—I cannot allow the other sex such a triumph, though the man be my brother. It is, however, none; on the contrary, it is apparently a grief to his noble and truly manly heart, that so excellent a creature cannot be the sole mistress of it.

Mr. Deane came hither this morning. He is a valuable man. He opened his heart to me about an hour ago. He always, he says, designed Miss Byron for the heiress of the principal part of his possessions; and he let me know his circumstances, which are great. It is, I am convinced, true policy to be good. Young and old, rich and poor, dote upon Miss Byron. You remember what her uncle says in his ludicrous letter to her, covertly praising her by pretending to find fault with her, that he is more noted for being the uncle of Miss Byron than she is for being his niece, though of so long standing in the county: and I assure you, he is much respected too. But such beauty, such affability, a character so benevolent, so frank, so pious, yet so cheerful and unaffected as hers is, must command the veneration and love of every one.

Mr. Deane is extremely apprehensive of her declining health. He believes her in a consumption, and has brought a physician of his intimate acquaintance to visit her: but she and we are all convinced that medicine will not reach her case, and she affected to be startled at his supposing she was in so bad a way, on purpose, as she owned, to avoid his kind importunity to take advice in a malady that nothing but time and patience can cure.

A charming correspondence is carried on between Harriet and the Countess of D——. Harriet is all frankness in it; so is Lady D——. One day I hope to procure you a sight of their letters. I am allowed to enclose a copy of the countess's last. You will see the force of the reasoning on Harriet's declaration, that she will never think of a *second* lover. Her grandmother is entirely with the countess. So am I—though the *first* was Sir Charles Grandison.

What will become of Lady Olivia, if the alliance between my brother and the Bologna family take effect?—She has her emissaries, who I suppose will soon apprise her of it. How will she flame out! I suppose you, who correspond with her, will soon be troubled with her invectives on this subject.

All here wish for you and Lord L——. For my part, I long to see you both, and to be seen by you. You never could see me more to my advantage than now. We have nothing between us but—‘What your lordship pleases.’

‘My dearest life, you have *no* choice.’ ‘You *prevent* me, my lord, in all my wishes.’

I have told him, in love, of some of his foibles: and he thanks me for my instruction, and is resolved to be all I wish him to be.

I have made discoveries in his favour—more wit, more humour, more good sense, more learning, than I had ever till now, that I was willing to inquire after those qualities in him, imagined he had. He allows me to have a vast share of good understanding; and so he ought, when I have made such discoveries to *his* advantage.

In short, we so monstrously improve upon each other, that if we go on thus, we shall hardly know ourselves to be the same man and woman that made such awkward figures in the eyes of all beholders a few months ago at St. George’s Church; and must be married over again, to be sure of each other; for you must believe, that we would not be the same odd souls we then were, on any account.

What raises him with me is the good opinion everybody here has of him. *They* also have found him out to be a man of sense, a good-natured man; nay (would you believe it?) a handsome man; and all these people having deservedly the reputation of good sense, penetration, and so forth, I cannot contradict them with credit to myself. When we married folks have made a silly choice, we should in policy, you know, for the credit of our judgment, try to make the best of it. I could name you half a score people who are continually praising, the man his wife, the woman her husband, who, were they at liberty to choose again, would be hanged before they would renew their bargain.

Let me tell you that Emily will make an excellent wife, and mistress of a family. Miss Byron is one of the best economists, and yet one of the finest ladies in the county. As soon as she came down she resumed the family direction, in ease of her aunt; which was her province before she came to London. I thought *my-self* a tolerable manager: but she has for ever stopt *my* mouth on this subject. Such a *succession* of *orderliness*, if I may so call it! One right thing is an introduction to another; and all is in such a method, that it seems impossible for the meanest servants to mistake their duty. Such harmony, such observance, yet

such pleasure in every countenance!—But she is mistress of so much ease, so much dignity, and so much condescension, that she is worshipped by all the servants; and it is observable, hardly ever was heard to direct twice the same thing to be done, or remembered.

The servants have generally time for themselves, an hour or two in a day. Her orders are given over night; and as the family live in a genteel manner, they are never surprised or put out of course, by company. The poor only have the less of the remnants, if visitors or guests come in unexpectedly; and in such case, she says, they shall fare better another day. Emily is taking minutes of all her management: she is resolved to imitate her in everything. Hence it is that I say the girl will make one of the best wives in England. Yet, how the dear Harriet manages it, I cannot tell; for we hardly ever miss her. But early hours, and method, and ease, without hurry, will do everything.

Postscript.

LORD bless me, my dear Lady L——! I have been frightened out of my wits. This Lord G——! What do we do by marriage but double our cares?—He was taken very ill two hours ago; a kind of fit. The first reflection that crossed me, when he was at worst, was this—What a wretch was I, to vex this poor man as I have done!—Happy, happy is the wife, in the depth of her affliction, on the loss of a worthy husband; happy the husband, if he *must* be separated from a good wife, who has no material cause for self-reproach to embitter reflection, as to his or her conduct to the departed. Ah, Caroline, how little do we know of ourselves, till the hour of trial comes! I find I have more love for Lord G—— than I thought I had, or could have, for any man!

How have I *exposed* myself!—but they none of them upbraid me with my apprehensions for the honest man. He did frighten me!—A wretch!—In his childhood he was troubled with these oddities, it seems!—He is so well, that I had a good mind to quarrel with him for terrifying me as he did. *For better and for worse!*—A cheat!—He should have told me that he had been subject to such an infirmity—

And then, from his apprehended fits, though involuntary, I should have claimed allowance for my real, though wilful ones. In which, however, I cheated not *him*. He saw me in them many and many a good time, before marriage.

I have this moment yours. I thought what would be the case with Olivia. She has certainly heard of the happy turn at Bologna, as they there must think it; or she would not resolve to leave England so soon, when she had determined to stay here till my brother's return. Unhappy woman! Harriet pities her!—But she has pity for every one that wants it.

Repeatedly all here are earnest to get you and your lord with us. Do come if you can—were it but one week; and perhaps we will go up together. If you don't come soon, your people will not suffer you to come one while. After all, my dear, these men are, as aunt Nell would say, odious creatures. You are a good forgiving soul; but that am not I. In a few months' time I shall be as grave as a cat, I suppose: but the sorry fellow knows nothing of the matter yet. Adieu, Lady L——.



LETTER XLVI.

From the Countess of D—— to Miss Byron.

[Enclosed in the preceding].

July 1.

MY dear Harriet has allowed me to write to her with the affectionate freedom of a mother. As such, I may go on to urge a subject disagreeable to her; when not only the welfare of *both* my children is concerned in it, but when her own honour, her own delicacy of sentiment, is peculiarly interested.

Pure and noble as your heart is, it is misleading you, my love; Oh, my Harriet, into what a labyrinth!—Have you kept a copy, my dear, of your last letter to me? It is all amiable, all yourself—but it is Harriet Byron again in need of a rescuer—shall I, my child, save you from being run away with by these tyrannous over-refinements? Yes, you will say, could I do it *disinterestedly*. Well, I will, *if I can*, imagine myself quite disinterested; suppose my son out of the case. And since I have told you more than once, that I cannot allow the sacredness young people are apt to imagine in

a first love ; I must, you know, take it for granted, that even *his* to *you* is not absolutely unconquerable.

Let us then consider a little the bright fairy schemes, for so I must call them, which you have formed in the letter that lies before me.* Do not your excellent grandmamma and aunt see them in the same light ? I dare say they do : but to one I love so dearly, how can I omit to offer my hand to extricate her out of a maze of bewildering fancy, in which she may else tread many a weary step, that ought to be advancing forward in the paths of happiness and duty ?

Think but, my dear child, what fortitude of soul, what strength even of constitution, you answer for, when you talk of living happy in a friendship with two persons, when they are united by indissoluble ties, the very thought of whose union makes your cheek fade, and your health languish. Ah, my beloved Harriet ! is not this a fairy scheme ?

Mistake me not, my love ; I suspect not that your sentiments would want anything of the purity, the generosity, the true heroism required in the idea of a friendship like that you talk of. I suspect not in the *noble pair*. [Does that phrase hurt you, my Miss Byron ? Think then how your heart would suffer in the lasting conflict that must accompany the situation which you have proposed to yourself ?] I suspect not, in either of them, sentiments or behaviour unsuitable to your excellence : yet let me ask you one thing :—Would not the example of such an attachment subsisting between persons known to have once had different views and tenderer affections, mislead less delicate and less guarded minds into allowances dangerous to them, and subject souls less great than Clementina's, to jealousies, whether warrantable or not, of friendships that should plead yours for a precedent ?

Do not be impatient, my dear ; I have a great deal more to say. This *friendship*, what is it to be ? Not *more* than friendship, disguised under the name of it : for how can that consist with your peace of mind, your submission to the dictates of reason, your resignation to the will of Providence ? If then it be *only* friendship, how is it inconsistent with your forming an attachment of a *nearer kind* with a person of merit, who approves of, and will join in it ? What think you, my dear, is that love which we vow at the altar ?

* This letter appears not.

Surely, not adoration : not a preference of that object *absolutely*, as in excellence superior to every other imaginable being. No more, surely, in most cases, than such a *preferable choice* (all circumstances considered) as shall make us with satisfaction of mind, and with an affectionate and faithful heart, unite ourselves for life with a man whom we esteem ; who we think is no disagreeable companion, but deserves our grateful regard : that his interest from henceforth should be our own, and his happiness our study. And is not this very consistent, my dear, with admiring and loving the excellence of angels ; and even with seeing and pitying in this partner of our lives, such imperfections as make him evidently their inferior ? Inferior even to such human angels, as you and I have in our heads at this moment.

Observe, my dear, I say only that such friendship is very consistent with being more nearly united to one who *knows* and *approves* it : for concealment of any thought that much affects the heart, is, I think, in such a case (with very few exceptions from very particular circumstances) utterly unallowable, and blamably indelicate.

You are, my dear, I will not offend you by saying to what *degree*, a reasonable and prudent young woman ; pious, dutiful, and benevolent. Consider then, how much better you would account for the talents committed to you ; how much more joy you would give to the best of friends ; how much more good you would do to your fellow-creatures, by permitting yourself to be called out into active life, with all its variety of relations, than you can while you continue obstinately in a single state, on purpose to indulge a remediless sorrow. The domestic connexions would engage you in a thousand, not unpleasing, new cares and attentions, that must inevitably wear out, in time, impressions which you would feel it unfit to indulge. All that is generous, grateful, reasonable, in your very just attachment, would remain ; everything that passion and imagination have added, every unreasonable, every painful emotion, would be banished ; and the friendship between the two families become a source of lasting happiness to both.

Adieu, my Harriet ! I am afraid of being tedious on an unpleasing subject. If I have omitted anything material in this argument, the excellent parents you are with can

abundantly supply it from their own reason and experience of the world. Assure them of my unfeigned regard; and believe me, my dear child, with a degree of esteem, that no young creature ever merited half so well, your truly affectionate
M. D——.

Pinned on by Lady G——.

‘DON’T you think, Lady L——, that the contents of this letter ought to have the more weight with Harriet, as were she to be Lady Grandison, they would suit her own case and Emily’s, were Emily to make the same pretensions to a perpetual single life, on the improbability of marrying her first love? I shall freely speak my mind upon this subject, when Harriet can better bear the argument.’

—o—

LETTER XLVII.

From the Earl of G—— to Lady G——.

Tuesday, August 1.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—Let me be excused for asking you a question by pen and ink: When do you think of returning from Northamptonshire? Lady Gertrude and I are out of all patience with you; not with Lord G——. We know that wherever you are, there will he wish to be: his treasure and his heart *must* be together. But to me, who always loved my son, to Lady Gertrude who always loved her nephew, and who equally rejoiced in the happy event that gave *me* a daughter and *her* a niece; what can you say in excuse for robbing us of both? It is true, Miss Byron is a lady that ought to be half the world to you: but must the other half have no manner of regard paid to it? I have inquired of Lord and Lady L——, but they say you are so far from setting your time for return that you are pressing them to go down to you. What can my daughter mean by this? Have you taken a house in Northamptonshire? Have you forgot that you have taken one in Grosvenor Square? Everything is done there, that you had ordered to be done; and all are at a stand for further directions. Let me tell you, Lady G——, that my sister and I love you *both* too well to bear to be

thus slighted. Love us but half as well, and you will tell us the day of your return. You don't consider that we are both in years; and that, in all probability, you may often rejoice in the company you are with, when you cannot have ours. Excuse this serious conclusion. I *am* serious upon the subject—and why? Because I love you with a tenderness truly paternal. Pray make mine and my sister's compliments acceptable to the loveliest woman in England, and to every one whom she loves, who are now in Northamptonshire.—I am, my dearest daughter, your ever affectionate

G——.

—o—

LETTER XLVIII.

Lady G—— to the Right Honourable the Earl of G——.

Selby House, August 4.

OH my dear lord! what do you mean? Are you and Lady Gertrude really angry with me? I cannot bear the serious conclusion of your letter. May you both live long, and be happy! If my affectionate duty to you both will contribute to your felicity, it shall not be wanting. I was so happy here that I know not when I should have returned to town, had you not, so kindly as to your intention, yet so severely in your expressions, admonished me. I will soon throw myself at your feet; and by the next post will fix the day on which I hope to be forgiven by you both. Let Lord G—— answer for himself. Upon my word, he is as much to be blamed as I am; nay more, for he dotes upon Miss Byron.

Duty I avow: pardon I beg. Never more, my dear and honoured lord, shall you have like reason to chide your ever dutiful daughter,—nor you, my dear Lady Gertrude,—your most obedient kinswoman,

CHARLOTTE G——.

—o—

LETTER XLIX.

Lady G—— to Miss Byron.

London, Saturday, August 5.

THANK you, my reverend and dear Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Harriet the lovely and beloved. Thank you, my dear

Lucy and Nancy Selby, and Kitty and Patty Holles; and good Miss Orme; and you, my dear disputatious uncle Selby, and honest cousin James and all the rest of you, for your particular graces, favours, civilities, and goodness superabundant, to my bustling lord and his lively dame. Let the good doctor and Emily thank you for themselves.

And who do you think met us at St. Alban's?— Why, Beauchamp, Sir Harry and my lady, and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves!

Poor Sir Harry! He is in a very bad way; and Lady Beauchamp and his son (who peradventure had a reason he gave not) prevailed upon him to make this little excursion, in hopes it would divert him. They had not for some weeks past seen him so cheerful as we made him.

Aunt Nell met us at Barnet, with Cicely Badger, her still older woman, whom she keeps about her to make herself look young, on comparison. But a piece of bad news, Harriet: our aunt Nell has lost two more of her upper fore-teeth. A vile bit of bone, (oh, how she execrates it!) which lurked in a fricassee, did the irreparable mischief: and the good old soul is teaching her upper lip, when she speaks, to resign all motion to the under one, that it may as little as possible make the defect visible. What poor wretches are we, Harriet, men as well as women! We pray for long life; and what is the issue of our prayers but leave to outlive our teeth and our friends; to stand in the way of our elbowing relations; and to change our swanskins for skins of buff; which nevertheless will keep out neither cold nor infirmity? But I shall be serious by and by. And what is the design of my *pen-prattle*, but to make my sweet Harriet smile?

The earl and Lady Gertrude made up differences with me at first sight. The lady is a little upon the *fallal*; a little aunt *Nellish*; but I protest I love *her*, and reverence her *brother*.

Beauchamp is certainly in love with Emily. When he first addressed her at St. Alban's, his hands trembled, his cheeks glowed, his tongue faltered—so young a gipsy to make a conquest of such importance! We women are powerful creatures, Harriet. As they say of horses, if we knew our own strength, and could have a little more patience than we generally have, we might do what we would with the powerless lords of the

creation. In my conscience, Harriet, look all *my* acquaintance through, of both sexes, I think there are three silly fellows to one silly woman! Don't you think so in *yours*?—Are your Grevilles, your Fenwicks, your Fowlers, your Pollexfens, your Bagenhalls, and half a score more I could name, to be put in competition with Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, Lady D——, our Lucy, Nancy, Miss Orme, the two Misses Holles?—Let uncle Selby and cousin James determine on the question.

I am half in hopes, that the little rogue Emily will draw herself in. Beauchamp is modest, yet not sheepish; he is prudent, manly, lively; has address: he will certainly draw her in, before she knows where she is: and how? Why by praising sincerely, and loving cordially, the man at *present* most dear to her. When he first addressed her at St. Alban's, O Mr. Beauchamp! said she, with an innocent freedom, not regarding his tremblings, his glow, and his falterings, I am glad to see you: I long to have you entertain me with stories of my guardian. But, ah! sir (speaking lower, and with a fallen countenance, tears ready to start), whose is he by this time? Yet, if you *know* it, don't tell me: it must not, must not be.

The praises given to those we really love, I believe, are more grateful to us than those conferred on ourselves. I will tell you how I account for this, in general cases, my brother out of the question.—We doubt not our *own* merits: but may be afraid that the favoured object will not be considered by others as we are willing to consider him: but if he is, we take the praise given him as a compliment to our own judgment. Self-love, self-love, at the bottom of all we say and do: I am convinced it is, notwithstanding all you have urged to the contrary. *Generally*, you know, I said. Do you think I will allow you to judge of the generality of the world by what you find in one of the best hearts in it?

An instance in point.—I remember a Miss Hurste; a sweet pretty creature, and very sensible: she had from her chamber-window been shot through the heart by the blind archer, who took his stand on the feather of a military man marching at the head of his company through the market-town in which she lived. Yet was her susceptibility her *only* inducement; for the man was neither handsome in his person, nor genteel in his appearance: nor could she be in

love with the *sense* of a man, had he been a Solomon, whose mouth she had then never seen opened, and to whose character she was as much a stranger, as *he* was to *hers*, or her person, till she contrived to have him made acquainted with his good fortune. Constant, however, to her first foolish impression, she, in opposition to all advice, and the expostulations of a tender and indulgent mother, married him. A Solomon he was *not*. And when he at any time, by virtue of his relation to her, was introduced into her family, how would she blush, whenever he opened his mouth! And how did her eyes sparkle with gratitude upon any one who took the least respectful notice of him! Compliments to herself were unheeded; but she seemed ready to throw herself at the feet of those who smiled upon, and directed themselves to, her captain. Poor girl! she wanted to give credit to the *motive* by which she had been actuated.

Now, Harriet, I charge you, that you think not that this man's name was Anderson. Somebody met with an escape! Yet now and then I blush for somebody. Yet between this somebody and Miss Hurste's case there was this difference:—A father's apprehended—*tyranny*—(shall I call it?) impressing the one; a tindery fit the other. In the one a timely recovery; in the other, the first folly deliberately confirmed.

Dear, dear Harriet! let me make you smile!—I protest, if you won't, I will talk of Lord D——, and then I know, you will frown.

The excellent lady of that name has already been to welcome us to town. She absolutely dotes upon you: so, she says, does the young earl. She prays day and night, she tells me, that my brother may soon come to England, his Italian bride in his hand. She expects every post to hear from Sir Arthur Brandon, who has carried a letter from her, and another from the Earl of N——, recommending that promising young gentleman to my brother's favour, on his visiting Italy. She hopes my brother will not take amiss her freedom, at so short an acquaintance. If Sir Arthur sends her such news as *she* wishes, and *we* dread, to hear, away drives she to Northamptonshire: and should she, I don't know who will scruple to wish her success; for her young man rises every day in his character. My dear creature, you must, you

shall, be in our row; and Lady D——'s last letter to you is unanswerable. Forgive me for touching upon this subject: but we have no hopes. You have nothing to fear; since you *expect* what the next mails will bring. And *who* of us, after all, have our first love? Aunt Nell would not have descended *sola* into her greys, nor Cicely Badger neither, if they might have obtained the men of their choice.—Poor aunt Nell she has been telling me (her taken-off spectacles in her fingers) of a disappointment of this kind in her youth, with such woe-ful earnestness, that it made me ready to cry for her. She lays it at the door of her brother, my poor father; and now will you wonder, that, to this hour, she cannot speak of him with patience?—Poor aunt Nell!

Well, but how do you, my love? For Heaven's sake, be well. Could I make you speak out, could I make you complain, I should have some hope of you: but so sorrowful when alone, as we plainly see, yet aiming to be so cheerful in company—Oh my dear! you must be gluttonous of grief in your solitary hours. But what though the man *be* Sir Charles Grandison; is not the woman Harriet Byron?

Lady L—— tells me that Olivia behaved like a distracted woman when she took leave of her on her setting out to return to Italy. She sometimes wept, sometimes raved, and threatened. Wretched woman! Surely she will not attempt the life of the man she so ungovernably loves! *Our* case, Harriet, is not so hard as hers: but she will sooner get over her talkative, than you will your silent love. When a person can rave, the passion is not dangerous. If the head be safe, pride and supposed slight will in time harden the heart of such a one; and her love will be swallowed up by resentment.

You complimented me on my *civility* to my good man, all the time we were with you. Indeed I was *very* civil to him. It is now become a habit, and I verily think that it looks well in man and wife to behave prettily to each other before company. I now and then, however, sit down with a full design to make him look about him; but he is so obliging, that I am constrained, against my intention, to let the fit go off, without making him *very* serious.

Am I conceited, Harriet? Which of the two silly folks, do you think, has most (not wit—wit is a foolish thing, but) understanding? I *think* the woman has it, all to no-

thing.—Now don't mortify me. If you pretend to *doubt*, I will be *sure*. Upon my word, my dear, I am an excellent creature, *so* thinking, *so* assured, to behave so obligingly as I do to Lord G——. Never, unless a woman has as much prudence as your Charlotte, let her wed a man who has less understanding than herself. But women marry not so much now-a-days for love, or fitness of tempers, as for the liberty of gadding abroad with less censure, and less control—And yet, now I think of it, we need only take a survey of the flocks of single women which crowd to Ranelagh and Vauxhall markets, dressed out to be *cheapened*, not *purchased*, to be convinced that the maids are as much above either shame or control, as the wives. But were not *fathers* desirous to get the *drugs* off their hands (to express myself in young Danby's saucy style), these freedoms would not be permitted. As for *mothers*, many of them are for escorting their daughters to public places, because they themselves like racketing.

But how, Charlotte, methinks you ask, do these reflections in your own sex square with what you said above of the preference of women to men?—How! I'll tell you. The men who frequent those places are still more silly than we. Is it their interest to join in this almost universal dissipation? And would the women crowd to market if there were not men?

We are entered into our new house. It is furnished in taste. Lord G—— has wanted but very little of my correction, I do assure you, in the disposition of everything: he begins to want employment. Have you, Harriet, anything to busy him in?—I am not willing to teach him to knot. Poor man! he has *already* knit one that he cannot untie.

God bless the honest soul! He came to me, just now, so prim, and so pleased—A parrot and parroquet—The parrot is the *finest* talker! He had great difficulty, he said, in getting them. He had observed, that I was much taken with Lady Finlay's parrot. Lady Finlay had a marmouset too. I wonder the poor man did not bring me a monkey. Oh! but you'll say, that was needless—you are very smart, Harriet, upon my man. I won't allow anybody but myself to abuse him.

Intolerable levity, Charlotte!—And so it is. But to

whom? Only to you. I love the man better every day than the former. When I write of him thus saucily, it is in the gaiety of my heart: but if, instead of a smile, I have drawn upon myself your contempt, what a mortification, however deserved, will that be to your

CHARLOTTE G——!

—o—

LETTER L.

Miss Byron to Lady G——.

Selby House, July 24.

You write, my dear Lady G——, with intent to make me smile. I thank you for your intention: it is not wholly lost. My friends and I are one; and my uncle and *cousin James* laughed out at several places in your lively letter. Lucy smiled: but shall I tell you what my grandmamma and aunt said?

I will not. Now will your curiosity be excited.

To say the truth, they spoke not; they only shook their heads. I saw, my dear, greatly as they love and admire you, that if they had smiled, it would have been *at*, not *with*, the poor Charlotte, (let me pity you, my dear!) who, in some places of her letter, could sport with the infirmities of age, to which we are all advancing, and even wish to arrive at; and in others treat lightly a man, to whom she owes respect, and has vowed duty; and who almost adores her.

You ask, my dear, which of a certain pair has most understanding? And you bid me not mortify you with giving it on the man's side. I will not. Lord G—— is far from being wanting in understanding; but Lady G—— has undoubtedly more than thousands, even of *sensible* women: but in her treatment of certain subjects, she by no means shows it. There's for you, my dear! I hope you will be displeased with your Harriet. You ought to take one of us to task. Methinks I would not have you be angry with yourself.

But, my dear, I am not well; this therefore may make me the less capable of relishing your raillery. These men vex me. Greville's obstinate perseverance, and so near a neighbour, that I cannot avoid seeing him often; poor Mr. Orme's ill health: those things afflict me. Lady D——,

urging me with such strength of reason (I am afraid I must say), and with an affection so truly maternal that I know not how to answer her: and just now I have received a letter, unknown to that good lady, from the Earl of D—— laying in a claim, on a certain supposition, that—Oh, my dear! how cruel is all this to your Harriet! My grandmamma, by her eyes, I see, wishes me to think of marriage, and with Lord D——, as all thoughts—I need not say of what—are over. My aunt Selby's eyes are ready to second my grandmamma's—my uncle speaks out on the same side of the question: so do you: so does Lucy. Nancy is silent: she sees my disturbance when I am looked at, and talked to, on this subject—so ought Lucy, I think. My soul, my dear, is fretted. I have begged leave to pass a fortnight or three weeks with my good Mr. Deane, who rejoiced at the motion; but my grandmother heard my request with tears: She could not spare her Harriet, she told me. My aunt also dried *her* eyes—How, my Charlotte, could I think of leaving them? Yet could they have parted with me, I should surely have been more composed with Mr. Deane than at present I can be anywhere else. He is more delicate (shall I be excused to say?) than my uncle.

Were but the news come that the solemnity is over—I am greatly mistaken in myself, if I should not be more easy than I am at present—but then I should be more teased, more importuned, than before. You tell me, the Countess of D—— would come down: the very thought of that visit hurts me.

I have no doubt but by this time the knot is tied. God Almighty shower on the heads of both the choicest of His blessings! I should be quite out of humour with myself, if I were not able to offer up this prayer as often as I pray for myself.

I beg of you, my dear, to speed to me the next letters from Italy, be the contents what they will. You know I am armed. Shall the event I wish to be over, either surprise or grieve me?—I hope not.

I will not pity Lady Olivia, because she threatened and raved. True love rages not; threatens not. Yet a disappointment in love is a dreadful thing; and may operate, in different minds, different ways; as I have read somewhere.

I shall write to all my friends in town, and at Colnebrook: I trouble you not, therefore, with particular compliments to them.

How could you mention the names of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and say no more of them? I thought you loved them both. They are deserving of your love, and love you.

Never, I believe, did any young creature suffer in her mind by suspense as I have done for some months past. In the present situation of things I know not what further to write. What *can* I, my Charlotte?—Conjectural topics are reserved for my closet and pillow.

Adieu, and adieu, my beloved friend, my dear Lady G——. Be good, and be happy! What a blessing, that *both* are in your power! May they ever be so! And may you make a good use of that power, prays your

HARRIET BYRON.

—o—

LETTER LI.

Sir Charles Grandison to Dr. Bartlett.

Bologna, July 8-19.

My heart is unusually sad. How imperfect is that happiness which we cannot enjoy without giving pain to another!

The Count of Belvedere has been made acquainted with the hopeful turn in the mind of Clementina; and that, in all probability, she will be given as a reward to the man to whose friendly cares for her, and her brother, the whole family attribute the happy alteration; and late last night he gave me notice of his arrival in this city, and of his intention to pay me an early visit this morning.

I have just now had a message from Clementina, by Camilla, with a request, that I will suspend my intended visit till the afternoon.

I asked Camilla if she knew the reason of this, and of her being so early despatched with it? She said, It was her young lady's own order, without consulting anybody. The marchioness, she said, told her yesterday in the afternoon, that everything was now absolutely determined upon between them and me; and she would be mistress of her own wishes;

and that I should be allowed to attend her in the morning at breakfast, to know what those were. Her young lady, on this happy communication (so Camilla called it), threw herself at her mother's feet, and in a very graceful manner acknowledged her father's and her indulgence to her: and from that hour her temper took a turn different from what it had been before. For, ever since, said Camilla, she has been silent, solemn, and reserved: yet busy at her pen, transcribing fair from her pocket-book what she had written in it. To-morrow, Camilla!—To-morrow! said she, breaking once her solemn silence, her complexion varying, will be a day indeed! Oh that it were come! and yet I dread it. How shall I, face to face, converse with this exalted man! What shall I do to appear as great as he? His goodness fires me with emulation!—Oh that to-morrow were come, and gone!

This was over night. I believe, proceeded Camilla, that the dear lady is drawing up some conditions of her own for you to sign: but, sir, I dare say, by the hint she has thrown out, they will be generous ones, and what will have more of fancy than hardship in them.

I had much ado to prevail upon her, continued her faithful woman, to go to rest at midnight: yet at four in the morning she arose, and went to her pen and ink; and about six commanded me to call Laura to attend her, while I went to you with the message I have brought. I expostulated with her, and begged she would delay it till the marchioness arose; but she began to be impatient: I have *reason* in my request, Camilla, said she. I must not be contradicted or expostulated with: my head will not bear opposition, at this time. Is it a slight thing for such a poor creature as I have been, and am, to be put out of her course? Am I not to have a meeting with the Chevalier Grandison, on the most important act of my life? My mamma tells me, that I am to be now mistress of my own will; don't *you*, Camilla, seek to control me. I shall not be prepared enough for the subject he will possibly talk to me upon, till the afternoon: and if I know he is in the house with an expectation of seeing me, I shall want the presence of mind I am struggling to obtain.

So, sir, concluded Camilla, I have performed my duty. The dear lady, I see, will be in too much confusion, if the

important subject be not begun with precaution: but who shall instruct you in such delicate points as these? One thing, however, permit me, sir, to observe: I have often known young ladies go on courageously with a lover, while the end in view has been distant, or there have been difficulties to encounter with; but when these difficulties are overcome, and they have ascended the hill they toiled up, they have turned round, and looked about them, with fear as strong as their hope.

What the conditions may be——

But the Count of Belvedere is come.

Ten o'clock.

THE count accosted me, in return for the kindest reception I could give him, with an air of coldness and displeasure. I was surprised at a behaviour so different from his usual politeness, and the kindness he had ever shown me. I took notice to him of it. He asked me if I would tell him faithfully what my present situation was with Lady Clementina?

I will, my lord! if I tell you anything of it: but the temper of mind you seem to be in may not, perhaps, for your own sake, any more than mine, make it prudent for me to comply with your expectations.

You need not give me any other answer, replied he. You seem to be sure of the lady: but she must not, *shall* not, be yours, while I am living.

It is not for me, my lord, who have met with many amazing turns and incidents which I have not either invited or provoked, to be surprised at *any* thing: but if your lordship has any expectations, any demands, to make on this subject, it must be from the family of the Marchese della Porretta, and not from me.

Do you think, sir, that I feel not the sting of this reference? And yet all the family, but one, are in my interest in their hearts; every consideration is on my side; not one, but the plausibility of your generosity and the speciousness of your person and manners, on yours.

A man, my lord, should not be reproached for qualities, upon which, whether he has them or not, he values not himself. But let me ask you, Were my pretensions out of the question, has your lordship any hope of an interest in the affections of Lady Clementina?

While she is unmarried, I *may* hope. Had you not come over to us, I make no doubt but I might, in time, have called her mine. You cannot but know that her absence of mind was no obstacle with me.

I am wholly satisfied in my own conduct, replied I: that, my lord, is a great point with me: I am not accountable for it to any man on earth. Yet, if you have any doubts about it, propose them. I have a high opinion of the Count of Belvedere, and wish to have him think well of me.

Tell me, chevalier, what your present situation is with Lady Clementina? What is concluded upon between the family and you? And whether Clementina herself has declared for you?

She has not yet declared herself *to me*. I repeat, that I have a value for the Count of Belvedere, and will therefore acquaint him with more than he has reason to expect from the humour which seems to have governed him in this visit. —I am to attend her this afternoon, by appointment. Her family and I understand one another. I have been willing to consider the natural impulses of a spirit so pure, though disturbed, as the finger of Providence. I have hitherto been absolutely passive: In honour I cannot now be so. This afternoon, my lord——

‘This afternoon,’ trembling; ‘What! this afternoon!’—

Will my destiny, as to Lady Clementina, be determined.

I am distracted. If her *friends* are determined in your favour, it is from necessity, rather than choice: but if the lady is left to *her own* determination, I am a lost man.

You have given a reason, my lord, for your acquiescence, *should* Lady Clementina determine in my favour—but it cannot be a happy circumstance for me, if, as you hint, I am to enter into the family of Porretta as an unwelcome relation to any of them; and still less, if my good fortune shall make a man, justly valued by all who know him, unhappy.

And are you, this afternoon, chevalier, to see Clementina for the purpose you intimate? This *very* afternoon?—And are you then to change your passive conduct towards her? And will you court, will you urge her to consent to be yours? Religion, country—let me tell you, sir—I must take resolutions. With infinite regret I tell you, that I must. You will not refuse to meet me. The consent is not *yet* given;

You shall not rob Italy of such a prize. Favour me, sir, this moment, without the city gates.

Unhappy man ! How much I pity you ! You know my principles. It is hard, acting, as I have done, to be thus invited. Acquaint yourself with my whole conduct in this affair, from the bishop, from Father Marescotti, from the general himself, so much *always* your friend, and *once* so little mine. What has influenced them (so much as you seem to think against their inclinations) cannot want its influence upon a mind so noble as that of the Count of Belvedere. But whatever be your resolutions upon the inquiries I wish you to make, I tell you beforehand, that I never will meet you but as my friend.

He turned from me with emotion : he walked about the room as a man irresolute ; and at last, with a wildness in his air, approached me—I will go this instant, said he, to the family : I will see Father Marescotti, and the bishop : and I will let them know my despair. And if I cannot have hope given me—O *chevalier* ! once more I say, that Lady Clementina shall not be yours, while I live.

He looked round him, as if he would not have anybody hear what he was going to say but me, though no one was near ; and whispering, It is better, said he, to die by your hand, than—He stopt ; and in disorder hurried from me ; and was out of sight when I got down to the door.

The count, when he came up to me, left his valet below, who told Saunders that Lady Sforza had made his lord a *visit* at Parma ; and, by something she related to him, had stimulated him to make *this* to me. He added, that he was very apprehensive of the humour he came in, and which he had held ever since he saw Lady Sforza.

How, my dear Dr. Bartlett, do the *rash* escape as they do ; when I, who endeavour to *avoid* embarrassments, and am not ready either to give or take offence, am hardly able to extricate myself from one difficulty, but I find myself involved in another ? What cannot a woman do, when she resolves to make mischief among friends ? Lady Sforza is a high-spirited and contriving woman. It is not for her interest that Clementina should marry at all : but yet, as the Count of Belvedere is a cool, a dispassionate man, and knows the views of that lady, I cannot but wonder what

those arts must be, by which she has been able to excite, in so calm a breast, a flame so vehement.

I am now hastening to the palace of Porretta ; my heart not a little affected with the apprehensions given me by Camilla's account of her young lady's solemn, yet active turn, on the expected visit. For does it not indicate an imagination too much raised for the occasion (important as that is) ; and that her disorder is far from subsiding ?



LETTER LII.

Sir Charles Grandison to Dr. Bartlett.

Bologna, Saturday Evening.

I SIT down now, my dear and reverend friend, to write to you particulars which will surprise you. Clementina is the noblest woman on earth. What at last—but I find I must have a quieter heart, and fingers too, before I can proceed.

I THINK I am a little less agitated than I was. The above few lines shall go ; for they will express to you the emotions of my mind, when I attempted to write an account of what had then so newly passed.

As soon as I entered the palace, Camilla met me, and conducted me to the marchioness. The marquis and the bishop were with her. O chevalier ! said she, we have been greatly disturbed by a visit from the Count of Belvédere. Poor man !—He says he waited on you at your lodgings.

He did. I then, at the bishop's request, told them all that had passed between us, except his last words, which implied, that it was better to die by the hand of another man than by his own.

They expressed their concern for him, and their apprehensions for me ; but I found that his unexpected visit had not altered their purpose in my favour. They were convinced, they told him, that the restoration of their daughter's tranquillity of mind depended upon giving her entirely her own way ; and not one word more of opposition or contradiction should she meet with from them.

I have been hindered, said the marchioness, by this unhappy man's visit, and his vehemence, which moved me to pity him (for I am afraid that he will be in our daughter's unhappy way), from watching in person the humour of my child; which, two hours ago, Camilla told me, was very particular. I was going to her, when you came; but I will send for Camilla.—She did.

As soon as she saw me in the morning, continued the marchioness, she apologised to me for sending Camilla to you, to suspend your visit till the afternoon. She was not, she said, *prepared* to see you.—I asked her, continued she, What preparation was wanted to see a man esteemed by us all, and who had given such instances of his regard to her?

Madam, answered she, and seemed as if gasping for breath, Am I not now to see him in a light, in which hitherto I never beheld him? I have a thousand things to say to him, none of which perhaps I shall be able to say, except he draws them from me. He hinted once, very lately, that he could only be rewarded by a *family act*. We cannot reward him; that is my grief; I must see him with a heart overwhelmed with obligation. He will appear as a prince to me: I must to myself as his vassal. I have been putting down, in writing, what I should say to him; but I cannot please myself. O madam! he is great in my eyes, because I am unable to reward him as he deserves. I told her, that her fortune, her quality, the sacrifice she would make of her country (though never, I hoped, of her religion), ought to give her a higher opinion of herself; though all these were far from cancelling the obligation we all were under to him, on our Jeronymo's account, as well as on hers.

Well, madam, replied she, Heaven only knows how I shall be able to behave to him, now you have left everything to myself; and now he will talk to me, by permission, on a subject so new, yet so very interesting. Oh that this day were over!

I asked her, proceeded the marchioness, if she would yet take further time?—A week, or more?

Oh no, said she: that must not be. I shall be prepared to see him, I hope, by the afternoon. Pray let him come then. I am very clear now, putting her hand to her forehead: I may not be so a week, nor a day hence.

Camilla then entered the room. Camilla, said the marchioness, in what way is the dear creature now?

Ever since your ladyship left her she has been more reserved, and thoughtful; yet her spirits are high: her mind seems full of the chevalier's next visit; and twice, within this half hour, she asked, If he were come? She reads over and over something she has written; lays it down, takes it up: walks about the room; sometimes with an air of dignity; at others, hanging down her head. I don't like her frequent startings. Within this hour she has several times shed tears. She sighs often. She was not to be pleased with her dress. Once she would be in black; then in colours; then her white and silver was taken out: but that, she said, would give her a bridal appearance: she at last chose her plain white satin. She looks like an angel. But oh, that her eyes, and her emotions, showed greater composure!

You have a task before you, chevalier, said the bishop. What tokens are these of a disordered, yet a raised mind! We may see from these extraordinary agitations, on the expectation of a conversation that is to end in her consent to crown our wishes, how much her heart has been in that event: May it be happy to you both!

I fear nothing, said the marchioness, as to the happiness of my child; that lies within the power of the chevalier: I am sure of his tenderness to her.

I think, said the marquis, we will allow the chevalier to carry his bride over to England for the *first* six months, and return with her to us in the *second*: it may give a new turn to the course of her ideas. The same places, the same persons, always in view, may sadden her reflecting heart, and besides, the mind of the poor Count of Belvedere may be strengthened by this absence.

The bishop applauded this thought. The marchioness said, *Reason* may approve the motion; but can the *mother* so soon part with her child?—Yet, for her happiness, I must submit.

Let us, said the marquis, leave this to her choice, as the rest. Camilla, let my daughter know that the chevalier attends her pleasure. You would have it so, chevalier?

I bowed my assent.

Camilla returned not presently. When she did; I could

not come sooner, said she. My young lady is strangely fluttered. I have been reasoning with her.—Madam, turning to the marchioness, will you be pleased to walk up to her?

Had this been the *first* interview, said the bishop, I should not have wondered at her discomposure—but this disorder shows itself in a strange variety of shapes.

The marchioness, attended by Camilla, went up. I was soon sent for. The marchioness met me at the entrance of the young lady's dressing-room—and retiring, whispered, I believe she had rather be alone with you. Dear creature! I do not know what to make of her. She has, I fancy, something to propose to you. Camilla, come with me. We will be but in the next room, chevalier.

When I entered the room the young lady was sitting in a pensive mood, at her toilet; her hand supporting her head. A fine glow overspread her cheeks as soon as she saw me: she arose, and courtesying low, advanced a few steps towards me; but trembled, and looked now down, now aside, and now consciously glancing towards me.

I approached her, and with profound respect took her hand with both mine, and pressed it with my lips. I address not myself now to Lady Clementina as my pupil: I have leave given me to look upon her in a nearer light; and she will have the goodness to pardon the freedom of this address.

Ah, chevalier! said she, turning her face from me, but not withdrawing her hand—and hesitating, as if not knowing how to speak her mind, sighed and was silent.

I led her to her chair. She sat down still trembling. God be praised, said I, bowing my face on both her hands, as I held them in mine, for the amended health of the lady so dear to all who have the happiness of knowing her! May her recovery, and that of our dear Jeronymo, be perfected!

Happy man! said she: happy in the power given you to oblige as you have done!—But how, how shall I—Oh, sir! you know not the conflict that has rent my heart in pieces ever since—I forgot when—O chevalier! I have not power—She stopt, wept, and remained silent.

It is in your power, madam, to make happy the man to whom you own obligations which are already overpaid.

I took my seat by her, at her silent motion to a chair.

Speak on, sir: my soul is labouring with great purposes.

Tell me, tell me, all you have to say to me. My heart is too big for its prison, putting her hand to it: it wants room, methinks; yet utterance is denied me—Speak, and let me be silent——

Your father, mother, brothers, uncle, are all of one mind. I am permitted to open my heart to their Clementina; and I promise myself a gracious audience. Father Marescotti befriends me.—The terms, madam, are those I offered when I was last in Italy.

She hung down her head, in listening silence——

Every other year I am to be happy with my Clementina in England——

Your Clementina, sir!—Ah, chevalier!—She blushed, and turned away her face—*Your* Clementina, sir, repeated she—and looked pleased; yet a tear stole down on her glowing cheek.

Yes, madam, I am encouraged to hope you will be mine.—You are to have your confessor, madam. Father Marescotti will do me the honour of attending you in that function. His piety, his zeal; my own charity for all those who differ from me in opinion; my honour so solemnly engaged to the family who condescend to entrust me with their dearest pledge, will be your security.

Ah, sir! interrupted she, and are not you then to be a Catholic?

You consented, madam, when I was last in Italy, that I should pursue the dictates of my conscience.

Did I? said she, and sighed!—Well, sir——

Your father or mother, madam, will acquaint you with every other particular in which you shall want to be satisfied.

Tears stood in her eyes; she seemed in great perplexity. She would twice or thrice have spoken; but speech was denied her: at last she gave me her hand, and directed her steps, trembling, to her closet. She entered it. Leave me, leave me, said she; and putting a paper in my hand, and shutting to the door, instantly, as I saw, fell on her knees; and I, to avoid hearing sobs which pierced my heart, went into the next apartment, where were her mother and Camilla, who had heard part of what had passed between us. The marchioness went to her; but, presently returning, The dear creature, said she, is quite sensible, thank God, though in

grief. She besought me to leave her to her own struggles. If she could but be assured that you, chevalier, would forgive her, she should be better. She had given you a paper. Let him read it, said she; and let me stay here till he sends for me, if he can bear in his sight, *after* he has read it, a creature unworthy of his goodness.—What, said the marchioness, can be the meaning of all this?

I was as much surprised as she. I had not opened the paper and offered to read it in her presence; but she desired to hear it read in her lord's, if it were proper; and precipitately withdrew, leaving me in the young lady's dressing-room, Camilla attending in the next apartment, to wait her commands. I was astonished at the contents. These are they.*

O THOU whom my heart best loveth, forgive me!—Forgive me, said I, for what?—For acting, if I am enabled to act, greatly? The example is from thee, who, in my eyes, art the greatest of human creatures. My duty calls upon me one way: my heart resists my duty, and tempts me not to perform it: do thou, O God, support me in the arduous struggle! Let it not, as once before, overthrow my reason; my but just-returning reason!—O God! do thou support me, and strengthen my reason. My effort is great! It is worthy of the creature, which thou, Clementina, did always aspire to be.

My tutor, my brother, my friend! O most beloved and best of men! seek me not in marriage! I am unworthy of thee. Thy SOUL was ever most dear to Clementina: whenever I meditated the gracefulness of thy person, I restrained my eye, I checked my fancy. And how? Why by meditating the superior graces of thy mind. And is not that SOUL, thought I, to be saved? Dear obstinate, and perverse! And shall I bind my soul to a soul allied to perdition? That so dearly loves that soul, as hardly to wish to be separated from it in its future lot.—O thou most amiable of men! How can I be sure, that, were I thine, thou wouldst not draw me after thee, by love, by sweetness of manners, by condescending goodness? I, who once thought a heretic the worst of beings, have been already led, by the amiableness of thy piety, by the universality of thy

* Translated by Dr. Bartlett.]

charity to all thy fellow-creatures, to think more favourably of all heretics, for thy sake? Of what force would be the admonitions of the most pious confessor, were thy condescending goodness and sweet persuasion to be exerted to melt a heart wholly thine? I know that I should not forbear arguing with thee, in hopes to convince thee: yet, sensible of thy superior powers, and of my duty, might I not be entangled? My confessor would, in that case, grow uneasy with me. Women love not to be suspected. Opposition arises from suspicion and contradiction; thy love, thy gentleness, thrown in the other scale, should I not be lost?

And what have my father, my mother, my brothers done, that I should show myself willing to leave them, and a beloved country for a country but lately hated too, as well as the religion? But now, that that hatred is gone off, and so soon, gives another instance of my weakness, and thy strength. O most amiable of men!—O thou whom my soul loveth, seek not to entangle me by thy love! Were I to be thine, my duty to thee would mislead me from that I owe to my God, and make me more than temporarily unhappy: since, wert thou to convince me at the *time*, my doubts would return; and whenever thou wert absent, I should be doubly miserable. For canst thou, can I, be indifferent in these high matters? Hast thou not shown me, that *thou* canst not? And shall I not be benefited by thy example? Shall a wrong religion have a force, an efficacy upon *thee*, which a right one cannot have upon *me*?—O thou most amiable of men! seek not to entangle me by thy love!

But dost thou *indeed* love me? Or is it owing to thy generosity, thy compassion, thy nobleness, for a creature, who, aiming to be great like thee, could not sustain the effort? I call upon thee, blessed Virgin, to witness how I *formerly* struggled with myself! How much I endeavoured to subdue that affection which I ever must bear to him!—*Permit* me, most generous of men, to subdue it! It is in thy power to hold me fast, or to set me free. I know thou lovest Clementina: it is her pride to think that thou dost. But she is not worthy of thee. Yet let thy heart own, that thou lovest her soul, her immortal part, and that thou

the effort which *she* was unequal to. Make some other woman happy!—But I cannot bear that it shall be an Italian. If it *must* be an Italian, not Florence, but Bologna, shall give an Italian to thee!

But can I show thee this paper, which has cost me so many tears, so much study, so much blotting out and revising and transcribing, and which yet I drew up with an *intent* to show thee? I verily think I cannot: nor *will* I, till I can see, by conversing with thee face to face, what I shall be enabled to do, in answer to prayers to Heaven, that it would enable me!—Oh, how faint, at times, have been those prayers!

You, my father, my mother, my brothers, and you, my spiritual father, pious and good man! have helped to subdue me, by your generous goodness. You have all yielded up your own judgments to mine. You have told me, that if the choice of my heart can make me happy, happy I shall be. But do I not know, that you have complied with me, for *my* sake only?—Shall I not, if it please God to restore my memory, be continually recollecting the arguments which you, Father Marescotti, in particular, formerly urged against an alliance with this noblest of men, because he was of a religion so contrary to my own, and so pertinacious in it? And will those *recollections* make me happy? Oh permit, permit me, my dearest friends, still to be God's child, the spouse of my Redeemer only! Let me, let me yet take the veil! And let me, in a place consecrated to His glory, pass the remainder of my life (it may not be a long one) in prayers for you all, and in prayers for the conversion and happiness of the man, whose soul my soul loveth, and ever must love. What is the portion of this world, which my grandfathers have bequeathed to me, weighed against this motive, and my soul's everlasting welfare! Let me take a great revenge of my cruel cousin Laurana. Let hers be the estate so truly despised, and so voluntarily forfeited, by the happier Clementina!—Are we not all of us rich and noble? Shall I not have a great revenge, if I can be enabled to take it in this way?

O thou whom my soul loveth, let me try the greatness of thy love, and the greatness of thy soul, by thy endeavours to strengthen, and not impair, a resolution, which, after all,

it will be in thy power to make me break or keep : for God only knoweth what this struggle from the first hath cost me ; and what it will still further cost me ! But, my brain wounded, my health impaired, can I expect a long life ? And shall I not endeavour to make the *close* of it happy ? *Let* me be great, my chevalier ! how fondly can I nevertheless call thee *my* chevalier ! Thou canst make the unhappy Clementina what thou pleasest.

But, oh my friends ! what can we do for this great and good man, in return for the obligations he hath heaped upon us all ? In return for his goodness to two of your children ? These obligations lie heavy upon my heart. Yet who knows not *his* magnanimity ? Who, that knows him, knows not that he can enjoy the reward in the action ? Divine, *almost* divine philanthropist, canst thou forgive me ?—But I know thou canst. Thou hast the same notions that I have of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of that to come ! And can I have the presumption to imagine, that the giving thee in marriage so wounded a frame, would be making thee happy ? Once more, if I have the courage, the resolution, to show thee this paper, do thou enable me, by thy great example, to complete the conquest of myself ; and do not put me upon taking advantage of my honoured friends' generosity : but do God and thou enable me to say, Not my will, but his and theirs, be done !—Yet, after all, it must be, let me own, in thy choice (for I cannot bear to be thought ungrateful to such exalted merit) to add what name thou pleasest, to that of CLEMENTINA ———.

Never was man more astonished, perplexed, confounded. For a few moments, I forgot that the angel was in her closet, expecting the issue of my contemplations ; and walking out of her dressing-room, I threw myself on a sofa in the next room, not heeding Camilla, who sat in the window ; my mind tortured ; how greatly tortured ! Yet filled with admiration of the angelic qualities of Clementina, I tried to look again into the paper ; but the contents were all in my mind, and filled it.

She rang. Camilla hastened to her. I started as she passed me. I arose, yet trembled ; and, for a moment, sat down to reassure my feet. But Camilla coming to me,

roused me out of the stupidity that had seized me. Never was I so little present to myself as on this occasion—A woman so superior to all her own sex, and to all that I had read of, of ours.—Oh, sir, said Camilla, my lady dreads your anger! She dreads to see you: yet hopes it—Hasten, hasten, and save her from fainting!—Oh how she loves you! How she fears your displeasure!—Hers, indeed, is *true* love!

She said this as she conducted me in, as I now recollect; for then all my faculties were too much engaged to attend to her.

I hastened in. The admirable lady met me half way; and throwing herself at my feet—Forgive me, forgive the creature who must be miserable if you are offended with her.

I would have raised her; but she would not be raised, she said, till I had forgiven her.

I kneeled to her as she kneeled; and clasping her in my arms, Forgive you, madam! Inimitable woman! More than woman!—Can you forgive me for having presumed, and for still presuming, to hope to call such an angel mine?

She was ready to faint; and cast her arms about me to support herself. Camilla held to her her salts; I myself, for the first time, was sensible of benefit from them, as my cheek was joined to hers, and bathed with her tears.

Am I, am I forgiven?—Say that I am!

Forgiven! madam! You have done nothing that requires forgiveness. I adore your greatness of mind!—What you wish, bid me be, and that I *will* be. Rise, most excellent of human creatures!

I raised her and leading her to a chair, involuntarily kneeled on one knee to her; holding both her hands in mine as she sat, and looking up to her with eyes that spoke not my heart, if they were not full of love and reverence.

Camilla had run down to the marchioness—O madam! it seems, she said—*Such* a scene! Hasten, hasten up! They will faint in each other's arms! Virtuous love! how great is thy glory!

The marchioness hastened after Camilla, and found me in this kneeling posture, her daughter's hands both in mine.—Dear chevalier, said she, restrain your *grateful rapture*! For the sake of the sweet child's head, grateful as I see by her eyes it must be to her—restrain it.

O madam! quitting Clementina's hands, and rising, and taking one of hers—Glory in your daughter: you always loved and admired her; but you will now *glory* in her. She is an angel!—Give me leave, madam (to Clementina), to present this paper to the marchioness.

I gave it to her—Read it, madam—let your lord, let the bishop, let Father Marescotti read it—but read it with compassion for me: and then direct me what to say, what to do! I resign myself wholly to your direction, and theirs; and to yours, my dear Lady Clementina.

You say you forgive me, chevalier:—Now shall I forgive myself. God's goodness and yours will, I hope, perfectly restore me. This is my direction, chevalier—Love my MIND, as *yours* ever was the principal object of my love!

What, my dear, can be in this paper? said the marchioness, holding it in her hand, trembling, and afraid to open it.

Pardon me, madam, answered Clementina—I could not show it to you first. I could not reveal my purpose to Camilla neither. How could I, when I knew not whether I could or could not maintain it, or even mention it—But now, best of men, and rising, laid her hand on my arm, leave me for a few moments. My heart is disturbed. Be so good as to excuse me, madam.

She again retired to her closet. We heard her sob: and Camilla hastening to her—Oh these hysterical disorders, said she—they tear her tender constitution in pieces.

The marchioness left her to Camilla; and offered me her hand.

Surprising! said she, as we went. Where will all this end? What can be in this paper?

I was unable to answer. And coming to the passage that led to her drawing-room, where she had left the gentlemen, I bowed on her hand: and the same passage leading to the back-stairs, took that way into the garden, in order to try to recover and compose my spirits.

Who, my dear friend, could have expected such a turn as this?

I had not walked long, before Mr. Lowther came to me—Signor Jeronymo, sir, said he, is greatly disturbed on reading a paper that has been put into his hands. He begs to see you instantly.

Mr. Lowther left me at Jeronymo's chamber door.

He was on his couch. Oh my Grandison, said he, as I approached him with a thoughtful air, how much am I concerned for you! I cannot bear that such a spirit as yours should be subjected to the petulance of a brain-sick girl!

Hush, my Jeronymo! Let not the friend forget the brother. Clementina is the noblest of women. It is true, I was not prepared for this blow: but I reverence her for her greatness of mind—You have read her paper?

I have; and am astonished at its contents.

The marquis, the count, the bishop, and Father Marescotti entered. The bishop embraced me. He disclaimed, in the name of every one, the knowledge of her intentions: he expected, he said, that she would have received my address with raptures of joy. But she *must*, she *will*, be yours, chevalier; we are all engaged in honour to you. This is only a start of female delicacy, operating on a raised imagination. She leaves it to you, after all, to call her by what name you please.

May it be so! But ah, my lords! you see not the force of her arguments. With a lady so zealous in her religion, and so justly fond of her relations and country, they *must* have weight—Instruct me, tell me, however, my lords: be pleased, madam [the marchioness joined us just before], to advise me what to do.—I am yours.—I will withdraw. Consult together; and let me know what I am to be.

I withdrew, and walked again into the garden.

Camilla came to me. O chevalier! what strange things are these? My lady has taken a resolution she never will be able to support. She commanded me to find you out, and to watch your looks, your behaviour, your temper. She cannot live, she says, if you are displeased with her—I see that your mind is greatly disturbed. Must I report it so?

Tell her, Camilla, that I am all resignation to her will: disturbed as she has been, tell her that her peace of mind is dear to me as my own life: that I *can* have no anger, no resentment; and that I admire her more than I can express.

Camilla left me. Father Marescotti came to me presently after, with a request, that I would attend the family in Jeronymo's chamber.

We went up together. All that the good father said, as

we walked in, was, that God knew what was best for us: for *his* part, he could only wonder and adore in silence.

When we were all seated, the bishop said, My dear chevalier, you have entitled yourself to our utmost gratitude. It is confirmed that Clementina shall be yours. Jeronymo will have it so: we are all of his mind. His mother will enter into conversation with her in your favour.

I am equally obliged and honoured by this goodness. But should she persist, what can I say, when she calls upon me, in the most solemn manner, to support her in her resolution; and not to put her upon taking advantage of the generosity of her friends.

She will be easily persuaded, no doubt, chevalier, answered the bishop. She loves you. Does she not say in this very paper, 'that it is in your power to make her break or keep her resolution? and to add what name you please to her Christian name?'

Nor can I, said the marquis, bear that flight in Laurana's favour. If her mind were sound, her duty would not permit her to think of it.

It is our unanimous opinion, resumed the bishop, that she will not be able to support her resolution. You see she is obliged to court your assistance, to enable her to keep it. Father Marescotti, it is true, has laid a stress upon some passages, in which she shows a doubt of her own strength, and dreads yours in a certain article nearest our hearts: but she must be cautioned to leave all arguments of that kind to her confessor and you; and to content herself to be an auditor, not an arguer; and we doubt not your honour. The marriage-articles will bind you, as they shall us—and now allow me to be beforehand with your Jeronymo, and ours, in saluting you our brother.

He took my hand; and, embracing me as much, You deal nobly with me, my lord, said I. I resign myself to your direction.

Jeronymo affectionately held out his arms, and joyfully saluted me as his brother. The marquis, the count, each took my hand: and the marchioness offering hers, I pressed it with my lips; and withdrawing, hastened to my lodgings, with a heart, O Dr. Bartlett, how penetrated by a suspense so strange and unexpected!

But when they attribute to flight, and unsoundness of mind, that glorious passage, in which she proposes to take a revenge so noble on the cruel Laurana, they seem unable to comprehend, as I can easily do, the greatness of mind of this admirable woman.



LETTER LIII.

Sir Charles Grandison.—In continuation.

Bologna, Monday, July 10-21.

I HAD no call for rest last night. I only reposed myself in a chair for about an hour. I sent early in the morning a note, to inquire, with the tenderest solicitude, after all their healths; and particularly Clementina's and Jeronymo's. A written answer was returned by Jeronymo that his sister had rested so very ill, that it was thought advisable to keep her quiet all day, unless she should be particularly earnest to see me; and in that case they would send me word.

I was myself very much indisposed, yet could scarce deny myself, though uninvited, to attend them at dinner. My own disorder, however, determined me not to go, unless sent for. It would, I thought, be too visible to them all; and might raise a suspicion that I wanted to move compassion: a meanness of which I am not capable. Yet, indisposed as I was still more in the afternoon, I hoped to have an invitation for half an hour. But not being sent to, I repeated my inquiries in another billet. No invitation followed. On the contrary, Jeronymo wrote one line, wishing to see me in the morning.

I had as little rest last night as the night before. My impatience carried me to the palace of Porretta sooner than usual this morning.

Signor Jeronymo rejoiced to see me. He hoped I did not take it amiss, that they invited me not the day before. To say the truth, said he, the day's rest was judged entirely necessary for you both: for my sister particularly: and she was so uneasy and displeased at your going away on Saturday, without taking leave of her, that she was the more easily persuaded not to see you yesterday. But already this morning, I understand, she asks after you with impatience. You are

angry at her, she supposes, and will never see her more. You had but just left us, on Saturday night, when Camilla came down, with her request to see you. For my part, proceeded he, my thoughts are so much carried out of myself, by the extraordinary turn she has taken, that, at times, I forget I ail anything.

He then asked if I could forgive his sister; and reflected on the sex, on her account, as never knowing their own minds, but when they meet with obstacles to their wills. But she must, she will, be yours, my Gràndison, said he; and if it please God to restore her, she will make you rich amends.

The bishop and Father Marescotti came in to make their morning compliments to Jeronymo: the marquis and count entered soon after to salute me.

The marchioness followed them. Clementina was so uneasy on Saturday night, said she to me, on finding you gone without taking leave of her, and so much discomposed all day yesterday, that I chose not to say anything to her on the great article. I am glad you are come.

Somebody just then tapping at the door, Come in, Camilla, said the marchioness.

It is not Camilla, it is I, said Lady Clementina entering. I am told the chevalier—Oh there he is—Favour me, sir, with a few words—walking to a window at the other end of the room.

I followed her: tears were in her eyes. She looked earnestly at me: when turning her face from me—Why, madam, said I, taking her hand, why this emotion? I have not, I hope, offended you?

O chevalier! I cannot bear to be slighted, and least of all by you; though, I must own, that I deserve it most from you. A slight from you is a charge of ingratitude upon me, that my heart cannot bear.

Slight you, madam!—I revere you, as the most excellent of women. You have, indeed, filled my heart with anguish: but I admire you more for the cause of that anguish, than it is possible for me to express.

Don't, don't say so. You will ruin me by your generosity. I think you *must* be angry with me. I think you *must* treat me ill, or how shall I keep my purpose?

Your purpose, dearest madam!—Your purpose!

My purpose! Yes, sir! Will it afflict you, if I do?

Is it possible, madam, but it must? What would you think——

Hush, hush, my good chevalier. I am afraid it will: but don't tell me it will. I cannot bear to afflict you.

When I had the honour of every one's consent, madam——

That was in compassion to me, sir.

My dearest love, said the marquis, coming to us, that was at first our motive: but now an alliance with the Chevalier Grandison, in justice to his merits, is become our choice.

I bowed to the generous nobleman. She kneeled. Best and most indulgent of fathers! taking his hand, and kissing it; let me thank you for bearing with me as you have done. What trouble have I given you!—All the business of my future life shall be to show my gratitude, and my obedience to your will.

The marchioness then tenderly raising her, took her to the farther end of the room. They talked low; but we heard all they said. You were so very indifferent all day yesterday, and last night, said the marchioness, that I would not disturb you, love, for fear of breaking your rest; else I would have told you, how desirous now we all are of an alliance with the Chevalier Grandison. No other way can he be rewarded for his goodness to us all.

Permit me, madam, answered Clementina, to give you the motives of my present conduct; of my *self-denial*; such is my value for the chevalier, I will call it so: if I thought I could make the generous man happy; if I thought I should not rather punish than reward him; if I thought I should be happy in myself, and my soul would not be endangered; if I thought I could make you and my papa happy, by giving my hand to him; God knows that my heart would not make the least scruple. But, madam, the Almighty has laid His hand upon me. My head is not *yet* as it should be; and before I took my resolution, I considered everything, as much as my poor shattered reason would permit me to consider it. This was the way I took—I prayed that God would direct me. I put myself in the situation of another person, who, circumstanced as I was, I supposed, came to me for advice. I saw plainly that I could not deserve the chevalier, because I could not think as he thought, in the most important of all articles; and

there was no likelihood of his thinking as I thought. I prayed for fortitude. I doubted myself. I altered and altered what I had written: but still all my alterations ran one way. It was *against my own wishes*. So this I took for an answer to my prayers. I transcribed it fair; but still I doubted myself. I would not consult you, madam: you had declared for the chevalier. That would not have been to do justice to the question before me, and to the divine impulse by which I was determined to be governed, if my prayers for it should be answered. I let not Camilla know my struggles. I besought the assistance of the blessed Virgin to favour an unhappy maid, whose heart was in her duty, but whose head was disturbed. It was suggested to me what to do: yet I would not send to the chevalier what I had written. I still doubted my heart; and thought I never should be able to give him the paper. At last I resolved. But when he came, my heart recoiled. He could not but see the distress I was in. I am sure I met with his pity. Could I but give him the paper, thought I, my difficulty would be over; for then I am sure, almost sure, that seeing my scruples, and the rectitude of my purpose, he will himself generously support me in my resolution. At last I gave the paper to him. And now let me say, that I verily think I shall be easier in my mind if I can be allowed to adhere to the contents, yet not be thought ungrateful. Dear blessed Grandison, turning to me, read once more that paper: and then if you will not, if you cannot, set me free, I will obey my friends, and make you as happy as I can.

She turned from every one, and clasping her hands, Great God, I thank thee, said she, for this serene moment!

Serene as the noble enthusiast thought her mind, I saw it was too high set. From the turn of her eyes I feared a relapse. It was owing to her greatness of mind, her reason and her love combating with each other, that she *ever* was disordered. I approached her—Admirable lady, said I, be *you* free! Whatever be my destiny, be *you*, for me, what you wish to be. If *you* are well and happy, I will, if possible, make *myself* so.

Dear Grandison, said the bishop, coming up to me, and taking my hand, how do I admire you! But *can* you be thus great?

Shall I not emulate, my lord, such an example set by a woman?—I came over without any interested views. I considered myself, indeed, as *bound* by the conditions to which I had formerly yielded; but Lady Clementina and your family as *free*. When I was encouraged to hope, I *did* hope. I will now, though with deep regret, go back to my former situation. If Lady Clementina persists in her present resolution, I will endeavour to acquiesce with it. If she should change her mind, I will hold myself in readiness to receive her hand as the greatest blessing that can be conferred upon me. Only let me add, that in the first case the difficulty upon me will be greatly increased by the exalted contents of the paper she put into my hands on Saturday.

The marchioness taking her daughter's hand and mine—Oh why, said she, should minds thus paired be sundered?—And will you, chevalier, wait with patience the result of my sweet child's—caprice—shall I call it?

Detain not my hand, my dear mamma! withdrawing it a little wildly—let me go up and pray that my fortitude of mind, after the pain it has cost me to obtain it, may not forsake me. Adieu! adieu, chevalier! I will pray for you as well as for myself. Never, never, in my devotions, will we be separated.

Away flew the angel.

She met Camilla in the passage—Dear Camilla! I have had an escape, as far as I know. My hand and the chevalier's hand, each in one of my mamma's!—My resolution was in danger. My mamma might have joined them, you know; and then I must have been his.

Jeronymo in silence, but tears in his eyes, attended to the scene between his sister and me. He embraced me—Dearest of men! let me repeat my mother's question: Can you with patience wait the result of this dear girl's caprice?

I can; I will.

But I will talk to her myself, said he.

So, said the marquis, will we all.

It will be right to do so, added the count, lest she should repent when it is too late.

But I believe, said Father Marescotti, the chevalier himself would not wish that Lady Clementina should be *too* vehemently urged. She pleads her soul: a strong plea: a

plea that should not be overruled. I myself doubt very much whether she will be able to adhere to her resolution: if she be, she will merit beatification. But let her not be over-persuaded. Once more I should be glad to read the paper, the contents of which have so much surprised us all.

I had it in my pocket, and he asked permission to read it aloud. Jeronymo opposed his motion: but the bishop approving it, he read it. He laid great emphasis upon *particular* words, and repeated several of the passages in it: you will easily guess *which*, my dear friend: and all were as much affected, they owned, as when they heard it first read: yet they joined in one doubt, notwithstanding what she had so lately said of the deliberation she had given her purpose, that she would not be able to adhere to her resolution; and made me many compliments on the occasion.

But, my dear friend, if she can continue to interest her glory in the adherence, and they are not *very* urgent with her in my favour, I am inclined to believe, that she has greatness of mind sufficient to enable her to carry her resolution into effect. Where piety, my dear friend, engages the heart to give its first fervours to its superior duties, is it not probable that all temporal impulses should receive abatement, and become but *secondary* ones? And now will not Father Marescotti once more try to revive his influences over her mind?—Is it not his *duty* to do so, zealous Catholic as he is? Can the bishop refuse, good man as he is, and as steady in his principles, to second the father?

But what trials are these, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to an expecting heart!—Will they not serve to convince us of the vanity of all human reliance for happiness? I am in a very serious humour. But what can I say to *you* on such subjects, that you knew not much better before than I? ‘Let us,’ I remember you once said, ‘when we are called upon to act a great or manly part, preach by action. Words then will be needless.’ God only knows whether the ardent heart would be punished or rewarded by the completion of its wishes: but this I know, that were Clementina to give me both her hand and her heart, and could not, by reason of her religious doubts, be happy with me, I should myself be extremely miserable; especially if I had been earnest to prevail upon her to favour me against her judgment.

LETTER LIV.

Sir Charles Grandison.—In continuation.

I WAS obliged to lay down my pen. My mind was too much disturbed to write on.

We had a great deal of discourse, before we quitted Jeronymo's chamber, on this extraordinary subject. They all, as I told you, expressed their *doubts* whether the lady would be able to persist in her new resolution. The marquis and marchioness gave their opinion that she should be left entirely to the workings of her own will: and the count proposed, by way of enforcing their opinions, that neither the bishop and Father Marescotti on one hand (though religion was in the question), nor Jeronymo and myself on the other, should endeavour to prevail upon her either to *alter*, or *persevere* in, her way of thinking. Jeronymo said he desired only one conversation with his sister alone, before he complied with this proposal.

They put it to me. I said that several passages in her paper were of too solemn a nature for me to refuse my consent to their proposal: but however, if I should observe, in future conversations between her and me, that she was inclined to alter her mind, and *seemed* to wish to be encouraged to declared the alteration, they must allow me, for the sake of my own honour as a *man*, and of her delicacy as a *woman*, to show the ardour of my attachment to her, by my *preventing* declaration, and even entreaty.

The marchioness bowed to me with a grateful smile of approbation.

Father Marescotti hesitated, as if he had something of an objection to make; but he was silenced by the marquis's saying, On *your* honour, on *your* delicacy, I am sure, chevalier, we may rely.

I am absolutely of opinion that we may, said the count. The chevalier can put himself in every one's situation, and can forget his own interest, when a right and just measure is to be taken.

This is true, said Jeronymo—but let it be *our* part to show the chevalier, that he is not the *only* man in the world who can do so.

You must remember, my dear Jeronymo, said the bishop, that religion is a consideration superior to all others. Shall our sister, who follows the example set her by the chevalier, be discouraged in an effort so noble? But I am willing to subscribe to the proposal, as an equal one.

Father Marescotti, said I, you must return me the paper. I must often have recourse to it, to strengthen my own mind, in order to enable myself to answer your expectations.

The father desired leave to take a copy of it in short hand, and retired for that purpose.

I have no doubt but he will make great use of it with the family, and perhaps with the lady, should there be occasion hereafter. For my own part, if the noble enthusiast, when the heat of her imagination is gone off, shall persist in believing that she has a divine impulse in favour of her resolution, and *that* given in answer to her prayers, I will endeavour to show her that her call upon me to support her in it, though against myself, shall be answered, whatever it cost me.

They prevailed on me to stay dinner. She excused herself from being present; but desired to see me, when it was over.

Camilla *then* led me to her. I found her in tears. She was afraid, she said, that I would not forgive her: yet I *would*, she was sure, if I knew the conflicts with which her soul laboured.

I soothed her disturbed mind. I told her, that I desired her direction, and was resolved to pursue it. Her paper should be one of my constant lessons; and *her* conscience the rule of my conduct with regard to my expectations of her favour.

Oh, sir! said she, how good you are! It is from your generosity, next to the divine assistance, that I expect support in my resolution. I but imperfectly remember what I would have done, and what I consented to, when you were last amongst us—but, when I *best* knew myself, I was more inclined to support my parents and brothers in their expectations, with regard to the two great articles of religion and residence, than to comply with yours. My fortune, my rank, merited your consideration; and my pride was sometimes piqued. ‘But’ it was the regard I had to the welfare of your immortal soul, ‘that weighed *most* with me. Oh, sir! could you have been a ‘Catholic!——’

She then wrung her clasped hands, and tears trickled down her cheeks. God Almighty convert you, chevalier!—But you must leave me. I am beginning to be again unhappy!—Leave me, sir. But let me see you to-morrow. I will pray for a composure of mind in the meantime. Do you pray for me too. ‘And pray for yourself, chevalier! The ‘welfare of your soul, your immortal soul, was *ever* my ‘principal concern.’

She began to ramble. Her looks were a little wild. I took leave of her; and going hastily from her, in order to hide my own emotion, I surprised Father Marescotti, who, as it was at first sight evident to me, from the confusion I found him in, and the attempts he hesitatingly made to excuse himself, had been listening to what passed between the lady and me. Pity! that a well-intended zeal should make a good man do mean things!

No apologies, my dear father, said I. If you doubted my honour, I can think myself, in some measure obliged to your *condescension*, for taking this method to prove me. Allow me, my dear sir, to say [it is to Father Marescotti], that the man, who in the greater actions of his life thinks himself under the All-seeing Eye, will not be afraid of a fellow-creature’s ear.

I beg a thousand pardons, said he, hesitating, and in confusion. But I will confess the truth: I believed it was next to impossible that a young man, whose love to one of the most excellent women is not to be questioned, should be able to keep the conditions prescribed to him, and forbear to make use of the power she acknowledges he has over her affections—but forgive me, chevalier.

Forgive *yourself*, my dear father; I do most heartily forgive you.

I led him down to Jeronymo’s chamber, begging of him not to say a syllable more of this matter; and not let me suffer in his esteem by this accident.

I have more than once, Dr. Bartlett, experienced the irreconcilable enmity of a man, whom I have forgiven for a meanness; and who was less able to forgive me my forgiveness than I was him his fault. But Father Marescotti cannot be such a man. He is capable of generous shame. He could hardly hold up his head all the time I stayed.

I related to the family, in the presence of the father, the substance of what passed between the lady and me. They seemed surprised at her steadfastness. The bishop told me that he had despatched a messenger post to the general, with a letter, in which he had written a faithful account of their present situation. He would show me a copy of it, if I pleased. I was sure, I said, I could depend upon his generosity and honour; and should be glad to know the sentiments of the general and his lady upon it, when they returned an answer.

I promised to attend them in the morning: and going to my lodgings, found there, waiting for me, the Count of Belvedere. Saunders and his gentleman were both together below stairs, waiting for, yet dreading, as they said, my return. Saunders had told the count, it was uncertain: but he declared that he would wait for me, were it ever so late. They both besought me to take care of my own safety. His gentleman told me that his master had been very much disturbed in his mind ever since he was with me last; declaring often, that his life was a burden to him. He believed he said, he had a brace of pistols with him; and then again expressed his care for my safety, as well as his lord's. Fear not, said I: the count is a man of honour: I would not, for the world, hurt *him*: and I daresay he will not hurt *me*.

I hastened up. Why, my lord, said I (taking his unwilling hands, each in mine, for a double reason), did you not let me know you intended me this honour? Or why did not your lordship send for me, as soon as you came?

Send for you! with a melancholy air; what, from your Clementina? No!—But tell me what is concluded upon? My soul is impatient to know. Answer me like a man: answer me like a man of honour.

Nothing, my lord, is concluded upon: nothing can be concluded upon till Lady Clementina's mind be fully known.

If *that* be all the obstacle——

Not a slight one. I assure you that Clementina knows her own worth. She will put a just value upon herself. In her unhappy delirium she always preserved a high sense of that delicacy, which distinguishes the woman of true honour. It shines forth now in all her words and actions with redoubled lustre. She will make the more difficulties, as

her friends make less. Nothing *can* be done *soon*: and if it will make your lordship easier (for I see you are disturbed), I will acquaint you when anything is likely to be carried into effect.

And *is* nothing yet concluded on? And *will* you give me such notice?

I will, my lord.

Upon your honour?

Upon my honour.

Well, then, I have some days longer to crawl upon this earth.

What means my lord?

This I mean, withdrawing his hands from mine, and taking out of his pockets two pistols: I came resolved that you should take one of these, at your choice, had the affair been concluded upon, as I dreaded it would. I am no assassin, sir, nor ever employed one: nor would I have deprived Clementina of her elected husband. All I intended was that the hand to which she is to give hers, should have first taken my life. I will not, I cannot live, to see her the wife of any man on earth, though she has refused to be mine. You should have *found* I would not.

What a rashness!—But I see your mind is disturbed. The Count of Belvedere could not otherwise talk in this manner.

It is not *impossible*, surely, my dear Dr. Bartlett (however *improbable*, as I begin to apprehend), that Clementina may change her mind. I could not, therefore, acquaint the count with our present situation; because the hope he would have conceived from it would, in case of a change, have added strength to his despair. I contented myself, therefore, to reason with him on his rash intention. And having renewed my assurances, as above, he took leave of me so much recovered, as to thank me for the advice I had given him: and to promise, that he would make it the foundation of his prayers to Heaven for a calmer mind than he had known for some days past.

Saunders and his valet seemed overjoyed at seeing us come down together in an amicable manner; and in the high civility each paid the other.

I should have mentioned, that the count, of his own accord, in passing through my antechamber to the stairs, laid in one

of the windows the two pistols. My dear Grandison, said he, let these remain in your keeping. They are pieces of curious workmanship. Whither might one of them, by this time, have sent me!—and in what difficulties might you, the survivor, a foreigner, have been involved; which then I considered not; for all my malice was levelled against my unhappy self! I will not trust myself with them.

Here I conclude for this night. I will not despatch these last-written letters, till I see what to-morrow will produce. My dear friend! how grievous is suspense!—Perhaps I should have thought myself more obliged to bear it, had I been thus entangled, fettered, suspended by my own fault.



LETTER LV.

Sir Charles Grandison.—In continuation.

I WENT, according to promise, in the morning to the palace of Porretta. I found all the family, the marchioness and Lady Clementina excepted, in Jeronymo's chamber. My entrance, I suppose, was solemn; for Jeronymo, as I approached him, snatching my hand, said, This girl, this capricious, this uncommon girl! How can I forgive her for vexing the heart of my Grandison!

Father Marescotti looked so conscious, that I pitied him.

I took his hand, and with an air of kindness, asked him—Are there any hopes, my good father, that I shall have the honour of calling you one of my dearest household friends in England?

I gave him no time to answer, lest he should not be assured enough: and addressing myself to the bishop, My lord, I ask *you* the like question: Is there a likelihood, that I shall have an interest in Father Marescotti's more intimate friendship? We already, I answer *for* myself, and *from* my vanity, love each other.

Dear Grandison! said the marquis; and taking my hand, he called me by the kindest name—saying, that it was not *son*! Jeronymo dried his eyes. The count saluted me in a tender accent. The bishop was silent.

I see, thought I, that the admirable Clementina perseveres!

Religion, that can do so much for *her*, will not, I hope, leave me unbenefited by its all-cheering influence. If I cannot be so happy as I wish, I am in the hands of Providence, and will not give myself up to unmanly despair—Yet the greatness of this woman's mind! thought I. Why did they not fall upon indulgent methods with her before? Then probably, had there not been a supposed reason for an invitation to me to quit my native country, to which I had been so long a stranger, and to come over to Italy:—then had she, in all likelihood, recovered her reason, and I had not known how great she could be; and her filial duty would have disengaged me equally from all obligation of honour, and expectations of favour!

The marchioness came in soon after. Her address to me confirmed me in my apprehensions.—Dear Grandison, said she, condescendingly laying her hand on mine, how do you? See our dear Jeronymo—How much better he is—What return can we make to you for your goodness to him? I went up to the dear girl last night, after you were gone. She was then, indeed, a little hysterical. But the disorder went off in prayers for you and for herself. I am just come from her. She has had a quiet night. She is calm, and I may say, serene. All her cares are in what manner to show her gratitude to you.

It is impossible, madam, but I must have joy in your joy. Lady Clementina, I apprehend, perseveres in her resolution!—

I have talked to her, chevalier, in your favour. If you love her, she says, as we all think you do, she will *yet* be yours.

Dear Madam (overjoyed), tell me——

Let me interrupt you, chevalier: I must not mislead you, nor keep you in suspense—She will, she says, beg your acceptance of her vows—if——

If what, madam——

Hear me with patience, chevalier—If you will comply with the conditions on which we would have permitted her to be yours, when you were last in Italy—This is her *own* proposal—made at her *own* motion—She is afraid it will be to no purpose (she says *afraid*, sir): but as you have not denied her to herself, she begs I will put the question to you in her name, for the sake (if you should refuse her) of her own future tranquillity of mind. The Chevalier Grandison is generous; he is just; he is polite; he cannot but receive this motion

of my child by her mother, as the greatest condescension from both.

I bowed. I was going to speak; but they all severally broke in upon me.

On my knees, chevalier, said Father Marescotti, I will entreat you!

O chevalier! said the bishop, how happy is it in your power to make us all!

Surely you *can*, you *will*, you *must*, chevalier! said the count, if you love the dear creature, as we all suppose you do.

You will not, I hope, dear Grandison, said the marquis, *refuse* my daughter. Ask *any* conditions of us—she shall be with you in England in a month's time. We will accompany her thither; and stay till you shall choose to return with us.

Jeronymo, with sobs, caught my hand as I sat next him—For *God's* sake, for *my* sake, for *all* our sakes, for your *soul's* sake, my Grandison, be ours. Let your Jeronymo call you brother.

If *my* tears, if *my* prayers have weight, said the marchioness, let me call down my child, and she shall give you her hand in our presence. She thinks, besides the regard she has for your soul, that she ought to insist upon the terms on which we would have *consented* to make her yours, in gratitude for our compliance with her wishes.

Dearest Grandison! rejoined the bishop, *refuse not* my sister; *refuse not* the daughter of the Marchese and Marchesa della Porretta: *refuse not* the assenting Clementina.

They were all silent; their eyes were upon me. It is, answered I, too condescendingly generous to put this task upon me. But *refuse* Lady Clementina, said you! How you wound my soul by the supposition! I see your compassion for me, in the light you cannot but *mean* I should. Lady Clementina's generous, and condescendingly-meant proposal, when I am willing to allow terms to *her*, that she will not to *me*, shows me how important she thinks the difference between the two religions: need I repeat, my lord (to the bishop), what my own thoughts are upon this subject? Would to Heaven the terms were no other than those *before agreed to*; or were such as I *could* comply with! I have only to console myself, that the power of *refusal* lies

where it ought to lie. Clementina is an angel. I am not worthy of her. Yet let me add, this company (bowing round me) cannot think me too solemn—Were I to live always here; were I convinced that there is no life after this; your commands and *Clementina's* would be laws to me. But has she not the goodness to say, in her paper, ‘That I have the same notion she has of the brevity and vanity of this world’s glory, and of the duration of that to come?’”

They looked upon one another. It is hard, very hard, said the bishop, for a man convinced of the truth of his religion, to allow to another of a different persuasion what he expects should be allowed for himself. *You*, chevalier, however, can allow it; and have greatness of mind enough to judge favourably of those who cannot. I do love you; but fain would I love you more.

The marchioness wept. My dear love! said the marquis, taking her hand with the tenderness of a lover, but speaking a little too severely of me for his usual generosity—How many tears has this affair cost you! My heart bleeds to see you weep. Comfort yourself. Let us comfort each other. The Chevalier Grandison is indeed unworthy of our child; unworthy of the terms we offered to him; unworthy of our joint entreaties—he is an invincible man.

I was greatly affected. After a little hesitation, I ask leave, my lords, said I, to retire for one moment. I will return as soon as I have recovered myself from the concern given me by the—*mis*-apprehension (shall I call it?) of the best of men, whom from my heart I reverence.

I arose as I spoke, withdrew, and took two or three turns in the saloon.

I stayed not till I was sent for: but assuming as cheerful an air as I could, returned; and found them earnest in talk. They all arose at my return, seemingly pleased with it; and the marquis coming to me, Chevalier, said he, I am sorry——

Not one word of apology, my lord, interrupted I. I withdrew not from disrespect, or in resentment; but purely from concern, that, in *your* opinion, I deserved not the honour done me, by one so dear to you. Think me unhappy, my lord, and pity me. Principle, not perverseness, influences me: it does every one present: it does the dear lady above:

and shall we not allow for one another, when we are all actuated by the same motive?

Oh that I could embrace my fourth son! said the marchioness. The bishop threw his arms about me. Generous expansion of *heart*! were the words that fell from his lips. Jeronymo showed his friendly love in what he said: And *must* not, said the count, this young man be one of us?

After chocolate, the marchioness withdrew to the window, making a motion to me to attend her. I hastened to her. She complimented me, speaking low, as a fit person to be consulted in a case where female delicacy was concerned; and then asked me what I would have her say to Clementina, who had *offered* her hand to me on conditions with which she had hopes I would comply? Must I tell the dear child she is *rejected*?

Lady Clementina rejected!—Dear madam, how can I bear that she should but suppose it?—Be pleased to tell her that I have been again sounded on the subject of a change of religion, *if* her favour for me could be procured: but that I was so steady in my faith, that there were no hopes of my *conversion*, as you will call it: and be so good as to remind her (it may look like a breach of conditions if *I* do), that I require not a change in *her*: and that therefore the terms proposed are unequal.

Fain, very fain, chevalier, would I—She stopt there—But no more on this subject, resumed she. I will see in what way the dear creature is now.

She left me, and went to her daughter. The subject was changed.

In about half an hour she returned. She told me that she had followed my advice; but that Clementina seemed dissatisfied and perplexed: and, as she had not *asked* to see me, advised me to suspend my attendance on her till the afternoon, as she would by that means have more time to compose her spirits; and herself further opportunities of talking with her.

Declining their invitation to dinner, I went to my lodgings; and to amuse myself, had recourse to my pen.

Having written thus far, I lay it down till my return from them.

LETTER LVI.

Sir Charles Grandison.—In continuation.

AT my entrance into the palace of Porretta, I was desired to walk into the garden to the bishop. I found with him Father Marescotti.

Dear Grandison, said the bishop, meeting me, and taking my hand, you must decide a point between the father and me, that we are afraid has made us a little accountable to you.

I was silent. He proceeded.

Clementina is very sedate. She sent for me and the father soon after you left us. She asked us several questions in relation to you; and insisted on our advice, as religious men, and as we would answer for it to our own consciences. Her first was, Whether we thought there were any hopes of your conversion?—I answered negatively.

I don't expect, said she, that he would be induced to change his religion for a wife, nor even for a crown, were he not convinced of the falsehood of his own, and the truth of ours: but again I ask, Cannot you and Father Marescotti convince his judgment? I should think it would not be so hard a task, learned and good men as you both are: good man, and modest, and patient, and unpresuming, as he is; who has been so long among Catholics; who came from England so young; has been left so much to his own direction: and who must see the difference of the two religions to the advantage of ours, were he but to judge by the efficacy of each on the lives and manners of the people professing each; for surely, the men of name and family, who are sent among us by their parents, from the heretic countries, in order to observe our manners, and to improve their own, are not the *worst* of the people of those countries.

I told her, proceeded the bishop, that to be impartial, there were bad and good of all nations; that she was not likely to be approached by any of her *own* but who were good; that you, chevalier, and Mrs. Beaumont, might convince us that there were good people among the Protestants; and that now and then a young man of that profession did *actually* appear among us, who was *not* a discredit to his country. But, continued I, I have heretofore debated the

subject with the Chevalier Grandison. You know I was in a manner called upon to do it : and have found him a Protestant upon principle ; and that he has a great deal to say for himself. You, father, would not allow me this ; but you never entered into close argument with him on the subject, as I have done.

My sister then asked, proceeded the bishop, if I thought that her own religious principles would be endangered, if she became yours, and went with you to England ?

We both referred her to certain passages in the paper she gave you.

My heart, said she, could never be proof against a generous and kind treatment. The condescending compliances with my weakness, which my father, mother, brothers, and uncle have made, have effected what opposition and cruelty, as you see, could not. So compassionate, so humane a man, as I think the Chevalier Grandison, and so steady as he is in his principles, so much, you own, as he has to say for himself, joined with the sense I always had, from my *mother's* example, of the duties of a good wife, will too probably stagger me in my faith : and if so, I shall be unhappy : I shall make my confessor so. I am *determined*, added she (as you, brother, have seen), in my own mind : but I ask your opinion, and yours, Father Marescotti. The chevalier now is a favourite with you both. Religion only can now be the question—Is it not too probable that I shall be staggered in my own faith, were I to be his ?

We gave her, continued the bishop, our opinions freely, as religious men. *Could* we, chevalier, do otherwise ? And yet we are both ready to accuse ourselves of infringing conditions with you. Tell us if, in your opinion, we have ?

¶ I cannot, my lord, judge from this general account. If you did *more* than answer her questions ; if you expatiated *argumentatively* on the subject, I must think you have : And your own doubts help to convince me that you have ; though I cannot but respect you greatly for the frankness of your application to me on this subject.

We *were* earnest, chevalier ; we *were* warm in what we said——

Well, my lord, called upon as you both were, it would not have become your characters to be cool—For my own part,

I have been recollecting the behaviour of your admirable sister throughout every stage of her delirium, respecting myself: and I have not been able to call to mind one instance in it of an attachment *merely* personal. I need not tell you, father, nor you, my lord, what a zealous Catholic she is. She *early* wished me to be one: and had I not thought myself obliged in honour because of the confidence placed in me by the whole family, to decline the subject, our particular conversation, when she favoured me with the name of tutor, would have generally taken that turn. Her unhappy illness was owing to her zeal for religion, and to her concealing her struggles on that account. She never hinted at marriage in her reveries. She was still solicitous for the soul of the man she wished to proselyte; and declared herself ready to lay down her life, could she have effected that favourite wish of her heart. At other times, she supposed my marriage with some other woman; and was only generously solicitous that it should not be with one who might discredit the regard she herself professed for me. At another time she wished to be acquainted with my sisters, and hoped they would come to Italy: she proposed to perfect them in the Italian tongue, as they should her in English; but, as to me, only bespoke a visit from me now and then, when they came. I have the vanity to think, that I stand high in her favour: but religion, it is evident, as it ought, stands higher. From all these recollections and observations, I have endeavoured to account for the noble behaviour of your sister; and am the less surprised at it, now she has come to her memory. It is all great; all uniform; and most probably we should have been in a very different situation than what we have been long in, had she had her way given her at the time she was so earnest—For what? *Only* to be allowed a *second* interview, a farewell visit, when she had shown a little before, on a *first*, that marriage seemed not to be in her thoughts.

And had she not been intrusted to the management of the cruel Laurana, said the bishop——

From which, thank God! said the father, I was the instrument of freeing her.

By all this, proceeded I, I mean not recrimination; but only to observe the consistency of the noble lady's mind,

when she was *able* to reflect. And what now remains for me to do, but to reconcile myself, if possible, to a conduct that I must for ever admire, however I may, in its consequences, as to my own particular, regret it?—Your lordship, I am afraid, thinks that she adheres to the contents of the paper she put into my hands.

Unless you, chevalier——

That, my lord, is out of the question. Let it, however, be remembered, that I have not prescribed to her that hard condition which is made an indispensable one to me. Yet is Lady Clementina the only woman on earth that I would have *wished* to call mine, on the terms on which I should have been proud to receive her hand: for it is easy to foresee that, generally, great inconveniences must attend a marriage, between persons of a different religion, one of them zealous, the other not indifferent.

But, chevalier, you acquit Father Marescotti and me.

I do, my lord. Be you your own judges. The *condition* was not proposed by me. I consented to it, for the sake of those who prescribed it, and for your sister's sake. I could not wish to prosecute my humble suit, notwithstanding her declared favour for me, against the pleas of conscience which she so earnestly urged. How could I, while religion, and the generosity of her friends to her, required, as she thought, that she should get above all regards for me? I was, therefore, willing to comply with the proposal, and to wait the issue of the spontaneous determination, and to be governed by it. But now that your lordship and Father Marescotti have dispensed with the condition, I presume that I am not bound by it.

What means my Grandison?

Only this: I could not be thought to bear a love so fervent to the admirable Clementina, as the man ought to bear who aspires to the honour of calling her his, if I made not *one* effort to convince her that she may be happy with me as to the article she is so solicitous about. From *female delicacy*, she may, perhaps, expect to be argued with, and to be persuaded. Allow me to give her assurances of my inviolable honour in that point. It becomes me, as a man, and as her admirer, to remove her scruples, if I *can*, before I yield up my love to the force of them.

Would you *argue* with her on the merits of the two persuasions?

I would not. I never did. I would only assure her of my firm resolution never to attempt to bring her over to mine, nor to traverse the endeavours of her confessor to keep her steady in hers. But were we to consider only her future ease of mind [You see, my lord, that she herself has a view to that in the proposal made me, as from herself], in which the happiness of all your family is included, it is right to see if she builds on a foundation that cannot be shaken; that she may not hereafter regret the steps she has taken, which might possibly——

I understand you, chevalier—it is prudently, it is kindly put, as well for her sake, as ours.

I shall be glad, my lord, that you should be within hearing of every word that shall pass between us on this occasion. *One* effort I *ought* to make. If she is determined, I will not urge her further. For all the world, and the dear Clementina in it, I would not have her act against her conscience: nor will I take advantage of the declaration she has repeatedly made, that it is in my power to hold her fast, or to set her free. I will not so much as urge it to her, lest, if she should alter her purpose, it should be from the consciousness of a kind of promise implied in that declaration, and not from her heart. No, my lord, she shall be *wholly* free. I will not, excellent as she is, accept of her hand against her conscience: neither my conscience, nor, let me say, my pride, will permit me to do so. But the world, as well as my own heart, would blame me if I made not one effort. If it fail, I shall be easier in my own mind: and so will she in hers. Be you, my lord, within hearing of our next conversation.

I would not, Dr. Bartlett, propose to Father Marescotti that *he* should, for fear of making him uneasy, on his listening to what passed between the lady and me.

I can absolutely depend upon your honour, chevalier, replied the bishop. We have brought ourselves to be *sincere* favourers of this alliance with you. But I own to you, that both Father Marescotti and myself, on the unexpected turn my sister has involuntarily taken, are of opinion that you will *both* be happier, if it take not place. The difference in religion; her malady——

No more, my lord, of this subject. If I cannot succeed, I must endeavour to draw consolation to myself from reason and reflection. Meantime, all I ask is, that you will both acquit me of any supposed breach of condition, as well in your own minds, as to the rest of the family, if I make this *one* effort: after which, if it succeed not, I will, whatever I suffer, divest myself of self and join with you and Father Marescotti to secure the ground gained in the restoration of the noblest of female minds.

They looked upon each other, as if they were afraid of the event. The father whispered the bishop. I believe, by a word or two that I could not but hear, it was to induce him to place himself so as to hear (as I had proposed) the conversation that was next to pass between the lady and me.

Turning round on their whispering, Don't I see Camilla, my lord, said I, at distance, watching our motions, as if she wanted an opportunity to speak to one of us?

She has been walking for some time within sight, said Father Marescotti.

The bishop made signs to her to advance. She did; and told me that her young lady was desirous to see me.

I followed her. Clementina was alone. Camilla introduced me to her, and withdrew.

She was in great confusion on my approach. Her complexion frequently varied. She looked at me often, and as often turned away her eyes; and sighed. Two or three times she hemmed, as if she would have cleared her voice; but could not find words to express her labouring mind. It was easy to see that her perplexity was not favourable to me. I thought it would be cruel not to break the way for her to speak.

Let not my dear Clementina forbear to say all that is in her heart, to the man who greatly prefers her peace of mind to his own.—I had, I had, said she, a great deal to say before I *saw* you: but now you are *present*—she stopt.

Take time to recollect yourself, madam—I have been talking in the garden to my lord the bishop, and to Father Marescotti. I greatly revere them both. You have consulted them on the contents of the paper you were pleased to put into my hands. I have hopes from *thence*, that you may be made easy in your mind. I will never, dearest madam, urge you on the article of religion. You shall be absolute mistress of

your own will. You shall prescribe to me what conditions you please, with regard to your way of life, your pleasures, your gratuities to your servants, and others. Father Marescotti and your Camilla with you, you will be as safe from innovation, as you can be in your father's house.

Ah, chevalier !

We may, perhaps, prevail upon your father and mother to honour us with their company in your first journey to England. They have not been of late so well as it were to be wished : we have baths there of sovereign efficacy in many disorders. By using them, and change of climate, they will very probably receive benefit in their healths. Jeronymo——

Ah, chevalier !—She arose from her seat, and resealed herself several times, with great emotion. I proceeded.

Jeronymo, our dear Jeronymo, I hope will accompany us, and his skilful Lowther. Those baths are restorative.

O chevalier ! what a man you are !——She stopt, with an air of attention, as if she wished me to proceed.

—And when your honoured and beloved friends shall see their Clementina happy, as I am determined she shall be, if all the tenderness of affection I am able to show can make her so, how happy will they *all* be !—Your chapel, madam ! Your confessor ! Your own servants !——

Ah, sir ! sir !—Ought I to listen to such temptations, after what I have given you, upon deliberation, in writing ? Good Heaven, and the whole heavenly host, direct me !

She had recourse to her beads ; and her lips, as a word now and then half pronounced informed me, moved to a paternoster. Again she assumed an attentive air.

My sisters, madam, will revere you. You will have pleasure in calling them *yours*. Their lords are men of the first figure in their country. I ask not for fortune. I ask only for *you*, and you I ask of yourself. My estate is considerable, and improving. The pride I take in being independent, and in the power of obliging, suffers me not to be imprudent with regard to economy. My capital mansion, (I value it for not being a house of yesterday), though not so magnificent as your palace in Bologna, is genteel, spacious, convenient. The paper you gave me shows me that the grandeur of your soul is equal to that of your birth. I revere you for the pious and noble sentiments contained in

it. What obligations will you lay me under to your goodness, if you can prevail upon yourself to rely upon my assurances, that I will *never* seek to make you unhappy on a religious account; and if you can be satisfied with the enjoyment of your own religion, and leave to me the exercise of mine! Dear madam, *why* may not this be? *Why* will you not leave me as free as I am ready to leave you? Justice, generosity, are my pleas to a lady, who surely cannot *but* be just and generous. Think, madam; dear Lady Clementina, think; if you cannot, by making me happy, be yourself so.

I took her unresisting hand, and kissed it. She sighed. She wept. She was silent.

With what pleasure, proceeded I, will you every other year visit and revisit England, and your native country! How dear will you be to your old friends, and to your new, in turn! Never revisiting England without some of your relations to accompany you; now one, now another: and who will be of our family. Your Grandison, madam, *allow* me to say *your* Grandison, has not, he presumes to aver, a *narrow* heart. You see how well he can live with the most zealous of your religion, yet not be an hypocrite; but, when called upon, fears not to avow his own—My dearest Clementina! [again I pressed her hand with my lips,] say you think you *can* be happy, and yet bless me with your love.

Oh, sir! God is my witness—But leave me, leave me, for a few moments. I dare not trust myself *with* myself.

Command me not to leave you, madam, till you resolve in my favour—Say, cannot you be happy in the free exercise of your own religion?—Father Marescotti, Camilla with you—in England but one year at a time—in Italy, under the reassuring eye of your father, mother, brothers, the next.

Ah, sir! you must retire—*indeed* you must. You leave me not at liberty—you must let me consider—On this crisis of time, as far as I know, depends an eternity of happiness or misery.

Command me not from you: bid me not leave you. Obey the tender impulse that, I flatter myself, I discover in my favour. I seek *your* happiness, in pursuing *my own*. Your eternal welfare *cannot* be endangered. *My* conscience will oblige me to strengthen *yours*, when I see it *is* yours.—Bid me not leave you—Excellent Clementina, bid me not leave you!

You must, you must—How can I trust myself against a voice that is the voice of love ; and claims my kindness, my justice, my generosity !—Was I ever ungenerous, unjust, unkind ?—And, if thus staggered now, what, were I to be yours, would the superadded sense of my duty do !—Oh leave me, sir, a few moments, leave me !

Be propitious, madam, be propitious, to my humble hope ; that is all I will at present say ; and now I obey you.—Profoundly bowing, I withdrew into the next apartment : she to her closet.

I went out slowly ; and heard the hasty motion of somebody going out of the apartment, as I entered it. It was, it seems, the bishop, who had placed himself within hearing of what passed between his sister and me, as I had desired he would. It was a full quarter of an hour before I heard her move ; and then it was to seek for me.

I was sitting in a pensive mood, revolving the embarrassments I had met with from some of the best of women ; and, as you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, know in different countries ; and particularly the unexpected turn which this excellent creature had taken. She approached me with an air of majesty, yet mixed with tenderness. I met her, and with a bent knee, taking her hand—My fate hangs upon those lips, said I ; and was proceeding ; when interrupting me—Oh, sir ! I hear not, it is not *safe* for me to hear *that* voice, accompanying *this* manner—Let me bend to you : I have been craving the divine direction. An irresistible impulse (surely it is *that* direction) bids me say—Yet what can I say ?—If I attempt to argue, I am lost !—Does not this show me, that were I to be yours, I must be all you wish me to be ? And then my everlasting peace, my everlasting happiness—Oh, sir ! I doubt not *your* justice, *your* generosity—but I fear *myself* !—Seek not, let me repeat, looking a little wildly, seek not, kindest of men, to entangle me with your love.

She bent her knee, and I was afraid would have fainted. I clasped my supporting arms about her.

Let me, let me cut short all I intended to say, said she, by referring to my paper. The contents of that *are not*, *cannot* be, answered to my satisfaction. Be my advocate to yourself, to your own heart, and seek not to entangle me with your love.

Whatever it cost me (taking both her hands in mine, and bowing upon them), I will yield to your pleasure. I never will urge you again on this subject, unless your brother the bishop give me hope of your welcome change of mind.

Best of men, said she, withdrawing her hands, and clasping them together—But this is not enough—you must promise me your future friendship. You must let me call you *brother*: you must be my *tutor*, I your *pupil*, once more—Happy days were those! the happiest of my life! And encourage and confirm in me the resolution I have taken, or I shall not be happy!

Look upon me, madam, as your brother, as your friend: but this latter task requires more magnanimity than I am master of. To your brother the bishop, and to Father Marescotti, I must leave that task. They will be in earnest in it. I cannot; because I am convinced, in my own mind, that we might have been happy—could you—But I forbear, though with difficulty—I have *promised* not to urge you further.

Indeed I have consulted them both, resumed she; but not before I had given you my written determination: Had they given their opinions *different* from what they did, I never could have got over the apprehensions I have of your strength, and my own weakness. I only consulted them, in hopes they would (as they could, or they had not been good Catholics) confirm and strengthen my mind. And why, why should I punish the man I must for ever esteem as my best friend, with a wife, that her unhappy malady has made unworthy of him? Dear chevalier, I find myself at times not recovered. I may never be quite well. *You and yours* deserve not to be punished, but rewarded. Believe me, sir, this has been a *second* consideration with me. God enable me to adhere to my resolution! for his sake, for your sake, and for the sake of my own peace of mind!

Must it not be difficult, my dear Dr. Bartlett, more difficult than when I came over to Bologna, to give up all hopes of so exalted a woman?

But say, chevalier, you are not angry with me. Say, that you do not, that you will not, think me ungrateful. To obviate such a charge as that of ingratitude to a man who has laid us all under such obligations—what is it that I would not do?

I *cannot* be displeased with you, madam. You *cannot* be ungrateful. I must not speak: yet hardly know how to be silent. I will take a walk in the garden. I have a new lesson to learn.

With profound reverence I withdrew. She rang. Camilla came in.

I hastened into the garden, greatly dissatisfied with myself, yet hardly knowing why. I thought I wanted somebody to accuse, somebody to blame—Yet how could it be Clementina? But the words, *narrow zeal!*—*Sweet enthusiast!*—as if I would find fault with her *religion*, involuntarily slipped from me to myself.

It is difficult, my dear Dr. Bartlett, at the instant in which the heart finds itself disappointed of some darling hope, to avoid reflections that, however, can only be justified by self-partiality. What must I be, if, led as I have been by all her friends to hope, I had not been *earnest* in my hope!

The bishop joined me in the garden.—Excuse me, Grandison, said he, for breaking in upon your contemplations: but I was desirous to apologise to you, for taking the liberty, though you allowed it to me, of attending to what passed between you and my sister.

I should, my lord, have said everything I did say to your sister, the occasion the same, before your whole assembled family. Your lordship has therefore no apologies to make to me. Heard you all that passed?

I believe I did. Those apartments were always the women's. Camilla placed me in a closet that I knew not of, where I heard every word you both said of the last part of your conversation. I must ask you, chevalier—Is not Clementina——

Clementina, my lord, is all that is great and good in woman. You will imagine that it would have been much more easy for me to support myself under the resolution she has taken, had I not had such testimonies of her magnanimity. Permit me, my lord, to say, that I have one good quality: I can admire goodness or greatness wherever I meet with it; and that whether it makes for me, or against me. Clementina has all my reverence.

He made me compliments, and withdrew.

The marquis, the count, and the marchioness afterwards

joined me in the garden. The bishop and Father Marescotti not coming with them, or presently after them, I doubted not but they went to Clementina, in order to applaud her for, and confirm her in, a resolution, which must be agreeable to them.

I was right in my conjecture.

The marquis and count each took my hand, and first expressed their surprise at the young lady's adherence to her resolution; and next, their high value of me. The marchioness observed, 'that her daughter, with all her excellences, was ever difficult of persuasion, when she had 'deliberately resolved upon any point.'

It was easy, I said, to see, that they all now were of one opinion; which was, that Lady Clementina was not to be moved from her present purpose.

They owned they were: but said, that if it were not *mine*, they thought themselves bound in honour to consent that I should try, by generous means (and they were sure I would not think of any other), to prevail upon her in my favour.

I presume, said I, that the bishop has already acquainted you with the substance of what passed just now between Lady Clementina and me.—They were silent.

Has not your ladyship seen Lady Clementina since?

I have: and she is extremely uneasy. She wishes you could be of our religion. Could it have been so, I, for my part, should rather have called the Chevalier Grandison my son, than any man in the world. Clementina told me, added she (I cannot but say with more composure than I could have expected, though not without tears), that you promised to urge her no more on this subject. She owns that more than once, as you talked to her, she could hardly forbear giving you her hand, on your own terms. But she says that you were the most generous of men, when you saw she made a point of conscience of her adherence to her newly-taken resolution. And now, chevalier, having made my lord and the count acquainted with all these things, we are come to advise with you what is to be done.

Dear Grandison, said the marquis, advise us. We want an opportunity to show you, in more than words, our gratitude for all your goodness to us: we want to appease our Jeronimo, who is ready to suspect that his brother and Father Marescotti have contributed to this turn of our daughter's mind: and

we want you to declare freely your own sentiments, with regard to Clementina; and whether you would advise us, as well for her own sake, as for yours, to endeavour to prevail on her to change her mind. Dear creature! 'a relapse would now be fatal to her, and to her mother and me.

I have no difficulty, my lord, to answer to these points. As to the first, I am greatly rewarded by the pleasure I have, in the more than could be hoped-for happy effects of Mr. Lowther's skill, and in the prospects that open to us of Lady Clementina's restored health of mind. On this subject I have but one request to make: it is, that you will not mortify me so much as to *suppose* that I am not sufficiently rewarded.

As to appeasing the generous mind of Signor Jeronymo, let that task be Lady Clementina's. She can plead conscience with more force for herself than any second person can do for her; and if she does, it will be a demonstration to us all, of her being likely to be happy in her perseverance!—More happy than I shall be! The admirable lady who has silenced, on this head, a man so deeply interested to contest this point with her, will certainly be able to appease a brother by the same pleas; and the sooner, as, being of the same religion with the lovely pleader, her arguments will have greater force with *him* than they could be supposed to have on *me*. For, let me say, my lord, that I could not so much as *seem* to give way to them, had I not been accustomed, when I was to judge of another's actions, to suppose myself that very person: hence have I often thought myself obliged to give judgment against my own wishes; though, on resuming MYSELF, I have not found reason to disapprove my first expectation.

As to the third point, what can I say?—And yet, as your lordship has put it, does it not call upon me, as I may say, to give a *proof* of the disinterestedness I have mentioned? I answer then, as supposing myself in *your* situation—I cannot expect that you will urge an interest, which I, by having put myself into that of Lady Clementina, have promised *not* to urge, unless she change her mind. What plea can a parent make use of but that of *filial duty*? And where the child can plead *conscience* in answer, ought it to be insisted on?

And now, resuming MYSELF, let me presume to advise you to give the dear lady full time to consider and *re-consider* the case. Her imagination may be heated; in other words,

her malady may have a share in the heroism she has so nobly exerted : and yet I am afraid she will persevere. Permit me, my lords, to say *afraid* : I cannot wholly divest myself of self, in this very affecting case. We will not therefore take her at her word : I will absent myself for some time from Bologna ; but (as she has the goodness to acknowledge an esteem for me) with *her* leave. I will return at my time. I will *repeat* my absences, if we have the least shadow of doubt. But if she hold her purpose, and shall not be visibly worse in her health or mind, we may conclude her resolution unalterable. In this case, I shall have one or two requests to lay before you ; and if granted, will endeavour to make myself as happy as a man in such a situation can be.

They applauded my advice. They declared themselves unwilling to think of giving up the pleasure they had brought themselves to have, in considering me as one of their family ; and assured me that it would have been impossible that any the least difficulty should have arisen from them, after they had brought themselves to dispense with the most material one.

They were earnest with me to pass the evening with them, but I excused myself. I wanted to be at my own lodgings, in order to revolve all that had passed. But having not taken leave of Lady Clementina, I imagined she might think I went away in ill humour, if I forbore it. My whole study, I told them, should be to make Lady Clementina easy : and if the marchioness would be so good as to permit me to take leave of her for the evening, in her presence, I would depart ; only making my compliments to Signor Jeronymo, by Mr. Lowther ; knowing that he would be grieved for my disappointment ; and my mind not being at present easy enough to contend with his concern for me.

The marchioness said she would see in what way her Clementina then was : and acquaint me, by Camilla, with her wishes. She withdrew ; leaving the marquis, the count, and me together.

Before we could renew our discourse, the bishop and Father Marescotti joined us : both in high spirits. They were excessively complaisant to me. It was easy to guess at the occasion of their good-humour. I could not be greatly delighted with it. But when the count told them what had

passed, before they joined us, the bishop embraced me; the father unawares snatched my hand, and kissed it.

I was glad to be relieved from their compliments, by the expected message from the marchioness and Clementina.

The young lady met me, as I entered at the door of her apartment. She held out her hand to me. I respectfully took it. I saw she had been in tears: but she looked with a serenity that I was glad to see, though I doubted not but it was partly owing to the conversation she had had, since I left her, with her brother and her confessor, as well as to what might have passed between her mother and her.

She led me to a chair between them both. She withdrew not her hand; and aimed at a more cheerful countenance than I had a heart. I congratulated her on her serenity. It is in your power, sir, said she, to make me still more serene—can you, of a truth, and from your heart, approve of my present way of thinking? *Can you, chevalier?*—

I can admire you for it, madam. You have exalted yourself in my opinion. But I *must* regret it—because—but I have promised not to urge you. Your conscience, madam, is concerned—To endeavour but to *persuade* against conscience, if you have no doubt of your motive, is not warranted, even in a parent.

I am, I *think* I am, returned she, absolutely sure of my motive. But, my dear mamma, be pleased to put the questions I wished you to put to the chevalier.

She still suffered me to withhold her hand; and with the other took out her handkerchief; not to wipe away her tears, but to hide her blushes. She wept not: her bosom heaved with the grandeur of her sentiments.

The question, my dear Grandison, said the marchioness, is this—We have all of us told my Clementina that you are invincible on the article of religion. She believes *us*: she doubts it not, from your *behaviour* and *words*: but as she would not omit any means to convince you of her high regard for you, she is desirous to hear from your own lips, that you are *not* to be convinced: she is not afraid, the article so important, to hear you declare that you will not be a Catholic. It will make her more easy, upon reflection, to be told by you *yourself*, that you *cannot* comply, even were she to consent to be yours, at a very short day, if you *could*—

The exalted lady stood up, still not withdrawing her hand—False shame, I despise thee, said she: yet, covered with blushes, she turned her face from me.—*That* hand, as *this* heart, putting her other hand to her throbbing bosom, is yours, on that one condition—I am convinced of your affection for me—but fear not to tell me (it is for my own future peace of mind that I ask it), that you cannot accept it on the terms.

She then withdrew her hand, and would have gone from me: but again I snatched it with both of mine.

Do *you*, most excellent of human beings, let me ask you, do *you* consider the inequality in the case between us, as you are pleased to put it? I presume not to require a change of principles in you. You are only *afraid* of your perseverance, though you are to be left to your freedom and your confessor to strengthen and confirm you. Of me, is not an actual change required against *conviction*?—Dearest Lady Clementina! Can you, can you (your mind great and generous in every other case), insist upon a condition so unequal?—Be great throughout; and I kneeled to her—Be uniformly noble—withdraw not your hand.

She struggled it, however, from me; and, hastening to her closet—Once more, chevalier, said she, read my paper.

I left her, and approaching the marchioness, who was in tears, Judge me, madam, said I, as I, in your opinion, deserve—What shall I say?—I can urge my hopes no farther: my promise is against me! Clementina is despotic—Forgive me!—But indeed Clementina is *not* impartial——

Dear chevalier, said the marchioness, giving me her hand, what can I say?—I admire *you*! I glory in my *child*! I could not, myself in her place, have withstood your plea. When her imagination is cool, I still question if *she* will hold her purpose—propose to her, if you can engage her to descend from these heights, your intended absence—*You* must calm her.—*You only* can. Her soul is wrought up to too high a pitch.

O madam! But I must first try to quiet my own.

I withdrew into the room adjoining; and in a few minutes returning, found the lovely daughter encircled by the arms of the indulgent mother, both in tears. Clementina was speaking. These were the words I heard her say:—

Indeed, my dearest mamma, I am *not* angry with the cheva-

lier. Why should I? But he can allow for me. I cannot be so great as he. Don't I say that I should be undone by his goodness?

She turned her head, and seeing me, disengaged herself from her mother's arms, and met me. Allow for me, sir, I beseech you, said she. I *may* be partial. I believe I *am*: but you can forgive me: I will *hope* you can—*Read my paper*, said I, and went from you: but it was not in anger. *Read it*, I again say. I can give no other answer. I never can be happy with a man whom I think a heretic; and the moment I should, in tenderness, in duty, think him *not* one, I shall cease myself to be a Catholic. A *husband*, sir, allied to perdition, what wife can bear the reflection?

The chevalier, my dear, urges you not. He adheres to his promise. You were willing to put a question to him yourself. I consented that he should answer it in your presence, for the sake of your future peace of mind. He has spoken to it like himself: he has shown you how much he admires you, at the same time that he signifies his inviolable adherence to his own religion. My dearest love, he has conceded to terms in our favour that we have not conceded to in his. Glorious and unexceptionable is his adherence, were it to a *right* religion. He *believes* it is. He might urge much to his own advantage from your adherence to yours: but he has only hinted at that to *us*, not to *you*. He is willing to wait the event of your will. He will leave us, as he did more than once before, and return; and if you persevere, he will endeavour to make himself easy——

And leave us; and return to England, I suppose?

No doubt of it, my dear——

While the Florentine is there——

I never, madam, can be anything but a well-wisher to the Florentine——

God give *you*, sir, and *me* too, ease of mind. But I find my head overstrained. It is bound round as with a cord, I think, putting her hands to each side of it for a moment— You must leave me, sir. But if you will see me to-morrow morning, and tell me whither you intend to go, and what you intend to do, I shall be obliged to you. Cannot we talk together, sir, as brother and sister? or as tutor and pupil?—Those were happy days! Let us try to recover them.

She put her hand to her forehead, as apprehensive of disorder, and looked discomposed. I bowed to both ladies, in silence; retired; and without endeavouring to see anybody else, went to my lodgings.



LETTER LVII.

Sir Charles Grandison.—In continuation.

Bologna, Thursday, July 13-24.

I HAD a visit early this morning from the Count of Belvedere. He found me very much indisposed. He had heard that I met with some difficulties, and attributed my indisposition to them.

I owned that it might be so. My life, my lord, said I, has not been so happy as might have been hoped for, by a man who has made it his study to avoid giving offence, either to man or woman; and has endeavoured to restrain passions, that otherwise might have been as unruly as those of other young men, in my circumstances. But, I bless God, I have resolution. I may bend beneath a weight, when it is *first* laid upon me: but if I find I cannot shake it off, I will endeavour to collect my strength, and make myself easy under it. Pardon me, my lord: I do not often allow my mind to break out thus into words: but I hold the Count of Belvedere for my friend.

You do me honour, said he: and I came with a heart disposed to cultivate your friendship. I thank you for your last goodness to me. Your advice and gentle behaviour, when I was not fit to be trusted with myself, have saved me, as far as I know, from final destruction. To the last day of my life I shall confess obligation to you. But, dear chevalier, if some account of the difficulties you meet with will not be a renewal of grief, now you are not very well——

It will not be so, my lord, interrupted I, since at present I can think of nothing else. Yet putting myself in the place of every one of the family of Porretta, I have nobody to blame; but the contrary. And I must admire Lady Clementina as one of the noblest of women.

He was all impatience for further particulars.

What may yet be the event, I cannot tell, proceeded I;

therefore will only say, that difference in religion is the difficulty with the lady. I am willing to allow her the full and free exercise of hers. She insists upon a change of mine. For the rest, you, my lord, want not friends among the principals of the family; let *them* give you what account they think fit. I would not scruple to gratify your curiosity, could I give you a conclusive one.

I am curious, ~~chevalier~~, said he. I loved Clementina above all women, *before* her illness. I loved her not the less *for* her illness; for then my pity joined with my love and added a tenderness to it, of which I had not, in equal degree, been before sensible. The treatment she met with, and the self-interested cruelty of Lady Laurana, heightened her illness, and that (I did not think it possible) my love. In order to free her from that treatment; and in hopes that a different one (my hopes you see were not ill-founded) would restore her reason; and that the happy result might be the defeating of the cruel Laurana's expectations; I tendered myself in marriage to her, notwithstanding her illness. But I must say that I never knew how much I loved her till I was apprehensive that, not only I, but Italy, and her religion, were likely to lose her for ever. And will you not allow of my curiosity now? God give you, chevalier, health and happiness here and hereafter! But may you never be the husband of Clementina, but of some woman of your own country, if there be one in it that can deserve you!

The count left me with this wish, pronounced with earnestness: and I suppose will visit the bishop and Father Marescotti, in order to gratify his curiosity.

My indisposition requiring indulgence, I sent a billet to the marchioness, excusing my attendance till the afternoon, on the score of an unexpected engagement. I was loath to mention that I was not very well, lest it should be thought a lover-like artifice, to move compassion. I will not owe my success, even with a Clementina, to mean contrivances. You know I have pride, my dear friend—pride which your example has not been able to subdue, though it has sometimes made me ashamed of it.

One o'clock.

CAMILLA, by direction of her two ladies, made me a visit about two hours ago. They were alarmed at my postponing

my attendance on Lady Clementina till the afternoon ; suspecting that the Count of Belvedere had unwelcomely engaged me ; and therefore sent the worthy woman to know the true cause. Camilla observing that I looked ill, I desired her to take no notice of it to anybody : but she could not help acquainting the marchioness with it ; who, ordering her to forbear mentioning it to Clementina and Jeronymo, was so good, attended by Father Marescotti, to make me a visit in person.

Never was mother more tender to her own son than she was to me. The father expressed a paternal affection for me. I made light of the illness, being resolved, if possible, to attend them in the afternoon. My mind, my dear friend, is disturbed. I want to be at a certainty : yet, from what the marchioness hinted, I believe I have no reason to doubt. The father and the bishop have spared no pains, I daresay, to strengthen the lady's scruples. Their whole study (the marchioness intimated) is now in what manner to acknowledge their obligations to me.

They owe me none.

My dear chevalier, said she, at parting, take care of your health : she put her hand on mine—your *precious* health. Don't think of coming out. We will in turn attend you here.

NOTWITHSTANDING the advice of the marchioness, I went to the palace of Porretta as soon as I thought their dinner time was over. Signor Jeronymo desired to be alone with me for a few minutes : and when he was, began upon the subject of the unexpected turn which his sister had taken. I found that he had been acquainted with the truth of everything : not a single circumstance was omitted, that might enable him to judge fairly of the whole.

And will you, Grandison, *can* you, my dear friend, said he, have the goodness to attend with patience the event of this dear girl's heroism, or what shall I call it ?

I assured him that the restoration of his sister's health of mind was the dearest to me of all considerations : and that I came over at first with no other hopes than *his* recovery and *hers* : and resolved to leave to Providence all the rest.

The marchioness came in soon after, and taking me aside, chid me with tenderness even maternal, for coming abroad.

The rest of the family soon joined us ; and then they all, as with one voice, offered to use their interest with Clementina in my favour if either my peace of mind, or my health, were likely to be affected by her present resolution.

While there was *conscience* in it, I answered, I would not for the world, that she should be urged to change it. Nothing now, as I believed, remained to be done, but to try the firmness of her resolution, by first short, and then longer absences : and those I would propose to herself, if they thought fit, when I was next admitted to her presence.

Jeronymo, and all the family, I saw, were of one mind. Tell me, *say*, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is it excusable in a man who has been so long favoured by your conversation, and *should* have been benefited by your example, who have behaved so greatly in disappointments, and even persecutions, to find in himself a pride that, at the instant, had almost carried him into petulance, when he saw every one of this family appear to be more pleased than displeased, that he was not likely to be allied to them ?—Who yet, when he coolly considers and puts himself in the case of each individual of it, must acknowledge that they might well be allowed to rejoice (the great article religion *out* of the question) in hope of keeping her among them in her native country ; and the more, because of the unhappy disorder of her mind ; and out of a distant one, obnoxious to them all, as England is ? Would not my own father and mother, would not I myself, have equally rejoiced in such a turn in the affections of a sister of my own ; especially if we had complied with her principally from motives of compassion, and contrary to the interests of our family ?

The marchioness conducted me to the young lady. She received me with a blush, as a person would do another whom she was sensible she had causelessly disappointed. She took notice, after the first emotion, that I seemed not to be well, and cast an eye of compassion on me. A slight indisposition, I said, that might, perhaps, be owing to my late inactivity and want of exercise. I had thoughts of once more making the tour of Italy, in order to visit the many kind friends at different courts who had honoured me with their notice during my former abode there.

How long do you propose to be absent, sir ?

Perhaps a month, madam.

A month, sir!—She sighed, and looked down.

Signor Jeronymo, I hope, said I, will correspond with me.

I could almost wish, said she—Pardon me, madam, to her mother—and looked bashfully down.

What would my child wish?

That I might correspond with the chevalier in his absence—as his *sister*, as his *pupil*, I think I might——

You will do me, madam, the highest honour—Dear madam, to the marchioness, may I not have *your* interest with Lady Clementina, to engage her to pursue her kind hint?

By all means. My dearest love, it will not misbecome you in *any* character, whether as pupil, as sister, or friend, to write to such a man as the Chevalier Grandison.

Perhaps then I may, said she. You, madam, shall see all that passes in this correspondence.

That shall be as you please, my love. I can absolutely depend upon the chevalier's generosity and your prudence.

I should *choose*, madam, said I, that you should see all that passes. As amusement is principally my view in this tour, I can be punctual to place and time.

But shall you be gone a month, sir?

As much less, madam, as you shall command.

Nay, as things are circumstanced, it is not for me—She stopt, sighed, and looked down.

You, madam, are above unnecessary reserve. I never yet abused a confidence. I am proud of your good opinion. I never will do anything to forfeit it. Whatever shall be your pleasure, *that* signify to me in the letters you will favour me with. I will be all grateful obedience.

Whither, sir, do you intend to go first?

To Florence, madam——

To Florence, sir?—But Lady Olivia, I think, is *not* there—To Mrs. Beaumont, I suppose?

I will send you, madam, from Florence, the beginning letter of the hoped-for correspondence. I will be careful to be within distance of receiving your favour in a very short space, by means of a servant, whom I will leave at Florence, to attend to our correspondence.

And when, sir, do you leave Bologna?

I will now take leave of my new correspondent and my dear friends here, and dispose myself for my little route.

She looked at her mother, then at me—again sighed, blushed, and looked down—*Well, sir*, was all she said.

Will you not drink chocolate with us to-morrow? said the marchioness.

I excused myself. As I was not well, I thought I *might* be obliged to keep my chamber for two or three days; and that therefore it was better to take leave of her then, that I might not give them anxiety, for their own sakes, on a supposal that I owed my indisposition to my disappointment. And yet, Dr. Bartlett—But you know my heart, and all its imperfections: and will you not, on this extraordinary occasion, allow me to give way to my native pride, for my own sake? Who but must admire the exalted mind of this young lady? What man would not wish her to be his?—But to covet a relation to a family, however illustrious, however worthy, every one of which wishes, and with *reason* on his side, that it may not take place—I must, if possible—But a few weeks will now determine my fate—I will not leave *them* or *myself*, if I can help it, any cause of regret.

I took a solemn leave of Clementina. She wept at parting; and dropping down on one knee, prayed for a blessing to attend me wherever I went.

Had *not* my indisposition lowered my spirits, I should have been affected at the solemnity and grace of her manner. The marchioness was.

I went from her to Jeronymo. I left it to his mother to tell him all that had passed; and took almost as ardent a leave of him. I desired a visit from Mr. Lowther; and left my compliments for all the rest of a family that I ever must highly respect.

Thursday, July 13-24.

I took, by advice, a medicine over night, that composed me. I had wanted rest. I am much better and preparing for my journey to Florence. I have returned answer that I *am*, to inquiries made after my health by the whole family. The bishop excused his personal attendance, on the count's sudden resolution to set out for Urbino; and insisting on his and Father Marescotti's accompanying him thither for a few days.

Camilla came to me from her two ladies, and the marquis. All three, she told me, were indisposed. Their inquiries after my health were very tender: the marquis bid her tell me that he hoped to be well enough to make me a visit before I set out. Jeronymo wished to see me first, if I had opportunity. But, as I probably must, if I go, see Lady Clementina, and another solemn parting will follow, I think it will be best, for *both* our sakes, as well as for Jeronymo's, not to obey him; and so I hinted by Camilla.

The Count of Belvedere has made me a visit. He is setting out for Parma. Not one word passed his lips about Lady Clementina, or her family. He was very earnest with me to promise him a visit at his palace. I gave him room to expect me. By his silence on a subject so near his heart, as well as by the very great respect he paid me, I have no reason to doubt but he knows the situation I am in with Clementina: *she* will have *his* prayers, I dare say, for perseverance in her present way of thinking. Indeed, now, *everybody's* of her family—for who can doubt the general's? She would have had *mine* to the same purpose the more sincerely, had they not all joined to indulge my hopes; and had she not given such instances of the noblest of female minds.

But, how great soever may be the occasion given me for fortitude, by a resolution so unexpected by everybody from Lady Clementina, I cannot be deprived of all pleasure; since the contents of my last packets, as well those from Paris as from England, afford me a great deal.

Everything is done at Paris, that I could have wished, in relation to Mr. Danby's legacy.

Lord W—— lets me know that he thinks himself every day happier than in the past with his lady; who also subscribes to the same acknowledgment.

Our Beauchamp tells me that he wants only my company to make him the happiest of men. He requests me to write a letter of thanks, in my own name, to Lady Beauchamp, on his dutiful acknowledgment to me of her kindness to him. I will with pleasure comply; and the sooner, as I am sure that gratitude for past benefits, and not expectation of new ones, is his motive.

He laments in postscript, that his father is taken with a

threatening disorder. I am sorry for it. Methinks I am interested in the life and health of Sir Harry Beauchamp. I hope he will long enjoy the happiness of which his son says he is extremely sensible. Should he die, the lady will be a great deal in my Beauchamp's power, large as her jointure is. If, on such an event, he be not as obliging to her as he now is, and forget not all past obligations, I shall not have the opinion of his heart that I now have. Our Beauchamp wants but the trial of prosperity (a much more arduous one than that of adversity) to be upon full proof an excellent man.

Lady Mansfield, with equal joy and gratitude, acquaints me that only my presence in England is wanting to bring to a decision every point that now remains in debate with her adversaries, the Keelings; they having shown themselves inclinable, by the mediation of Sir John Lambton, to compromise on the terms I had advised she should get proposed, as from me; and the wicked Bolton having also made proposals, that perhaps ought to be accepted, if he cannot be brought to amend them.

Two of Emily's letters of distant date are come together. I will write to the dear girl by the next mail, and let her know how much absence endears to me my friends.

You give me joy, my dear Dr. Bartlett, in acquainting me with the happiness of Lord and Lady G——. I will write to my Charlotte upon it, and thank her for the credit she does me by her affectionate behaviour to that honest and obliging man.

How happy are you, my dear friend, and Lord and Lady G——, and Emily, at Miss Byron's! I am charmed with the characters you give me of her family.

But I have letters brought by the same mail, that are not so agreeable as those I have taken notice of. They are from Lady Olivia, and my poor cousin Grandison.

That unhappy woman *is* to be my disturbance! She is preparing, she says, to come back to Italy. She execrates: she threatens. Poor woman!—But no more of her at present.

My cousin is, by this time, I suppose, at Paris. He writes that he was on the point of setting out, in pursuance of my advice, and will wait there for my direction to proceed to Italy, or not. I shall write to him to continue at Paris till he hears

further from me ; and at the same time, to some of my friends there, to make France agreeable to him.

I shall not, perhaps, write again very soon. Letters from England will, however, find an easy access, directed to me under cover to Mrs. Beaumont, at Florence, as you know how. I shall be pretty much in motion, if health permit. I shall take a view of the works projecting by the Duke of Modena, in order to render his little signory considerable. I shall visit the Count of Belvedere at Parma. Mrs. Beaumont and her friends will have more of my company than any other persons. Perhaps I may make a long-requested visit to the Altieri family, at Urbino. If I do, I must not put a slight on the Conte della Porretta, who pressinglly invited me thither. I think to pass a few days at Rome. If I go from thence to Naples, I shall, perhaps, once more, in the general's company, visit Portici, in order to make more accurate observations than I have hitherto done, on those treasures of antiquity which have been discovered in the ancient Herculaneum.

I have a private intimation from Milan, that a visit there would be a welcome one to Lady Sforza. I may possibly take that city in my way when I quit Italy. But how can I, without indignation, see the cruel Laurana ?

Thus, my dear and reverend friend, have I given you an imperfect sketch of my present intentions as to passing the month that I think of absenting myself from Bologna.

It is a long time since I have been able to tell you beforehand, with regard to some of the most material articles of my life, what I *will* or *will* not do. Yet, knowing my own motives, I cannot say that were the last three or four years of it to come over again, I should have acted otherwise than I have done. Do you, my reverend friend, with that freedom which has been of inexpressible use to me, remind me, if I am too ready to acquit myself. You know (I repeat) all the secrets of my heart. Be not partial to your sincere friend. I write not to be praised, but corrected. Don't flatter my vanity ; I am yet but a young man. You have not blamed me a great while : I am, for this reason, a little diffident of the ground I stand upon : but if you have no *material* fault to recollect, spare yourself the trouble of telling me so. Having thus renewed my call upon you for your friendly admonition, I will look upon your silence as an acquittal, so far as I

have gone ; and we will begin, from the date of your next, a new account. In the meantime be not concerned for my health. I am much better than I was. My mind was weakened by suspense. I long since thought the crisis near. If it be not already overpast, a few weeks must surely determine it.

I am not in haste to send this packet. A week hence Sir Alexander Nesbit will set out directly for England. He has a great desire of being acquainted with my dear Dr. Bartlett, and requests me to give him a commission, that may introduce him to you. I would not, however, have delayed sending you these letters by a speedier conveyance, had my destiny in this country been absolutely determined.

Sir Alexander is a worthy man : as such, wants not a recommendation to my dear and reverend friend, from his

CHARLES GRANDISON.

—o—

LETTER LVIII.

Lady G—— to Miss Byron.

[With the preceding seven letters of Sir Charles.]

Grosvenor Square, Monday, Aug. 7.

GOOD God, my dear !—I despatch a packet to you, received a few hours ago from Dr. Bartlett, with desire of forwarding it to you. My sister was with me. We read the letters together. I despatch them by an express messenger. What shall we say ? Tell me, Harriet. More suspense still. Dear creature, tell me all you think of the contents of this packet. If I enter into the particulars, I shall never have done scribbling. Adieu, my love! CHARLOTTE G——.

Return the letters, when perused. I want to study them before the doctor has them back.

—o—

LETTER LIX.

Miss Byron to Lady G——.

Selby House, Friday, Aug. 11.

TELL you, my dear Lady G——, all I think of the contents of the packet you so kindly sent me by an express messenger ! —What will you say to me, if I do ? I can much better tell

you what all my *friends* here say of them. They are for congratulating me upon those contents. But can I congratulate *myself*? Can I *receive* their congratulations?—A woman! an angel!—So much more worthy of Sir Charles Grandison, than the poor Harriet Byron *can* be!—Oh how great is Clementina, how little am I, in my own eyes! The lady will still be his. She must. She shall. She will change her mind. So earnest he! So fervently in love with him, she!—Who will presume to hope a place in his affections after her? My pride, my dear, is all up. Can I? How mean will any one now appear in his eyes, when he thinks of his Clementina? And who can be contented with half a heart? Nay, *not* half a one, if he does justice to this wonder of a woman? It was always my consolation, when I looked upon him as lost to myself, that it was to a person of superior merit.

But who can forbear pitying the glorious man! Oh my dear, I am lost in the subject! I know not what to say. Were I to tell you what I thought, what were my emotions, as I read now his generous pity for the Count of Belvedere—now his affectionate and respectful address to the noble lady—Her agitations of mind, previous to the delivery of her paper to him—That paper, the contents so greatly surpassing all that I had read of woman!—yet so much of a piece with the conduct she showed when the struggle between her religion and her love cost her her reason—His equal steadiness in his religion so nobly firm—yet towards her so delicate—In short, the whole of his conduct and hers, in the various lights in which they appeared in the different conversations with her, with her family—were I to tell you, I say, what I thought, and what were my emotions, as I read, a volume would not be sufficient; nor know I what measure would contain my tears. Suffice it to say, that I was not able to rise in two days and nights; and it has been with the greatest difficulty, that I obtained pen and ink, and leave to write; and the physician talks of confining me to my chamber for a week to come.

Sir Charles cries out upon suspense—indeed it is a grievous thing.

You will observe, that in these last letters he mentions *me* but once; and that is in making me a compliment on the favour which the beloved *four* conferred upon me, and all of

us, in the visit you were so good as to make us. And why do you think I take notice of this?—Not from petulance, I assure you: but for the praise of his justice, as well as delicacy: for, could Sir Charles Grandison excusably (if, on *other* occasions, he remembered the poor girl whom he rescued; could he excusably, I say), while his soul was agitated by his own suspense, occasioned by the uncommon greatness of Clementina's behaviour, think of any other woman in the world?

But you see, my Charlotte, that the excellent man *has been*, perhaps *is*, greatly indisposed. Can we wonder at it? Such a prize in view, so many difficulties as he had to struggle with, overcome; yet at last a seemingly insuperable one arising from the lady herself, and from motives that increased his admiration of her? But a woman may be eloquent from grief and disappointment; when a man, though his nobler heart is torn in pieces, must hardly complain.—How do I pity the distresses of a manly heart!

But should this noble lady, on his return to Bologna, after a month's absence, hold her purpose, unless he changes his religion, I will tell you my thoughts of what will probably be the result. He will not marry at all. If he cannot love another woman as well as he does Clementina, *ought* he? And who can equally deserve his love? Have we not heard from himself, as well as from Dr. Bartlett, that all the troubles he has had have proceeded from our sex? It is true, that men and women can hardly ever have any *great* troubles, but what must arise from each other. And *his* have arisen from good women too. (I hope Lady Olivia is not deliberately bad.) And why should so good a man continue to subject himself to the petulance, to the foibles, of us wayward women, who hardly know our own minds, as Signor Jeronymo told his friend, when our wishes are in our power?

But, sick or well, you see Sir Charles Grandison loses not his spirit. His enlarged heart can rejoice in the happiness of his friends. I *will* have joy, said he once to me. And must he not have it in the hopes of recovery of his friend Jeronymo? In the restoration of the admirable Clementina? And in the happiness those recoveries must give to a worthy and illustrious family? Let me enumerate, from him, the pleasure he enjoys in the felicity he has given to many; though he cannot be, in himself, the happy person he makes

others. Is he not delighted with the happiness of Lord and Lady W——? Of his Beauchamp, and his Beauchamp's father and mother?—Of Lady Mansfield, and her family? With yours and Lord G——'s happiness? Does it not rejoice you, my dear, to have it in your power to contribute to the pleasure of such a brother? And how great, how honourable, how considerate, how delicate, is his behaviour to the noble Clementina; how patient, how disinterested, with her family! How ready to enter into their sentiments, and to allow for them, though against himself! But he is prudent: he sees before him at a great distance: he is resolved to have nothing to reproach himself with, in future, that he can obviate at present. But is not his conduct such as would make a considerate person, who has any connexions with him, tremble? Since, if there be a fault *between* them, it must be *all* that person's; and he will not, if it be possible for him to avoid it, be a sharer in it? Do you think, my dear, that had he been the first man, he would have been so complaisant to his Eve as *Milton makes Adam*—[So contrary to that part of his character, which made him accuse the woman to the Almighty*]—To taste the forbidden fruit, because he would not be separated from her, in her punishment, though all *posterity* were to suffer by it?—No; it is my opinion that your brother would have had gallantry enough to his fallen spouse, to have made him extremely regret her lapse; but that he would have done *his own duty*, and left it to the Almighty, if such had been his pleasure, to have annihilated his first Eve, and given him a second—But, my dear, do I not write strangely? I would be cheerful if I could, because you are so kind as to take pains to make me so: but on reperusing what I have written, I am afraid that you have taught me to think oddly. Tell me truth, Charlotte: is not what has last slipped from my pen more in Lady G——'s manner than in that of her

HARRIET BYRON?

One line more; and no more, my dear, my indulgent aunt Selby!—They won't let me write on, Charlotte, when I had a thousand things further to say, on the contents of this important packet; or I should not have concluded so uncharacteristically.

* The woman that thou gavest me, tempted me, and I did eat.

LETTER LX.

*Sir Charles Grandison to Lady Clementina
della Porretta.*

Florence, July 18-29.

I BEGIN, dear and admirable Lady Clementina, the permitted correspondence, with a due sense of the favour done me in it: yet, *can* I say, that it is not a painful favour? Was ever man before circumstanced as I am?—Permitted to admire the noblest and most amiable of women, and even generously allowed to look upon himself as a man esteemed, perhaps *more* than esteemed, by her, and her illustrious family; yet in honour forbidden to solicit for a blessing that once was designed for him; and which he is not accused of demeriting by misbehaviour, or by assuming an appearance that he made not good.—Excellent lady! Am I other than you ever had reason to think me, in my manners, in my principles? Did I ever endeavour to unsettle you in your attachments to the religion of your country? No, madam: invincibly attached as I knew you were to that religion, I contented myself with avowing my own; and indeed, should have thought it an ill requital for the protection I enjoyed from the civil and ecclesiastical powers, and a breach of the laws of hospitality, had I attempted to unsettle the beloved daughter of a house so firmly likewise attached, as they always were, to their principles. From *such* a conduct, could this beloved daughter doubt the free exercise of her religion, had she——

But hushed be the complainings that my expostulating heart will hardly be denied to dictate to my pen! Have I not said, that I *will be* all you wish me to be—all *hope*, or all *acquiescence*—forgive me, madam, forgive me, dear and ever to be respected family, that yet I use the word *hope*. Such a prize, almost in possession—can I *forbear* to say hope?—Yet do I not at the same time promise acquiescence?—painful as it is to me, and impossible as it would be, were not all-commanding conscience pleaded, most excellent of women! I will, I *do*, acquiesce. If you persevere, dear to my soul as you ever *must* be, I resign to your will.

The disappointed heart, not given up to unmanly despair

in a world so subject to disappointments, will catch at the next good to that it has lost—Shall I not hope, madam, that a correspondence so allowably begun, whatever be the issue in the greater event, will for ever last? That a friendship so pure will ever be allowed? That the disappointed man may be considered as the son, the brother, of a family, which must, in all the branches of it, be ever dear to him?—I *will* hope it. I will even demand the continuance of its esteem; why should I not say, of its *affection*? But, so long only as my own impartial heart, and my zeal for the glory and happiness of your whole house, shall tell me I deserve this; and so long as I can make out my pretensions, to the satisfaction of every one of it. It cannot be on my side, nor will I allow it on yours, that the man who once, by the favour of your whole family, was likely to be happy in a near alliance to it, should, and perhaps for *that* reason, as it often happens in like instances, be looked upon as the most remote from its friendly love.

Never, madam, could the heart of man boast a more disinterested passion for an object, whose mind was dearer to it than even her person; or a more sincere affection to every one of her family, than mine does. I am unhappily called upon to the proof. The proof is unquestionable. And to the last hour of my life, you and they, madam, *will be* dear to me.

Adieu, most excellent of women!—Circumstanced as I am, what *more* can I say?—Adieu, most excellent of women:—May every good, temporal and eternal, be yours, and every one's of your beloved family, prays—your and their most grateful, most affectionate, and most obedient,

GRANDISON.

—o—

LETTER LXI.

*Lady Clementina della Porretta to Sir
Charles Grandison.*

Bologna, Tuesday, Aug. 5, N. S.

I WAS the more willing, sir, to become your correspondent, as I thought I could write to you with greater freedom, than I could speak. And indeed, I will be very free, and very

sincere. I will suppose, when I address myself to you, that I am writing to my brother and best friend. And indeed, to which of my *other* brothers can I write with equal freedom?—You, in imitation of the God of us all, require only the heart. My heart shall be as open to you, as if, like Him, you could look into every secret recess of it.

I thank you, sir, for the kind and generous contents of the letter, by which you have opened this desirable correspondence. Such a regard have you paid in it to the weakness of my mind, and to its late unhappy state, without mentioning that unhappy state—Oh, sir, you are the most delicate of men—what tenderness have you always shown me, for my attachment to the religion of my fathers—Surely, you are the most pious of Protestants!—Protestants *can* be pious; you and Mrs. Beaumont have convinced me that they can. Little did I think I should ever be brought to acknowledge so much in favour of the people of your religion, as you and she, by your goodness, have brought me to acknowledge. Oh, sir! what might you not have brought me to, by your love, by your kind treatment of me, and by your irresistible address, were I to have been yours, and residing in a Protestant nation, every one of your friends of that religion, and all amiable, and perhaps, *exemplarily* good? I was *afraid* of you, chevalier. But no more of this subject. You are invincible; and I hope I should not have been overcome, had I been yours—but do we not pray against running into temptation?—Again, I say, no more of this subject at present, yet hardly know how to forbear—

Nothing but the due consideration of the brevity and vanity of this life, in which we are but probationers, and of the eternity of the next, could have influenced me to act against my heart. Dear chevalier, how happy should I have been, could I have given my hand as that heart would have directed, and on such terms, as I could have thought my soul secure?—How shall I quit this entangling subject? I am in the midst of briers and thorns—Lend me, lend me, your extricating hand; and conduct me into the smooth and pleasant path, in which you at first found me walking with undoubting feet. Never, never, for my sake, let an unexperienced virgin trust herself with her own imagination, when she begins to meditate, with pleasure,

the great qualities of an object, with whom she has frequent opportunities of conversing.

Again am I recurring to a subject I wish to quit. But, since I cannot, I will give my pen its course—Pen, take thy course. Mind, equally perverse and disturbed, I will give way to thee; I see there is no withstanding thee——

Tell me, then, my brother, my friend, my faithful, my *disinterested* friend, what I shall do, what method take, to be indifferent to you, in *another* character? What I shall do, to be able to look upon you, *only* as my brother and friend?—Can you not tell me? Will you not? Will not your love of Clementina *permit* you to tell her?—I will help you to words—Say, ‘you are the friend of her *soul*.’ If you cannot be a Catholic *always*, be a Catholic when you *advise* her. And then from your love of her soul, you will be able to say, ‘Persevere, Clementina! and I will not account you ungrateful.’——

O chevalier! I fear nothing so much as being thought capable of ingratitude by those I love. And *am* I not, can you think that I am *not*, ungrateful? Once you told me so. Why, if you mean me *more* than a compliment, do you not tell me how to be *grateful*? Are *you* the only man on earth who have it in your will, and in your power, to confer obligations, yet can be above receiving returns? What services did you endeavour to do to the soul of a misguided youth, at your first acquaintance with him!—Unhappy youth! And how did he at the time requite you for them! He has let us know (generous self-accuser!) what heroic patience you had with him; and how bravely you disdained his ungrateful defiance. Well may he love you as he does. After many, many months’ discontinuance of friendship, you were called upon to snatch him from the jaws of death, by your bravery. You were not requited, as you might have expected, from some of our family—what regret has the recollection cost us *all*! —You were obliged to quit our Italy; yet, *called upon*, as I may say, by your wounded friend; incurably wounded, as it was apprehended, you hastened to him; you hastened to his sister, wounded in her head, in her heart; you hastened to her father, mother, brothers, wounded in their minds, by the sufferings of that son and daughter. And whence did you hasten to us? From your native country.

Quitting your relations, all proud of your love, and proud of loving you: on the wings of friendly zeal did you hasten to us, in a distant region. You encountered with, you overcame, a thousand obstacles. The genius of healing, in the form of a skilful operator, accompanying you; all the art of the physicians of your country did you collect, to assist your noble purpose. Success attended your generous wishes. We see one another, a whole family see one another, with that delight which was wont to irradiate our countenances before disaster overclouded them.

And now, what return shall we make for your goodness to us? You say, you are already rewarded in the success with which God has blessed your generous endeavours to serve us. Hence it is, that I call you proud, and at the same time, happy. Well do I know that it is not in the power of a wife to reward you. For what could a wife do by such a man more than her duty? And were it possible for Clementina to be yours, *would* you that your kindness, your love to her, should be rewarded at the price of her everlasting happiness?—No, you answer—You would leave to her the full and free exercise of her religion. And *can* you promise, can you, the chevalier Grandison, undertake, if you think your wife in an error, that you never will endeavour to cure her of that error? You who, as the husband, ought to be the regulator of her conscience; the strengthener of her mind—can you, believing your own religion a right one, hers a wrong one, be contended that she shall persevere in it? Or can she avoid, on the same, and even still stricter principles, entering into debate with you? And will not then her faith, from your superior understanding, be endangered?—Of what force will be my confessor's arguments against yours, strengthened by your love, your kindness, your sweetness of manners? And how will all my family grieve, were Clementina to become indifferent to *them*, to her *country*, and *more* than indifferent to her religion?

Say, Grandison, my tutor, my friend, my brother, can you be indifferent on these weighty matters?—Oh no, you cannot. My brother, the bishop, has told me (but be not angry with my brother for telling me) that you did declare to my elder brother and him, that you would not in a *beginning* address, have granted to a *princess* the terms you were willing to grant

me; and that you offered them to me as a compromise!—Compassion and love were equally perhaps your inducements. Poor Clementina!—Yet, were there not a *greater* obstacle in the way, I would have accepted of your compassion, because you are great and good; and there can be no insult, but true godlike pity, in your compassion.—Well, sir, and do not my father, my mother, the best and most indulgent of fathers and mothers; and do not my uncle, and brothers, and my other kindred, comply with their Clementina, upon the same affectionate, and the same pitying motive; otherwise religion, country, the one so different, the other so remote, *would* they have consented?—They would not. Will you not, then, my dear chevalier, think that I do but right (knowing *your* motive, knowing *theirs*, knowing that to rely upon my own strength is presumption, and a tempting of the Almighty) to act as I act, to resolve as I have resolved—Oh, do you, my tutor, be again my tutor—you never taught me a lesson that either of us might be ashamed to own—do you, as I have begged of you in my paper, strengthen my mind. I own to you that I have struggled much with myself: and now I am got—above myself or beneath myself, I know not whether—for my letter is not such as I designed it. *You* are too much the subject: I designed only a few lines; and those to express the grateful sense I have of your goodness to me, and our Jeronymo; indeed to everybody; and to beg of you, for the sake of my peace of mind, to point out some way, by which I, and all of us, may demonstrate our attachment to our superior duties, and our gratitude to you.

What a quantity have I written!

Excuse my wandering head; and believe me to be, as much the well-wisher of your glory, as of my own.

CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA.

—o—

LETTER LXII.

Sir Charles Grandison to Lady Clementina.

Rome, August 11, N. S.

‘NOTHING,’ says the most generous and pious of her sex, ‘but the due consideration of the brevity and vanity of this

‘life, and of the duration of the next, could have influenced me to act against my *heart*.’—Condescending goodness! What acknowledgments do you make in my favour! But, *favour*—can I say?—No, *not* in my favour; but, on the contrary, to the extinction of all my hopes; for what pleas remain to be urged, when you doubt not my affection, my gratitude, my tenderness, my good faith, and think that from *them* will arise your danger?

My ‘extricating hand,’ at your command, ‘is held out;’ and it shall not be my fault, if you recover not the ‘smooth and pleasant path, in which you were accustomed to walk with undoubting feet.’

You bid me ‘tell you what you shall do to be indifferent to me’—What pain does the gracious manner of your rejection give me? Exalted goodness!—‘Your brother, your friend, your faithful, your *disinterested* friend, will tell you,’ against himself, to the forfeiture of all his hopes, ‘he will tell you,’ that you ought *not* ‘to give your hand as your heart’ (condescending excellence!) ‘would have directed,’ if you cannot do it, ‘and think your soul secure.’

You ‘will help me to words,’ you say—I repeat them after you. ‘Persevere, Clementina—I will not,’ I cannot, ‘account you ungrateful.’

How much does the dear, the generous Clementina, overrate the services, which Heaven, for my consolation (so I will flatter myself), in a very heavy disappointment that was to follow, made me an humble instrument of rendering to the worthiest of families! To that Heaven be all the glory! By ascribing so much to the agent, fear you not that you depreciate the first cause? Give to the Supreme *His* due, and what will be left for me to claim? What but a common service, which any one of your family would, in the like circumstances, have done for *me*?

It is generous, it is noble, in you, madam, to declare your regard for the man you refuse: but what a restraint must I act under, who value, and must for ever value, the fair refuser; yet think myself bound in honour to acquiesce with the refusal; and to prefer your peace of mind to my own? To lay open my heart before you would give you pain. I will *not* give you pain: yet let me say, that the honour once designed me, had it been conferred, would have laid me under unre-

turnable obligations to as many persons as are of your family. It was, at one time, an honour too great even for my ambition; and yet that is one of the constitutional faults that I have found it most difficult to restrain. But I will glory in their intended goodness; and that I lost not their or your favour from any act of unworthiness.—Continue to me, most excellent Clementina; continue to me, lords and ladies of your illustrious house, your friendship; and I will endeavour to be satisfied.

Your ‘tutor,’ as you are pleased to call him; your friend, your ‘BROTHER’ (too clearly do I see the *exclusive* force of that last recognition!) owns, that ‘he cannot be indifferent ‘to those motives, that have so great weight with you.’ He sees your steadfastness, and that your conscience is engaged: He submits therefore, whatever the submission may cost him, to your reasoning; and repeats your words—‘Persevere, Clementina.’

I did tell your elder brother, and I am ready to tell all the world, ‘that I would not, in a *beginning* address, though ‘to a princess, have signed to the articles I yielded to by ‘way of compromise.’ Allow me, madam, to repeat his question, to which my declaration was an answer—‘What ‘would the *daughters* have done, that they should have been ‘consigned to perdition?’*—I had in my thoughts this further plea, that our church admits of a possibility of salvation out of its own pale.—God forbid but it should!—The Church of God, we hold, will be collected from the sincerely pious of all communions. Yet I own, that had the intended honour been done me, I should have rejoiced that none but sons had blessed our nuptials.

But how do your next words affect me—‘Compassion ‘and love, say you, were equally, perhaps, your inducements ‘—Poor Clementina!’ add you. Inimitably great as what follows this is, I should have thought myself concerned, as well for my own honour, as for your delicacy, to have expatiated on the self-pitying reflection conveyed in these words, had we been otherwise circumstanced than we are: but to write but one half of what, in happier circumstances, I would have written, must, as I have hinted, give pain to your noble heart. The excellent Clementina, I am sure,

* Vol. ii. p. 319. .

would not wish me to say much on this subject. If *she* would, I *must* not; I *cannot*.

The best of fathers, mothers, brothers, and of spiritual directors, in your own way, are yours. They, madam, will strengthen your mind. Their advices, and their indulgent love, will be your support in the resolution you have taken. You call upon me again to approve of that resolution. I *do*, I *must* approve of it. 'The lover of your soul' concludes with the repetition of the words you prescribe to his pen—If cooler reflection, if reconsideration of those arguments which persuaded me to hope, that you would have been in no way unhappy or unsafe, had you condescended to be mine—If mature and dispassionate thought cannot alter your present persuasion on this head—'Persevere, Clementina,' in the rejection of a man as steady in his own faith as you are in yours. If your conscience is concerned—if your peace of mind is engaged—you ought to refuse. 'You cannot be 'thought ungrateful'—So, against himself, decides your called upon, and generously acknowledged, 'Tutor, friend, brother,'

GRANDISON.

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LETTER LXIII.

Lady Clementina to Sir Charles Grandison.

Bologna, August 19, N. S.

AND do you, best of men, consent to be governed by my wishes? But are you *convinced* (you do not say you are) by my reasonings?—Alas! my reasoning powers are weakened: my head has received an incurable wound: my memory, indeed, seems returned; but its return only serves to make me more sensible of my past unhappiness; and to dread a relapse.

But what is it I hear? Olivia is come back to Florence; and *you* are at Florence! Fly from Florence, and from Olivia.—But whither will you go to avoid a woman who could follow you to England? Whither, but to England?—We are all of us apprehensive for the safety of your person, if you refuse to be the husband of that violent woman. Yet cannot I bear the thoughts of her being yours. But *that*,

you have told me, she never can be—Yet, if you could be happy with her, why should I be an enemy to her happiness?—But to your own magnanimity I will leave this subject.

Let me advise with my tutor, my friend, my brother, on a point that is now much more my concern than Olivia, and her hopes.—Fain, very fain, would I take the veil. My heart is in it. My friends, my dearest friends, urge against my plea, the dying request, as well as the wishes, while living, of my grandfathers on both sides. I am distressed; I am *greatly* distressed; for well do I know what were the views of the two good men, now with God, in wishing me *not* to assume the veil. But could they foresee the calamity that was to befall their Clementina? They could *not*. I need not dwell upon the subject, and upon the force of their pleas and mine, to a man whose mind is capacious enough to take in the whole strength of both at once. But you will add an obligation to the many you have already conferred upon me, if you can join your weight to my pleas: and make it your request, that I may be obliged in this momentous article. Let me expect that you can, that you will. They all languish for opportunities to oblige the man, who has laid them under obligations not to be returned. Need I to suggest a plea to you, the force of which must be allowed from you, if you ever with fervour loved Clementina?

If I know my own heart, and I have given it a strict examination, two things granted me would make me as happy as I now can be in this life: The one, that my request to be allowed to sequester myself from the world, and to dedicate myself to God, be complied with: The other, to be assured of your happiness in marriage with an English, at least not an Italian, woman. I am obliged to own, though I am sensible that I expose to you my weakness, by the acknowledgment, that the last is but too necessary to the tranquillity of my mind, in the situation in which the grant of my first wish will place me. Let me know, chevalier, when I have set my hand to the plough, that there is no looking back; and that the *only* man I ever thought of with tenderness is another's, and, were I *not* professed, never could be mine. Answer as I wish; and I shall be able to follow you, sir, with my prayers, to the country that has the honour of producing such an ornament to human nature.

It must not be known, you will readily suppose, that I have sought to interest you in my plea. For this reason, I have not shown this letter to anybody. Father Marescotti, I have hopes, as a religious, will declare himself in my favour, if *you* do. My brother, the bishop, surely will strengthen your hand and his, though he appears as the *brother*, not as the prelate, in support of the family reasons.

I am not ashamed to say, I long to see you, sir. I can the more readily allow myself to tell you so, as I can declare that I am unalterably determined in my adherence to my written resolution, never to trust to my own strength in an article in which my everlasting welfare is concerned. Oh, sir! what struggles, what conflicts, did this resolution cost me before I could make it!—But *once* made, and upon *such* deliberation, and after I had begged of God his direction, which I imagine He has graciously given me, I have never wished to alter it. Forgive, me, sir. You will; you are a good man—My God only have I preferred to you.

CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA.



LETTER LXIV.

Sir Charles Grandison to Lady Clementina.

Florence, August 23, N. S.

My dear correspondent asks, If I am convinced by her reasonings?—I repeat, That I resign to your will every hope, every wish, respecting myself. In a case where conscience can be pleaded, no other reasonings are necessary.

But what can I say, most excellent of women, to the request you make, that I will support you in your solicitude to take the veil? I hope you only propose this to me, by way of asking my advice—‘Let me, say you, *advise* with ‘my tutor, my friend, my brother.’—I have given the highest instance that man could give of my disinterestedness; and I will now, as you require, suppose myself a Catholic in the humble advice I shall offer to my sisterly friend; and this will the rather appear, since, as a Protestant, I should argue against *any one’s* binding him or herself, by vows of perpetual celibacy.

‘Need I, asks my dear correspondent, suggest a plea for ‘you to make, the force of which must be allowed, if ever ‘you fervently loved Clementina?’ At what plea does the excellent Clementina hint? Is it not at an *Herodian* one? * Why, if ever she honoured her Grandison with her esteem, does she not enforce the same plea with regard to him? Can she, avowing that esteem, be so generous as to wish him to enter into the married estate, and even to insist upon it, as a step that would contribute to her future peace of mind, yet hope to prevail upon him to make it his request, that she may be secluded from a possibility of ever enjoying the same liberty? Were I *married*, and capable of wishing to fetter and restrain thus my *wife*, in case of her surviving me, I should think she ought to despise me for the narrowness of my heart. What then is the plea that a young lady, in the bloom of beauty, would put me upon making?—And to whom?—To her own relations, who all *languish*, as she expresses herself, *for opportunities to oblige him*; and who are extremely earnest to *dissuade* her from entering upon the measure she wishes him to promote? Can he, madam, to use your own words in the solemn paper you gave me, think of *taking such advantage of their generosity* to him?

But can Clementina della Porretta, who is blest with the tenderest and most indulgent of parents, and who has always justly gloried in her duty to them; whose brothers love her with a disinterestedness that hardly any brothers before them have been able to shew; can she, in opposition to the will of her grandfathers, wish to enter into a measure, that must frustrate all their hopes from her for ever?—Dear lady! consider.

You, my beloved correspondent, who hold marriage as a sacrament, surely cannot doubt but you may serve God in it with much greater efficacy, than were you to sequester yourself from a world that wants such an example as you are able to give it. But, madam, your parents propose not marriage to you: they only, at present, beseech, not com-

* Herod directed, that his Mariamne should be put to death, that she might not be the wife of any other man, if he returned not alive from the court of Augustus Cæsar, before whom he was cited to answer for his conduct, which had been obnoxious to that prince, in the contest between him and Antony for the empire of the world.

mand you (they know the generosity of your heart), not to take a step that must entirely frustrate all their hopes, and put an option out of *your own* power, should you change your mind. Let me advise you, madam, disclaiming all interested views, and from motives of a love merely fraternal (for such is your expectation from the man you honour with your correspondence), to set the hearts of relations, so justly dear to you, at ease; and to leave to Providence the issue. They never, madam, will compel you. And give me leave to say, that piety requires this of you. Does not the Almighty, everywhere in His Word, sanctify the *reasonable* commands of parents? Does He not interest himself, if I may so express myself, in the performance of the filial duty? May it not be justly said, that to obey your parents is to serve God? Would the generous, the noble-minded Clementina della Porretta, *narrow*, as I may say, her piety by limiting it (I speak now as if I were a Catholic, and as if I thought there were some *merit* in secluding one's self from the world), when she could, at least, *equally* serve God, and benefit her own soul, by obeying her parents, by fulfilling the will of her deceased grandfathers, and by obliging all her other near and dear relations? Lady Clementina cannot resolve all the world into herself. Shall I say, there is often cowardice, there is selfishness, and perhaps, in the world's eye, a too strong confession of disappointment, in such seclusions?

There are about you persons, who can give this argument its full force—I *cannot* do it. O my Clementina, my sister; my friend, I cannot be so great, so undivested, in this instance, as you can be!—But I can be just: I presume to say, I cannot be ungenerous. I tell you not what I hope to be enabled by your noble example, in time, to do, because of the present *tenderness* of your *health*. But you must not, madam, expect from *me* a conduct, that you think it would become *you* to disavow. Delicate as the *female* mind is, and as is most particularly my dear correspondent's, that of the man, on such an occasion as this, should show at least an *equal* delicacy: For has he not *her* honour to protect, no less than his *own*, as a man to regard?

Distress me not, my dear Clementina; *add* not I should *rather* say, to my distress, by the declaration of *yours*. I

repeat, that your parents will not compel you. Put it not out of your *power* to be prevailed upon to do an act of *duty*. God requires not that you should be dead to your friends, in order to live to Him. Their hope is laudable. Will Lady Clementina della Porretta put it out even of the *Almighty's* power to bless their hope? Will she think herself unhappy, if she cannot punish them, instead of rewarding them, for all their tender and indulgent goodness to her?—It cannot be. God Almighty perfect His own work, so happily begun, in the full restoration of your health! This blessing, I have no doubt, will attend your filial obedience. But can you, my dear correspondent, expect it, if you make yourself uneasy, and ~~keep your mind in suspense~~, as to your duty, and indulge yourself in supposing that the will of God and the will of your parents are opposite? A great deal now depends upon yourself. O madam, will you not in a *smaller* instance, were your heart ever so much engaged to the cloistered life, practise that self-denial, which in the *highest* you enforce upon me? All your temporal duties, against you; and your spiritual not favouring, much less impelling, you?

But once more, I quit a subject, that may, and, no doubt, will, be enforced in a much stronger manner, than I *can* enforce it. I will soon, very soon, pay my duty to you, and all yours. You own your wishes to see me, because you are fortified by your invincible adherence to your resolution. I will acknowledge anguish of heart. I cannot, as I told you above, be so great as you. But if you will permit your sisterly love to have its full operation, and if you wish me peace of mind, and a cordial resignation to your will, let me see you, madam, on the next visit I shall have the honour to make you, cheerful, serene, and determined to acquiesce in the reasonable will of parents, who, I am confident, I again repeat it, will never compel you to marry.—Have they not already given you a very strong instance, that they will not?—In a word, let me hear you declare, that you will resign yourself to their will, in this article of the veil; and I shall then, with the more cheerfulness, endeavour to resign to yours, so strongly and repeatedly declared, in the letter before me, to, dear lady, your fraternal friend, and ever obliged servant,

GRANDISON.

Lady Olivia, madam, arrived this day at her own palace. It is impossible that anything but civility can pass between her and your greatly favoured correspondent.



LETTER LXV.

Sir Charles Grandison to Dr. Bartlett.

Bologna, Thursday, August 17-28.

I SHALL hereafter have a pretty large supplement to give you to my literary journal; having found it necessary, as much as possible, in the past month, to amuse myself with subjects without myself. And I shall send you now the copies of three letters of mine, written in Italian to Lady Clementina; and two of hers, in answer to the first and second of them.*

I arrived here yesterday, but before I proceed to acquaint you with my reception, I should mention, that Lady Olivia arrived at her own palace at Florence on Friday last. I was then in that city, but newly returned from Naples and Rome. She sent one of her gentlemen to me the night of her arrival, to acquaint me with it, and to desire me to attend her next morning. I went.

Her first reception of me was polite and agreeable. But the moment her aunt Maffei withdrew, and we were alone, her eyes darting a fiercer ray, Wretch, said she, what disturbance, what anxieties, hast thou given me!—But it is well, that thy ingratitude to the creature who has risked so much for thee, has been rewarded, as it ought to be, by a repulse from a still prouder heart, if possible, than thy own!

You, Lady Olivia, answered I, have *reason* to impute pride to me. You have given me many opportunities to shew you, that I, a man, can keep my temper; when you, a woman, have not been able to keep yours; yet, in me, never met with an aggressor.

Not an aggressor, sir!—To say nothing of the contempts you cast upon me here in my own Italy, what was your treatment of me in your England?—Paltry island! I despise it!—To resolve to leave me there! To refuse to compliment me

* See the five preceding letters.

with a day, an hour! [O my detested weakness! What a figure did I make among your friends!] And declaredly to attend the motions of the haughtiest woman in Europe!—Thank God, for your own sake; yes, sir, I have the charity to say, for *your own* sake; that you are disappointed.

I pity you, Lady Olivia: from my soul I pity you! and should abhor myself, were I capable of mingling insult with my pity. But I leave you.

Forgive me, chevalier, catching my arm as I was going. I am more displeased with myself than with you. A creature that has rendered herself so cheap to you (but, sir, it is *only* to you), cannot but be uneasy to herself; and when she is, she must misbehave to everybody else. Say you forgive me——

She held out her hand to me. But immediately, on Lady Maffei's coming in, followed by servants, withdrew it.

Her behaviour afterwards was that of the true passionate woman; now ready to rave, now in tears. I *cannot*, Dr. Bartlett, *descend to particulars*. A man, who loves the sex; who has more compassion than vanity in his nature; who can value even generally faulty persons for the qualities that are laudable in them, must be desirous to *draw a veil* over the weaknesses of such. I left her distressed. There *may* be cases in which sincerity cannot be separated from unpoliteness. I was obliged to be *unpolite*, or I could not have been *sincere*; and must have given such answers, as would, perhaps, in some measure, have entitled the lady to think herself *amused*. Poor woman! She threatened to have me overtaken by her vengeance. But now, on the disappointment I had met with at Bologna, it became absolutely necessary for me to encourage, or to discourage, this unhappy lady—I could not have been just to *her*, had I not been just to *myself*.

A very extraordinary attempt was made, next day, on my person; I am apt to believe from this quarter. It succeeded not: and as I was on the Tuesday to set out for Bologna, I let it pass off without complaint or inquiry.

I paid the Count of Belvedere a visit, as I had promised. The general at Naples, and the count at Parma, received me with the highest civilities; and both from the same motive. The count *will* hope.

The general accompanied me, with his lady, part of my

way to Florence: The motive of his journey is to rejoice personally with his friends at Urbino and Bologna, on the resolution his sister has taken; and to congratulate her upon it; as he has already done by letter: the copy of which he showed me. There were high compliments made me in it. We *may* speak handsomely of the man whom we neither envy nor fear. He would have loaded me with presents; but I declined accepting any; in such a manner, however, as he could not be dissatisfied with me for my refusal.

I paid also my respects at Urbino to the Altieri family, and the Conte della Porretta, in my way to Rome and Naples, and met with a very polite reception from both. For the rest of the time of my absence from Bologna, my literary journal will account.

On Wednesday afternoon I went to the palace of Porretta. I hastened up to my Jeronymo, with whom, as also with Mr. Lowther, I had held a correspondence, in my absence, and received favourable intelligences from them.

Jeronymo rejoiced to see me. I was inexpressibly delighted to find him so much recovered. His appetite, he told me, was restored. His rest was balmy and refreshing. He sat up several hours in the day; and his sister and he gave joy to each other, and to all their friends. But he hinted to me his wishes still to call me brother; and begged of God, in a very earnest manner, snatching my hand, and wetting it with his tears, that it still might be so.

The marquis and marchioness joined to thank me for my part of the correspondence with their beloved daughter; for, on my declining to support her in her wishes to be allowed to take the veil, she had shewed them the copy of her second letter, as well as my reply to it. The blessings which they poured out upon me, were mingled with their tears, and Father Marescotti and the bishop declared, that they would, in every prayer they put up to Heaven for themselves and the family, remember me, and beg of God to supply to me by another, and even, they said, a *better* Clementina, the disappointment I had so unexpectedly met with from *theirs*. The general and his lady, and the count, arrived the day before: but they were not present.

While they were all complimenting and applauding the almost *silent* man (for in so critical a situation what could I

say?) Camilla came in, and whispering the marchioness, Clementina, said the marchioness, is impatient to see her friend. Chevalier, I will introduce you. I followed her.

The young lady, the moment she beheld me, flew to me with open arms, as to her brother, her *fourth brother*, as she called me; and thanked me, she said, a thousand times, for my letters to her. My mamma, said she, has seen them all. But, ah, sir, your third!—I did not think you would have refused me your interest with my friends. I cannot, cannot give up that point. It was always my wish, madam (turning to her mother), to be God's child; that will not make me less yours and my papa's. O chevalier, you have not quieted, you have not convinced, my heart!

I promise myself, that I could have left you without a plea, my dear correspondent, returned I, had my heart been at ease, and the argument less affecting to myself. And surely, if Lady Clementina had been convinced, she would have acted up to her conviction.

Oh, sir, you are a dangerous man. I see, if a certain event had taken place, I should have been a lost creature!—Are not you, sir, convinced, that, in my notions of a lost creature, I should? If you are, I hope *you* will act up to your conviction.

Was this necessary to be said to me? I think, on recollection, she half smiled when she said it.

My dear Dr. Bartlett, you see Clementina could be pleasant on an occasion so solemn!—But, perhaps, she saw me only *affectedly* cheerful. Little as she, at present, imagines it, I think it not impossible that she may in time be brought to yield to the sense of her duty, laid down by such powerful advocates as she has in her own family. Whatever happens, may it be happy to her and this family, and then I cannot be wholly joyless! What is there in this life, worth—But let me not be too abstracted. This world, if we can enjoy it with innocent cheerfulness, and be serviceable to our fellow-creatures, is not to be despised, even by a philosopher.

I hope, madam, said I to her, that at least you suspend your wishes after the sequestered life? She allowed the force of one or two of my arguments; but I could perceive, that she gave not up her hope of being complied with in her wishes to assume the veil.

The general and his lady, and the count, being come in, hastened up to pay their compliments to me. How profuse were the two gentlemen in theirs!

At the marchioness's motion, we went to Jeronymo, and found the marquis, the bishop, and Father Marescotti coming to us. And then, every one joining in their acknowledgments of obligation to me, and wishing it in their power to make me as happy as they declared I had made them, I said, It *was* in their power, I hoped, to do me an unspeakable pleasure.

They called upon me, as with one voice: It is, answered I, that my dear friend Jeronymo may be prevailed upon to accompany me to England. Mr. Lowther would think himself very happy in his attendance on him there, rather than to stay here; and yet, if my request should not be granted, he is determined not to leave him till he is supposed to be out of danger.

They looked upon one another with eyes of pleasure and surprise. Jeronymo wept. I cannot, cannot bear, said he, such a weight of obligation. Grandison, we can do nothing for *you*. And you have brought me your Lowther to heal me, that you might have the killing of me yourself.

Clementina's eyes were filled with tears. She went from us with some little precipitation.

O chevalier, said the marchioness, my Clementina's heart is too susceptible for its own ease, to impressions of gratitude! You will quite kill the poor child—or make her repent her resolution.

What is there but favour to me, replied I, if my request can be complied with? I hope my dear Jeronymo will not be unattended by others of his friends: I have had the promises of the two young lords. Our baths are restorative. I will attend you to them, my dear Jeronymo. The difference of air, of climate, may, probably, be tried with advantage. Let me have the honour of entertaining you in England, looking all round me; and *that* I will consider, as a full return of the obligations you think so highly of, and are so solicitous to discharge.

They looked upon one another in silence.

Would to God, proceeded I, that you, my lord, and you, madam (directing myself to the father and mother), would

honour me, as my guests, for one season—You once had thoughts of it, had a certain happy event taken place—I dare promise you both, after the fatigues you have undergone, a renewal of health, from our salutary springs. I should be but too happy, if, in such company, a sister might be allowed to visit a brother!—But if this be thought too great a favour, that sister, in your absence, cannot but give and receive pleasure, sometimes in visiting Mrs. Beaumont at Florence; sometimes her brother, and his lady, at Naples. And I will engage my two sisters and their lords to accompany me in my attendance on you back to Bologna. My sisters will be delighted with the opportunity of visiting Italy, and of paying their respects to a young lady whose character they revere, and to whom once their brother had hoped to give them the honour of a relation.

They still continuing silent, but none of them seeming displeased; You will, by such a favour, my dear lords, and you, madam, to the marchioness, do me credit with *myself*, as I may say. I shall return to my native country, if I go alone, after the hopes you had all given me, like a disappointed and rejected man. My pride, as well as my pleasure, is concerned on this occasion. My house in the country, my house in London, shall be yours. I will be either inmate or visitor, at your pleasure. No man loves his country better than I do: but you will induce me to love it still better, if, by your compliance with my earnest request, you shall be able to obtain either health or pleasure from a twelvemonth's residence in it. Oblige me, my dear lords; oblige me, madam; were it but to give yourselves a new relish to your own country and palace on your return. Our summers have not your fervid sun: our commerce gives us all your justly-boasted autumnal fruits: nor are our winters so cold as yours. Oblige me, for the approaching winter only; and stay longer, as you shall find inclination.

Dearest Grandison, said Jeronymo, I will accept of your invitation the moment I am told that I may undertake the journey——

The journey, my lord! interrupted I.—Your cabin shall be made near as convenient to you as your chamber. You shall be set ashore within half a league of my house in London. God give us all a pleasant voyage: and in a few

days' time, you will not know, except by amended health and spirits, that you are not in this your own chamber.

Surely, said the general, my sister was right in her apprehensions, that she would not be able to continue a Catholic, had she been this man's. I wish *you*, my lord, said he, *you*, madam, and Jeronymo, would go. You have had a long course of fatigues and troubles. You love the chevalier. *Winter* with him, however. I have heard much of the efficacy of the English baths. Clementina must not go. My wife and I will make her as happy as possible in your absence: and take Grandison at his word. Bring him and his sisters back with you. Their lords, I understand, *have been* among us. They will not be sorry to visit Italy a second time, as, no doubt, they are men of taste—But when, chevalier, do you think of going?

The sooner the better, were it but to take advantage of the fine season: it will be but what mariners call a *trip* to England. You will make me very happy. You can have no other way of discharging the obligations you are so solicitous about. I will return with you: the health of Lady Clementina, I flatter myself, will be quite confirmed by that time. Signor Jeronymo, I hope, will be restored likewise: what joy shall we be enabled to give one another!—

They took only till the morning to consult, and give me an answer.



LETTER LXVI.

Sir Charles Grandison.—In continuation.

MR. LOWTHER and his colleagues having been consulted, gave it as their opinion, that Jeronymo might be removed by a litter to the nearest sea-port, and there embark for England; but that it is most eligible to stay till the next spring, by which time they hope the two old wounds may be safely cicatrised, and the new one only kept open.

But they all engaged, that then not only Jeronymo, and the two young lords, but some others of the family, will be my guests in England; and, in the meantime, that the bishop and Father Marescotti will in turn correspond with me, and acquaint me with all that passes here.

Clementina drank chocolate with us. She had been made acquainted with their determination, and approved of the promises of a visit to be made me next year, by some of the principals of the family. What a hard circumstance is it, whispered she, as she sat next me, that the person who would be *most* willing to go, and, I flatter myself, would not be the *least* welcome, must not be of the company! I should have been glad to have made one visit to the country where the Chevalier Grandison was born.

And what a perverseness, thought I, is there in custom! that would not permit this kind explicitness in Lady Clementina, were she not determined to consider the *brother*, in the man before her, rather than a still nearer relation! By how many ways, my dear Dr. Bartlett, may delicate minds express a denial!—Negatives need not be frowningly given, nor affirmatives blushing pronounced.

Jeronymo and I being left alone, he challenged me on the visible concern which he, and every one, as he said, saw in my countenance, on the turn his sister had taken: had it not been in my heart, he was sure it would not have been *there*.

Can you wonder at it, my dear friend? said I: when I came over, greatly as I thought of your sister, I did not think she had been *so* great, as she had shewn herself. I admired her ever; but I now *more* than admire her. Taught to hope, as I was, and so unexpectedly disappointed as I have been, I must have been more than man, were I not very much affected.

No doubt but you must, and I am cordially concerned for your concern. But, my dear Grandison, it is God alone that she prefers to you. She suffers more than you can do. She has no other way, she assures me, to comfort herself, but by indulging her hopes, that she shall not live long.—Dear creature! She flatters herself, that her reason is restored, in answer to her fervent supplications, which, she says, she put up to Heaven, in all her lucid intervals, that, for the sake of her parents and brothers, it might be restored, and that then she might be taken to the arms of mercy. But if your heart be *deeply* affected, my Grandison——

It is, Jeronymo. I am not an insensible man. But should now our dear Clementina be prevailed upon to descend from the height to which she has soared, however my wishes might be gratified by the condescension; yet, while she believed her

conscience would be wounded by it, I could not but think it would be some diminution to her glory. And how, as she has hinted in one of her letters to me, would it be possible, were I to see my beloved wife unhappy with her scruples, to forbear endeavouring to quiet her mind, by removing them? And could *this* be effected, without giving her an opinion of the religion I profess, in opposition to hers? And would not that subject me to a breach of articles? Oh, my dear Jeronymo! matters must stand just as they do, except she could think more favourably of my religion, and less favourably of her own.

He began to talk of their obligations to me. I declared that they could no other way give me pain. Do not, said I, let this subject ever be again mentioned by you, or any of the family. Every one, my dear Jeronymo, is not called upon by the occasion, as I have had the happiness to be. Would my friend envy me this happiness?

I wish, Dr. Bartlett, with all my heart, that I could think of anything that I could accept of, to make such grateful spirits easy. It pains me, to be placed by them in such a superior light, as must give *them* pain. What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, can I do, consistent with my notions of friendship, to make their hearts easy?

He was afraid, he said, that I should now soon think of leaving them.

I told him that having no doubt of Lady Clementina's perseverance in her resolution, and of her leave to return to my native country, I should be glad for my own sake, as well as the lady's, to be allowed to depart in a few days. Mr. Lowther, as it would make Jeronymo, as he had declared, more easy, would stay behind me. But dismiss him, my friend, said I, as soon as you can. He had obtained abroad a happy competency, and was returned to England, when I first knew him, with intent to enjoy it. He is as rich as he wants to be; and can gratify only the natural benevolence of his heart, by attending my dear friend. I hope to get him to accept of apartments with me, in my London house; and to fix his retirement, if not with me in my paternal seat, in its neighbourhood at least. He has merit that is not confined to his profession: but for what he has done for my Jeronymo, he will always hold a prime place in my heart.

It is *true*, Dr. Bartlett ; and I please myself, that he will be found as worthy of your friendly love, and my Beauchamp's, as of mine. If I can at last be indulged in my long, long hoped-for wish, of settling in my native country, with some tolerable tranquillity of mind, I shall endeavour to draw round me such a collection of valuable persons, as shall make my neighbourhood one of the happiest spots in Britain.

The marchioness came up to us. Clementina, said she, is apprehensive that you will soon leave us. Her father and brothers are walking with her in the garden : they will, I dare say, be glad of your company.

I left Jeronymo and his mother together, and joined the marquis and his other sons, and Clementina. The general's lady and Father Marescotti were in another alley, in earnest conversation.

The marquis made me a high compliment ; and, after a few turns, the prelate led off his father and brother, and left Clementina and me alone together.

Were you not cruel, chevalier, said she, in your last letter to me, not only to deny me your weight in the request my heart was, and is still, set upon ; but to strengthen their arguments against me ? Great use have some of my friends made of what you wrote. Oh, sir, you have won the heart of Giacomo ! but you have contributed to oppress that of his sister. Indeed, indeed, I cannot be easy, if I am denied the veil.

Dear Lady Clementina, remember that the full establishment of your health depends, under God, upon the quiet of your own mind. Give not way, I beseech you, to uneasy apprehensions. What daughter may rely upon the indulgence of a father and mother, what sister upon the affection of brothers, if you may not upon yours ? You have seen how much their happiness depends upon your health. Would you doubt the efficacy of that piety, while you are in the world, of which you have already (shall I say to *my* cost ?) given an instance so glorious to yourself, that the sufferer by it cannot help applauding you for it ?

O chevalier ! say not at your cost, if you wish me to be easy.

With the utmost difficulty *have* I restrained, and *do* I

restrain, myself on these occasions. I must, however, add, on this, a few words : you have obliged me, madam, to give one of the greatest instances of self-denial, that ever was given by man : let me beseech you, dearest Lady Clementina, for your own sake, for the sake of your duty, as well to the departed as to the living (and, may I add, for *my* sake) ? that you would decline this now favourite wish of your heart.

She paused ; and at last said, Well, sir, I see I must not expect any favour from you on this subject. Let us turn into that shaded alley. And now, sir, as to the other part of my request to you, in my last letter—It was not a request made on undeliberate motives.

What is that, madam ?

How shall I say it ?—Yet I will—If, chevalier, you would banish from my heart—Again she stopt. I thought not, at that moment, of what she meant.

If you would make me easy—

Madam—

You must marry !—Then, sir, shall I not doubt of my adhering to my resolution. But, say not a word till I have told you, that the lady must be an Englishwoman. She must not be an Italian. Olivia would not scruple to change her religion for you. But Olivia must *not* be yours. You could not be happy, I persuade myself, with Olivia. Do you think you could ?

I bowed, in confirmation of her opinion.

I *thought* you could not. Let not Clementina be disgraced in your choice of a wife. I have a proud heart. Let it not be said that the man, of whom Clementina della Porretta thought with distinction, undervalued himself in marriage.

This, Dr. Bartlett, was a request of the same generous import, that she mentioned in her reveries before I left Italy. How consistently delicate ! She had tears in her eyes as she spoke. I was too much affected with her generosity to interrupt her.

If you marry, sir, I shall, perhaps, be allowed to be one in the party that will make you a visit in England : my sister-in-law has, within this hour, wished to be one. She will endeavour to prevail upon her lord (he can deny her nothing) to accompany her. You will be able to induce Mrs. Beaumont once more to visit her native country. You and your

lady, and perhaps your sisters and their lords, will return with *us*. Thus shall we be as one family. If I am not to be obliged in *another* wish, I must in *this*: and this *must* be in your power. And will you not make me easy?

Admirable Clementina! who can be so great as you? Such tenderness as I read in your eyes, such magnanimity, never before met in woman! You can do everything that is noble—But that very greatness of soul attaches me to you; and makes it, at least while I am an admiring witness of your excellence——

Hush, chevalier! not a word more on this subject. It affects me more than I wish it did. I am afraid I am chargeable with affectation—But you must, however, marry. I shall not be easy while you are unmarried—When I know it is not possible to be—But no more on this subject now—How long is it that we are to have you among us?

If I have no hopes, madam——

Dear chevalier, speak not in this strain—She turned her face from me.

The sooner the better—But your pleasure, madam——

I thank you, sir—But did I not tell you that I have pride, chevalier?—Ah, sir, you have long ago found it out! *Pride* will do greater things for women than *reason* can—Let us walk to that seat, and I will tell you more of my pride.

She sat down; and making me sit by her—I will talk to these myrtles, fancifully, said she, turning her head from me. ‘Shall the Chevalier Grandison be acquainted with the weakness of thy heart, Clementina? Shall he, in compassion to thy weakness, leave his native country, and come over to thee?—Shall the success that has attended his generous effort shew *his* power to the confirmation of *thy* weakness?—Shalt thou, enabled by the divine goodness to take a resolution becoming thy character, be doubtful whether thou canst adhere to it, and give him room to think thee doubtful?—Shall he, in consequence of this doubtfulness, make *officious* absences to try thy strength of mind?—And shalt thou fail in the trial his compassionate generosity puts thee to?’—No, Clementina!

Then turning to me, with a downcast eye—I thank you, sir, for all the instances of generous compassion you have shewn me. My unhappy disorder had *entitled* me, in some

measure, to it. It was the hand of God. Perhaps a punishment for my pride; and I submit to it. Nor am I ashamed to acknowledge the kindness of your compassion to me. I will retain a grateful sense of it to the last hour of my life. I wish to be remembered by you with tenderness to the last hour of yours. I may not live long: I will therefore yield to your request, so earnestly made, and to the *wishes* of my dearest friends, in suspending, at least, *my own*. I will hope to see you (in the happy state I have hinted at) in England, and afterwards in Italy. I will suppose you of my family. I will suppose myself of yours. On these suppositions, in these hopes, I can part with you; as, if I live, it will be a temporary parting only; an absence of a few months. And have I not behaved well for the whole last month, and several days over; though I reckoned to myself the time as it passed, more than once every day, as so much elapsed, and nearer to the time of your return?—I own it (blushing).—And now, sir, I return to you the option you offered me. Be the day, the solemn day, at *your* nomination—Your *sister* Clementina will surrender you up to *her* sisters and *yours*.—Oh, sir! lifting up her eyes to me, and beholding an emotion in me which I tried to conceal, but could not, how good, how compassionate, how affectionate, you are!—But name to me *now* your day! This seat, when you are far, far distant from me, shall be a seat consecrated to the remembrance of your tenderness. I will visit it every day; nor shall the summer's sun, nor the winter's frost, keep me from it.

It will be best, taking her hand, admirable lady! it will be best for us both, for *me* I am sure it will, that the solemn day be early. Next Monday morning let me set out—Sunday *evening*—The *day*, on my part, shall be a day passed in imploring health, happiness, and every blessing on my dearest Clementina, on our Jeronymo, and their whole family; and for a happy meeting to us all in England—SUNDAY EVENING, if you please, I will—I could not speak out the sentence.

She burst into tears; reclined her face on my shoulder—her bosom heaved—and she sobbed out—O chevalier!—*Must, must*—But *be* it—*be* it so!—And God Almighty strengthen the minds of both!

The marchioness, who was coming towards us, saw at a distance the emotion of her beloved daughter, and fearing she was fainting, hastened to her, and clasping her arms about her—My child, my Clementina, said she—Why these streaming eyes? Look upon me, love.

Ah, madam! The day, the day is set!—Next Monday!—The chevalier will leave Bologna!

God forbid!—Chevalier, you will not so soon leave us?—My dear, we will prevail upon the chevalier—

I arose, and walked into a cross alley from them. I was greatly affected!—O Dr. Bartlett! These good women!—Why have I a heart so susceptible, yet such demands upon it for fortitude?

The general, the bishop, and Father Marescotti came to me. I briefly recounted to them the substance of the conversation that had passed between Lady Clementina and me. The marquis joined his lady and daughter; and Clementina, in her tender way, gave her father and mother an account of it also.

The marquis and his lady, leaving her to her Camilla, joined us: O chevalier! said the marquis, how can we think of parting with you?—And so soon?—You will not so suddenly leave us?

Not if Lady Clementina commands the contrary. If she do not, the sooner the better it will be for *me*. I cannot bear her generous excellence. She is the most exalted of women—See! the dear lady before us, leaning on her Camilla, as if she wanted support!

My sister and you, chevalier, said the general, will no doubt correspond. We shall none of us deny her that liberty. As she has already expressed to you her wishes that you would marry, may we not hope, that you will try your influence over her, upon the same subject, in your future letters? The marriage of *either* will answer the end she proposes to herself, by urging yours.

Good Heaven! thought I—Do they believe me absolutely divested of human passions?—I have been at continual war, as you know, Dr. Bartlett, with the most ungovernable of mine; but without wishing to overcome the tender susceptibilities, which, properly directed, are the glory of the human nature.

This is too much to be asked, said the young marchioness. How can this be expected?

You know not, madam, said the bishop, seconding his brother's wishes, what the Chevalier Grandison can do, to make a whole family happy, though against himself.

Lady Clementina, said the equally unfeeling, though good, Father Marescotti, thinks she is under the divine direction in the resolution she has taken. This world, and all its glories, are but of second consideration with her. Were it to cost her her life, I am confident she would not alter it. As *therefore* the chevalier can have no hopes——

I cannot ask this, said the marquis. You see how hard a task (*referring to me*)—Oh that the great obstacle *could* be removed! My dear Grandison, taking my hand, cannot, cannot—But I dare not ask—If it could, my own sons would not be more dear to me than you.

My lord, you honour me. You engage my utmost gratitude. It is with difficulty that I am able to adhere to my engagement, not to press her to be mine when I have the honour to be with her. I have wished her to resign her will to that of her father and mother, as you have seen, *knowing* the consequence. I am persuaded, that if *either* were to marry, the other would be more easy in mind! and I had much rather follow *her* example, than set her one—You will see what my return to my native country will do for us *both*. But she must not be precipitated. If she is, her wishes to take the veil may be resumed. Punctilio will join with her piety; and if not complied with, she may then again be unhappy.

They agreed to follow my advice; to have patience; and leave the issue to time.

I left them, and went to Jeronymo. I communicated to him what had passed, and the early day I had named for setting out on my return to England. This I did with as much tenderness as possible. Yet his concern was so great upon it, that it added much to mine; and I was forced, with some precipitation, to quit his chamber and the house; and to retire to my lodgings, in order to compose myself.

And thus, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is the day of my setting out fixed. I hope I shall not be induced to alter it. Mrs.

Beaumont, I know, will excuse me going back to Florence. Olivia must. I hope she will. I shall write to both.

I shall take my route through Modena, Parma, Placentia. Lady Sforza has desired an interview with me. I hope she will meet me at Pavia, or Turin. If not, I will attend her at Milan. I promised to pay her a visit before I quitted Italy : But as her request to see me was made while it was thought there might have been a relation between us, I suppose the interview now can mean nothing but civility. I hope, if I see her, her cruel daughter will not be present.



LETTER LXVII.

Sir Charles Grandison.—In continuation.

*Parma, Monday Night, { August 21.
 { Septem. 1.*

HERE I am, my dear Dr. Bartlett. Just arrived. The Count of Belvedere allows me to be alone. I am not fit for company.

The whole family, Jeronymo and Clementina excepted, dined with me on Saturday. Clementina was not well enough to leave her chamber. She would endeavour, she said, on Sunday night, when I was to take my leave of them all, to behave with as much presence of mind as she did on a former occasion. All the intervenient time, she said, was necessary to fortify her heart. But, alas! the circumstances between us, then and now, were not the same. We had, for some time past, been allowedly too dear to each other, to appear, either of us, so politely distant as we did then.

She never once asked me to suspend the day of my departure. Every one else repeatedly did. We *both* thought it best, as the separation was necessary, that it should *not* be suspended.

I had many things to do; many letters to write; much to say to Mr. Lowther; and he to me. I declined therefore their invitation to attend them home in the evening, as well as to dine with them next day. The solemn visit was to be made yesterday in the evening: and every visit near the time would have been as so many farewells. My own heart, at least told me so, and forbade me more than one parting scene. The time so near, they themselves wished it passed.

The count had come from Urbino on purpose, with the two young lords, to take leave of me. What blessings did that nobleman, and the marquis and marchioness, invoke upon me! The general had, more than once, tears in his eyes: he besought me to forgive him for everything, in his behaviour, that had been disagreeable to me. His lady permitted me to take leave of her in the most affectionate manner; and said, that she hoped to prevail on her lord to visit me himself, and to allow her to bear him company, in my own country. The bishop supplicated Heaven to reward me, for what he called my goodness to their family. Father Marescotti joined in his supplications, with a bent knee. The marquis and marchioness both wept, and called me by very endearing names, vowing everlasting love and gratitude to me. Jeronymo! my dear Jeronymo! one of the most amiable of men! how precious to my soul will ever be the remembrance of his friendly love! *His* only consolation was, and it is *mine*, that, in a few months, we shall meet in England. They wanted to load me with presents. They pained me with their importunities, that I would accept of some very valuable ones. They saw my pain; and, in pity to me, declined their generous solicitations.

Clementina was not present at this parting scene. She had shut herself up for the greatest part of the day. Her mother and her sister-in-law had been her only visitors: and she having declared that she was afraid of seeing me, it was proposed to me, whether it were not best for me to depart without seeing her. I can well spare to myself, said I, the emotions which, already so great, will, on taking leave of her, be too powerful for my heart, if you think that, when I am gone, she will not wish (as once she was so earnest, even to discomposure, for a farewell visit) that she had allowed herself to see me.

They all were then of opinion, that she should be prevailed upon. Camilla at that instant came down with her lady's desire, that I would attend her. In what way, Camilla, is my Clementina? asked the marchioness; every one attending the answer. In great grief, madam: almost in agonies. She was sending me down with her warmest wishes to the chevalier, and with her excuses; but called me back, saying she would subdue herself, she

would see him : and bid me hasten, for fear he should be gone.

The two marchionesses went up directly. I was in tremors. Surely, thought I, I am the weakest of men !—The bishop and general took notice of my emotion, and pitied me. They all joined in the wish so often repeated, that I could yet be theirs.

I followed Camilla. Lady Clementina, when I entered, sat between the mother and sister—an arm round each of their necks : her face was reclined, as if she were ready to faint, on the bosom of her mother, who held her salts to her. I was half way in the room, before either mother or daughter saw me. The Chevalier Grandison, my best sister ! said the young marchioness : Look up, my love.

She raised her head. Then stood up, courtesied ; and, gushing into tears, turned her face from me.

I approached her ; her mother gave me the hand of her Clementina—Comfort her, comfort my Clementina, good chevalier—You only can—Sit down, my love. Take *my* seat, sir.

The young lady trembled. She sat down. Her mother seated herself ; tears in her eyes. I sat down by Clementina. The dear lady sobbed ; and the more, as she endeavoured to suppress her emotion.

I addressed myself to her sister-in-law, who had kept her seat—Your ladyship, said I, gives me a very high pleasure, in the hope of seeing you, and your lord, a few months hence, in company with my Jeronymo. What a blessing is it to us all, that that dear friend is so well recovered ! I have no doubt but change of climate, and our salutary springs, will do wonders for him. Let us, by our *patience* and *resignation*, entitle ourselves to *greater* blessings ; the consequence, as I hope, of those we have *already* received.

Please God, I will see you in England, chevalier, said the young marchioness, if my lord is in the least favourable to my wishes : and I hope my beloved sister may be of the party. You, madam, and the marquis, I hope—looking at her mother-in-law.

I hope you will not go without *us*, my dear, replied the marchioness. If our Clementina shall be well, we will not leave her behind us.

Ah, madam!—Ah, sir!—said Clementina, how you flatter me! But this, *this* night, if the chevalier goes early in the morning, is the last time I shall ever see him.

God forbid! replied I—I hope that we may, many, many years rejoice in each other's friendship. Let us look forward with what pleasure we may. My heart, madam, wants your comfortings. I have a greater opinion of your magnanimity than I have reason to have of my own. I depart not but in consequence of your will—Enable me, by your example, to sustain that consequence. In everything you must be an example to me. I could not have done, as *you* have done: Bid me support my spirits in the hope of seeing you again, and seeing you happy. Tell me, that your endeavours shall not be wanting to be so: And I shall then be so too: Dear Lady Clementina, my happiness is bound up with yours.

Ah, sir, I am *not* greater than you: and I am less than myself. I was afraid when I came to the trial.—But *is* your happiness bound up with mine? Oh that I may be happy for *your* sake! I will *endeavour* to make myself so. You have given me a motive. Best of men! How much am I obliged to you! Will you cherish the remembrance of me? Will you forgive all my foibles?—The trouble I have given you?—I know you depart in consequence of my—*perverse-ness*—perhaps you think it, though you will not call it so—What shall I do, if you think me either perverse or ungrateful!

I *do* not, I *cannot*, think you either. May I be assured of your correspondence, madam? Your ladyship, turning to her mother, will give it your countenance——

By all means, answered the marchioness. We shall *all* correspond with you. We shall pray for you, and bless you, every day that we live. You will be to me, as you have always been, a fourth son—my dearest Clementina, say, if your mind is changed, if it be *likely* to change, if you think that you shall not be happy, if the chevalier——

O madam! permit me to withdraw for one moment.

She hurried to her closet. She shut the door, and poured out her soul in prayer; and soon returning—It *must* be so—with an air of assumed greatness. Let thy steadiness, O Grandison! excuse and keep mine in countenance—Bear

witness, my sister; forgive me, my mamma: but never did one mortal love another as I do the man before us. But you both, and you, my dear chevalier, know the competition; and shall not the UNSEEN (casting up her eyes surcharged with tears) be greater with me than the *seen*? Be you my brother, my friend, and the lover of my *soul*: This *person* is unworthy of you. The mind that animates it is broken, disturbed—Pray for me, as I will for you——

Then dropping down on one knee, God preserve and convert thee, best of Protestants, and worthiest of men! Guide thy footsteps, and bless thee in thy future and better lot! But if the woman, whom thou shalt distinguish by thy choice, loves thee not, person and mind, as well as she before thee, she *deserves* thee not.

I would have raised her, but she would not be raised—seeming full of some other great sentiments. I kneeled to her, clasping my arms about her: May you, madam, be ever, ever happy!—I resign to your will—and equally admire and reverence you for it, though a sufferer by it. Lasting, as fervent, be our friendship!—And may we know each other hereafter, in a place where all is harmony and love: where no difference in opinion can sunder, as now, persons otherwise formed to promote each other's happiness!

I raised her, and arose; and kissing first one hand, then the other, and bowing to the two marchionesses, was hastening from her.

She clapt her hands together—He is gone!—Oh stay, stay, chevalier—And *will* you go?——

I was in too much emotion to wish to be *seen*—She hastened after me to the stairs—Oh stay, stay! I have not said half I had to say——

I returned, and taking her hand, bowed upon it, to conceal my sensibility—What further commands, with a faltering voice, has Lady Clementina for her Grandison?

I don't know—But will you, must you, *will* you go?

I go; I stay; I have no will but yours, madam.

The two marchionesses stood together, rapt in silent attention, leaning on each other.

Clementina sighed, sobbed, wept; then turning from me, then towards me; but not withdrawing her hand; I thought, said she, I had a thousand things to say—But I have lost

them all!—Go thou in peace; and be happy! And God Almighty make *me* so! Adieu, dearest of men!

She condescendingly inclined her cheek to me: I saluted her; but could not utter to her what yet was upon my lips to speak.

She withdrew her hand. She seemed to want support. Her mother and sister hastened to her. I stopt at the door. Her eyes pursued my motions. By her uplifted hands she seemed praying for me. I was apprehensive of her fainting. I hastened towards her; but restraining myself just as I had reached her, again hurried to the door: and on my knees, with clasped hands, audibly there besought God to sustain, support, preserve, the noble Clementina: and seeing her seated in the arms of both ladies, I withdrew to Mr. Lowther's apartment; and shut myself in for a few moments. When a little recovered, I could not but step in to my Jeronymo.

He was alone; drying his eyes as he sat: but seeing me enter, he burst out into fresh tears.

Once more, my Jeronymo!—I would have comforted him, but wanted comfort myself.

O my Grandison!—embracing me, as I did him——

CLEMENTINA! The angel! CLEMENTINA! *Ah, my Jeronymo!*—Grief again denied me further speech for a moment. I saw that *my* emotion increased *his*—*Love, love,* said I, *the dear*—I would have added CLEMENTINA; but my trembling lips refused distinct utterance to the word—I tore myself from his embrace, and with precipitation left the tenderest of friends.

About eleven, according to the English numbering of the hours, I sent to know how the whole family did. Father Marescotti returned with my servant. He told me, that the lady fainted away after I was gone: but went to rest as soon as recovered. They all were in grief, he said. He was charged with the best wishes of every one; with those of the two marchionesses in particular. Signor Jeronymo was so ill, that one of his Italian surgeons proposed to sit up with him all night; for Mr. Lowther had desired to accompany me as far as Modena: and him I charge with my compliments to each person of the family; and with my remembrances to servants, who well deserved kindness from me; and who, Father Marescotti told me, were all in tears on my departure. I prevailed

on the father himself to make my acknowledgments to the good Camilla. He offered, and I thankfully accepted of, his prayers for my health and happiness, which he put up, in the most fervent manner, on his knees; and then embracing me, with a tenderness truly paternal, we parted, blessing each other.

This morning early I set out from Bologna. The Count of Belvedere rejoiced to see me; and called me kind, for being his guest, though but for one night; for I shall pursue my journey in the morning. He assures me, that he will make me a visit in England.

You will hardly, till I arrive at Paris, have another letter, my dear Dr. Bartlett, from your ever affectionate,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

—o—

LETTER LXVIII.

Sir Charles Grandison to Dr. Bartlett.

Paris, { Aug. 31.
 { Sept. 11.

I SET out from Parma early on Tuesday morning, as I intended. The Count of Belvedere was so obliging, as to accompany me to Pavia, where we parted with mutual civilities.

I paid my respects to Lady Sforza at Milan, as I had promised. She received me with great politeness. Our conversation chiefly turned on the differences between the other branches of her family, on one part; and herself, and Lady Laurana, on the other. She owned, that when she sent to desire a visit from me, she had supposed that the alliance between them and me was a thing concluded upon; and that she intended, by my mediation, to reconcile herself to the family, if they would meet her half way.

She was so indiscreet, as to lay general blame on her noble niece, as a person given up to a zeal that wanted government: She threw out hints, injurious to the sincerity of the three brothers, as well as to that of the father and mother, with regard to me: all which I discountenanced.

I have hardly ever conversed with a woman so artful as Lady Sforza. I wonder not, that she had the address to fire the Count of Belvedere with impatience, and to set him on

seeking to provoke me to an act of rashness, which, after what had happened between me and the young Count Altieri, some years ago, at Verona, might have been fatal to one, if not to both; and, by that means, rid Italy, if not the world, of me, and, at the same time, revenged herself on the count, for rejecting her daughter (who, as I have told you before, has a passion for him) in a manner that she called too contemptuous to be passed over.

She told me, that she doubted not *now*, that I had been circumvented by (what even she, an Italian, called) *Italian finesse*, but her niece would be prevailed upon to marry the count: and bid me remember her words. Ah! my poor Laurana! added she—But I will renounce her, if she can be so mean, as to retain love for a man who despises her.

A convent, she said, after such a malady as Clementina had been afflicted with, would be the fittest place for her. She ascribed to hers and Laurana's treatment of her (with great vehemence, on my disallowing her assertion) the foundation of her cure. She wished that, were Clementina to marry, it might have been me, preferably to any other man; since the love she bore me, was most likely to complete her recovery; which was not to be expected, were she to marry a man to whom she was indifferent—But, added she, they must take their own way.

Lady Laurana was on a visit at the Borromean palace: her mother sent for her, unknown to me. I could very well have excused the compliment. I was civil, however: I could be no more than civil: And, after a stay of two hours, pursued my route.

Nothing remarkable happened in my journey. I wrote to Jeronymo, and his beloved sister, from Lyons.

At the post-house there, I found a servant of Lady Olivia with a letter. He was ordered to overtake, and give it into my own hands, were he to travel with it to Paris, or even to England. Lady Olivia will be obeyed. The man missed me, by my going to visit Lady Sforza at Milan. I enclose the letter; as also a copy of mine, to which it is an answer. When you read them, you will be of opinion, that they ought not to pass your own hands. Perhaps you will choose to read them in this place.

LETTER LXIX.

Sir Charles Grandison to Lady Olivia.

Bologna, Saturday, Aug. 19-30.

Now, at last, is the day approaching, that the writer of this will be allowed to consider himself wholly as an Englishman. He is preparing to take, perhaps, an everlasting leave of Italy. But could he do this, and not first bid adieu to two ladies at Florence, whose welfare will be ever dear to him—Lady Olivia, and Mrs. Beaumont? It must be to *both* by letter.

I told you, madam, when I last attended you that, possibly, I should never see you more. If I told you so in anger, pardon me. Now, in a farewell letter, I would not upbraid you. I will be all in fault, if you please. I never incurred the displeasure of Olivia, but I was more concerned for her than for what I suffered from it; and yet her displeasure was not a matter of indifference to me.

I wish not, madam, for my own happiness, with more sincerity than I do for yours. Would to Heaven that it were in my power to promote it! I will flatter myself, that my true regard for your honour, daughter as you are of a house next to princely, and of fortune more than princely, will give me an influence which will awaken you to your glory. Allow, madam, the friendly, the brotherly expostulation—Let me think, let me speak, of Olivia, in absence, as a fond brother would of a sister most dear to him. I *will* so speak, so think of you, madam, when far distant from you. When I remember my Italian friends, it will always be with tender blessings and the most affectionate gratitude. Allow me, Olivia, to number you with the dearest of those friends. Your honour, your welfare, present and future, is, and ever will be, the object of my vows.

God and nature have done their parts by you: let not your own be wanting. To what purpose live we, if not to grow wiser, and to subdue our *passions*? Dear lady! illustrious woman! How often have *you* been subdued by the violence of *yours*; and to what submissions has your generous repentance subjected you, even to your inferiors! Let me not be thought a boaster—But I will presume to say,

that I am the rather entitled to advise, as I have made it my endeavour (and, I bless God, have not been always unsuccessful) to curb my passions. They are naturally violent. What do I owe to the advice of an excellent man, whom I early set up as *my* monitor! Let me, in this letter, be *yours*.

Your situation in life, your high birth, your illustrious line of ancestors, are so many calls upon *you*, in whom the riches and the consequences of so many noble progenitors centre to act worthy of their names, of their dignities, of your own; and of the dignity of your sex. The world looks up to you (your education, too, so greatly beyond that of most Italian ladies) with the expectation of an example—Yet have not evil reports already gone out upon your last excursion? The world will not see with our eyes, nor judge as we would have it, and as we sometimes know it *ought* to judge. My visit to Italy, when you were absent from it, and in England, was of service to your fame. The malignant world, at present, holds itself suspended in its censures; and expects, from your future conduct, either a confutation or a confirmation of them. It is, therefore, still in your power (rejoice, madam, that it is!) for ever to establish, or for ever to depreciate your character, in the judgment both of friends and enemies.

How often have I seen passion, and even rage, deform features that are really lovely! Shall it be said that your great fortune, your abundance, has been a snare to you? That you would have been a happier, nay, a *better* woman, had not God so bountifully blessed you?

Can your natural generosity of temper allow you to bear such an imputation, as that the want of power only can keep you within the limits (pardon, Olivia, the lover of your fame!) which the gentleness of your sex, which true honour, prescribe!

You are a young lady. Three-fourths of your natural life (Heaven permitting) are yet to come. You have noble qualities, shining accomplishments. You will probably, in very few years, perhaps in few months, be able to establish yourself in the world. So far only as you have gone, the inconsideration of youth will be allowed an excuse for your conduct. Blest with means, as you are, you *still* have it in your power, let me repeat, to be an honour to your sex, to

your country, to your splendid house, and to the age to which you are given.

The monitor I mentioned (you know him by person, by manners), from my earlier youth, born, as he knew me to be, the heir of a considerable fortune, suggested to me an address to Heaven, which my heart has had no repugnance to make a daily one; ‘That the Almighty will, in mercy, withhold from me wealth and affluence, and make my proud heart a dependent one, even for my daily bread, were riches to be a snare to me; and if I found not my inclinations to do good, as occasions offered, enlarge with my power.’—Oh that you, Olivia, were poor and low, if the being so, and nothing else, would make you *know yourself*, and act accordingly!—And that it were given to me, by acts of fraternal love, to restore you, as you could bear it, to an independence, large as your own wishes!

What an uncontrollable MAN would Lady Olivia have made, had she been a man, with but the same passions that now diminish the grandeur of her soul, and so large a power to gratify them!—What a *sovereign*!—Look into the characters of absolute princes, and see whose, of all those who have sullied royalty, by the violence of their wills, you would have wished to copy, or to have been compared with.

How has the unhappy Olivia, though but a subject, dared!—How often has that tender bosom, whose glory it would have been to melt at another’s woe, and to rejoice in acts of kindness and benevolence to her fellow-creatures, been armed by herself (not the mistress, but the slave, of her passions), not with defensive, but offensive, steel!* Hitherto Providence has averted any remediless mischief; but Providence will not be tempted.

Believe me, *still* believe me, madam, I mean not to upbraid you. *My dear* Olivia, I *will* call you, how often has my heart bled for you! How *paternally*, though but of years to be your *brother*, have I lamented for you in secret! I will own to you, that, but for the withholding prudence, and withholding honour, that I owed to both our characters, because of a situation which would not allow me to express my tenderness for you, I had folded you, in your contrite moments, to my bosom; and, on my knees, besought you to act up to

* Alluding to the poniard she carried in her bosom.

your own knowledge, and to render yourself worthy of your illustrious ancestry. And what but your *glory* could have been, what but *that* is now, my motive?

With what joy do I reflect, that I took *not* (God be praised for His restraining goodness!) advantage of the favour I stood in, with a most lovely and princely-spirited woman; an advantage that would have given me cause to charge myself with baseness to her, in the hour wherein I should have wanted most consolation! With what apprehension (dreading for myself, because of the great, the sometimes almost irresistible, temptation) have I looked upon myself to be (shall I say?) the *sole* guardian of Olivia's honour! More than once, most generous and *confiding* of women, have I, from your unmerited favour for me, besought you to spare me my *pride*; and as often to permit me to spare you *yours*—Not the odious vice generally known by that name (the fault of fallen angels), but that which may be called a prop, a support, to an imperfect goodness; which properly directed, may, in time, grow into virtue:—That friendly pride, let me add, which has ever warmed my heart with wishes for your temporal and eternal welfare.

I call upon you once more, my FRIEND! How unreproachingly may we call each other by that sacred name! The friend of your fame, the friend of your soul, calls upon you once more, to rejoice with him, that you have it still in your power to tread the path of honour. Again I glory, and let us *both*, that we have nothing to reproach each other with. I leave Italy, a country that ever will have a title to my grateful regard, without one *self*-upbraiding sigh; though not without *many* sighs. I own it to Olivia. *Justice* requires it. Justice to a lady Olivia loves not; but who deserves, not only hers, but the love of every woman; for she is an ornament to her sex, and to human nature. Yet be it known to Olivia, that I am a sufferer by that very magnanimity, for which I revere *her*—A rejected man!—Will Olivia rejoice that I am?—She will. What inequalities are there in the greatest minds! But subdue them in yours. For your own sake, not for mine, subdue them. The conquest will be more glorious to you, than the acquisition of an empire could be.

Let me conclude with an humble, but earnest, wish, that

you will cultivate, as once you promised me, the friendship of one of the best of women, Mrs. Beaumont, disposed as she, your neighbour, is to cultivate yours. I shall then hear often from you, by the pen of that excellent woman. Your compliance with this humble advice will give me, madam, for you own sake, and for the pleasure I know Mrs. Beaumont will have in it, the greatest joy that is possible for you to give to a heart, that overflows with sincere wishes for your happiness: a heart that will rejoice in every opportunity that shall be granted to promote it; for I am, and ever will be,—The friend of your fame, of your true glory, and your devoted servant,

GRANDISON.



LETTER LXX.

Lady Olivia to Sir Charles Grandison.

[Translated by Dr. Bartlett.]

Florence, August 22, N. S.

I AM to take it kindly, that you have thought fit to write to the unhappy Olivia before you leave Italy. I could not have expected even this poor favour, after the parting it was your pleasure to call *everlasting*. Cruel man!—Can I *still* call you so? I *did*, before I had this letter; and was determined that you should have reason to repent your cruelty; but this letter has almost reconciled me to you; so far reconciled me, however, as to oblige me to lay aside the intended vengeance that was rolling towards you from slighted love. You have awakened me to my glory, by your dispassionate, your tender reasonings. Your letter (for I have erased one officious passage in it*) is in my bosom all day. It is on my pillow at night. The last thing, and the first thing, do I read it. The contents make my rest balmy, my uprising serene. But it was not till I had read it the seventh time, and after I had erased that obnoxious passage, that it begun to have that happy effect upon me. I was above advice, for the first day. I could not relish your reasonings. Resolutions of vengeance had possessed me

* This passage is that where he hints at Lady Clementina's noble rejection of him, p. 371, line 28, beginning, 'I leave Italy,' to the end of the paragraph.

wholly. What a charm could there be in a *letter*, that should make a slighted woman lay aside her meditated vengeance? A woman, too, that had fallen beneath herself in the object of that despised love.

Allow me, Grandison, to say so. In the account of worldly reckoning it *was* so. And when I thought I hated you, it was so in my *own* account. Yet could you have returned my love, I would have gloried in my choice; and attributed to envy all the insolent censures of maligners.

But even at the seventh perusal, when my indignation began to give way, *would* it have given way, had you not, in the same letter, hinted, that the proud Bologna had given up all thoughts of a husband in the man to whom my heart had been so long attached?—Allow me to call her by the name of her city. I love not her nor her family. I hate them by their own proud names. It is an hereditary hatred, augmented by rivalry, a rivalry that had like to have been a successful one: and is *she* not proud, who, whatever be her motive, can refuse the man, who has rejected a nobler woman? Yet I think I ought to forgive her; for has she not avenged *me*? If *you* are grieved, that she has refused you, I am rejoiced. Be the pangs she has so often given me, if possible, forgotten!

What a miserable wretch, however, from my own reflections, did this intelligence make me! Intelligence that I received before your letter *blessed* my hands. Let me so express myself; the contents, I hope, will be the means of blessing, by purifying, my heart!—And why a miserable wretch?—Oh this man, of sentiments the most delicate, of life and manners the most unblamable; yet of air and behaviour so truly gallant, had it not been for thy forwardness, Olivia; had it not been for proposals, shame to thyself! shame to thy sex! *too plainly* intimated to him; proposals that owed their existence to inconsiderate love; a love mingled, I will now confess, with passions of the darkest hue—Envy, malice—and those aggravated by despair—would, on this disappointment from the Bologna, have offered his hand to the Florentine!—But now do I own, that it cannot, that it ought not to be. For what, Olivia, is there in the glitter of thy fortune, thy *greatest* dependence, to attract a man, whom worldly grandeur cannot influence?

Who has a fortune of his own so ample, that hundreds are the better for it?—A man, whose economy is regulated by prudence? Who cannot be in such difficulties as would give some little merit to the person who was so happy as to extricate him from them?—A man, in short, who takes pleasure in conferring obligations, yet never lays himself under the necessity of receiving returns? Prince of a man! What prince, king, emperor, is so truly great as *this* man? And is he not likewise surrounded by his nobles?—What a number of people of high interior worth make up the circle of his acquaintance!

And is there not, cannot there yet be hope; the proud Bologna now (as she is) out of the question?—The Florentine wants not pride; but, betrayed by the violence of her temper, she has not had the caution to confine herself within the bounds of female (shall I say)? *hypocrisy*. What she could not hide from herself, she revealed to the man she loved: but never, however, was there any other man whom she loved. Upon whom but one man, the haughty object of her passion, did she ever condescend to look down? Who but he was ever encouraged to look up to her?—And did not his gentle, his humane, his unrepublishing heart, seem to pity rather than despise her, till she was too far engaged? At the time that she *first* cast her eyes upon him, his fortune was not high: his father, a man of expense, was living, and likely to live: his sisters, whom he loved as himself, were hopeless of obtaining from their father fortunes equal to their rank and education. Olivia knew all this from unerring intelligence. His friends, his Bartlett, his Beauchamp, and others, were not in circumstances, that set them above owing obligations to him, slender as were his own appointments—*Then* it was that thou, Olivia, valuedst thyself for being blest with means to make the power of the man thou lovedst, as large as his heart. Thou wouldst have vested it *all* in him. Thou wouldst have conditioned with him, that this he should do for one sister; this for the other; this for one friend; this for another; and still another, to the extent of his wishes: and with *him*, and the *remainder*, thou wouldst have been happy.

Surely there was some merit in Olivia's love.

But, alas! she was not prudent: her temper, supposed to

be naturally haughty and violent, hurried her into measures too impetuous. The soul of the man she loved, too great to be attracted by riches, by worldly glory, and capable of being happy in a mere competence, was (how can I say it? I blush while I write it)! disgusted by a violence that had not been used to be restrained by the accustomed reserve. It was all open day, no dark machinating night, in the heart of the undissembling Olivia. She persecuted the object of her passion with her love, because she thought she could lay him under obligation to it. By hoping to prove herself more, she made herself appear less than woman. She despised that affectation, that hypocrisy, in her sex, which unpenetrating eyes attribute to modesty and shame—Shame of what? of a natural passion?

But you, Grandison, were too *delicate* to be taken with her *sincerity*. If you had penetration to distinguish between reserve and openness of heart, you had not greatness of mind enough to break through the low restraints of custom; and to reward the latter in preference to the former. Yet who, better than you, knows, that women in love are actuated by *one* view, and differ only in outward appearance? Will bars, bolts, walls, rivers, seas, any more withhold the supercilious, than the less reserved? That passion which made the Florentine compass earth and seas, in hopes of obtaining its end, made, perhaps, the prouder Bologna (and *from* pride) a more pitiable object—Yet, who ever imputed immodesty to Olivia? Who ever dared to harbour a thought injurious to her virtue? You only (custom her judge) *have* the power, but not, I hope, the will, to upbraid her. You *can*. The creature, who, conscious of having alarmed you by the violence of her temper, would have lived with you on terms of *probation*, and left it to your honour, on full consideration and experience of that temper, to reward her with the celebration, or punish her with rejection, (her whole fortune devoted to you), had subjected herself to your challenges. But nobody else could harbour a thought inglorious to her.

And must she yield to the consciousness of her own unworthiness, from a proposal made my herself, which tyrant custom only can condemn?

Oh yes, she must. There is among your countrywomen

one who seems born for *you*, and you for *her*. If *she* can abate of a dignity, that a first and only love alone can gratify, and accept of a second-placed love, a widower-bachelor, as I may call you, *she*, I know, must, will, be the happy woman. To *her* the slighted Florentine can resign, which, with patience, she never could to the proud Bologna; and the sooner, because of the immortal hatred she bears to that woman of Bologna. You, Grandison, have been accustomed to be distinguished by women who, in degree and fortune, might claim rank with princesses. Degree and fortune captivate you not.—This humbler fair one is more suitable to your own degree: and, in the beauties of person and mind (at least in those beauties of the latter, which *you* most admire), she is superior either to your Bolognese or Florentine. Let my pen praise her, though malice to Clementina, and despair of obtaining my own wishes, mingle with my ink.—She is mild, though sparkling: she is humble, yet has dignity: she is reserved, yet is frank and open-hearted: nobody can impute to her either dissimulation or licence of behaviour. We read her heart in her countenance; and have no thought of looking further for it: wisdom has its seat on her lips; modesty on her brow: her eyes avow the secrets of her soul; and demonstrate, that she has no one that she need to be ashamed of: she can blush for others: for the unhappy Olivia she *did* more than once; but for herself she need not blush. I loved, yet feared her, the moment I saw her. I dared not to try myself by her judgment. It was easy for me to see that she loved you; yet such were your engagements, your *supposed* engagements, that I pitied her: and can we be alarmed by, or angry at, her whom we pity?—Unworthy Grandison! Unworthy I *will* call you; because you cannot merit the love of such a spotless heart. You who could leave her, and, under colour of honour, when there was no pre-engagement, and when the proud family had rejected you, prefer to such a fine young creature a romantic enthusiast!—Oh may the sweet maiden, who wants not due consciousness of interior worth, assert herself; and, by refusing your *second-placed* addresses, vindicate the dignity of beauty and innocence unequalled!

If you, Grandison, cannot forgive Olivia for loving you too

well, for rendering herself too cheap to you; if you cannot repair in her own eyes, the honour of one, who, in that case, must be sunk in yours beyond the power of restoration; if you cannot forgive attempts of the hand, in which the heart had no share, but resisted; in a word, if you cannot forgive the fervour of a love, that, at times, combating my pride, had nearly overturned *my* reason also—Then, let this virgin goodness be yours, and Olivia will endeavour to forgive *you*.—Yet—Oh that yet—Ah, Grandison!—But how can a woman bear that refusal, which, however superior she may be in rank, in fortune, gives her an inferiority to the man of her wishes, in the very article in which it should be a woman's glory to retain dignity, even were the man superior to her in birth, and in all other outward advantages? I disdain thee, Grandison, in this light. I will tear thy proud image from my heart, or die.

One request only, let me make, and permit your pride to comply with it. Return not to me, but accept (accept as a token of love) the cabinets which, perhaps, will be in England before you. They will be thought by you of too great value; but they are not too great for the grandeur of my fortune, and the magnificence of my spirit. The medals alone make a collection that would do credit to the cabinet of a sovereign prince. These are in your taste. They are *nothing* to Olivia, but for your sake. Accept of these cabinets, as some atonement for the trouble I have given you; for the attempts I have made upon your liberty, and more than once (but, oh! with how feeble a hand!) upon your life! How easy had it been to take the latter, your soul so fearless, braving menaces and danger, had I been resolved to take it! How many ministers of vengeance, in my country, had I been determined to execute it, would my fortune have procured me! How easy would it have been for me to conceal my guilt from all but myself, had the slow-working bowl, or even the sharp-pointed poniard, given thee up to my great revenge!—It is, however, happy, for us *both* that the proud bigot rejected you! Your death, and my distraction, had, probably, been the consequence of her acceptance of you.—Yet, how I rave!—The moment I had seen you, my vengeance would have been arrested, as more than once it was. O Grandison! how dear are you (*were* you, now I will endeavour to say) to the soul of

Olivia! Dearer than fame, than glory, and whatever the world deems valuable.

All that I ask of you now, that the Bologna, in disappointing *you*, has disappointed *herself* (great revenge!) is within your own power to grant, without detriment to yourself, and, I hope, without regret. It consists of two or three articles: the first is, to resolve within yourself, that you will not *now*, should that heat of the zealot's imagination, which has seemed to carry her above herself, subside; (as I have no doubt but it *will*;) and should she even follow you to your native place, as a still nobler woman ignobly did; that you will not now receive her offered hand!—O Grandison!—If you do——

Next, that you will (thus fairly, though *foolishly*, dismissed, and the whole family rejoicing in your dismissal, well as they pretend to love you) put it out of your own power, since the Florentine can have no hope, to give the Bolognese any. My soul thirsts to see her in a nunnery: I could myself assume the veil in the same convent, I *think* I could, for the pleasure of exulting over her for the pangs she has occasioned me. But for *her*, Olivia would have been mistress of her own wishes.

Preach not to me, Grandison, against that spirit of revenge, which ever did, and ever must, actuate my heart. Slighted love will warrant it, or nothing can! Have I not lost the man I loved by it? Can I regain him, if I conquer that not ignoble vehemence of a great mind?—No! Forbear then the unavailing precept. I am not of Bologna. I am no zealot! While the warm blood flows in my veins, I pretend not to be above human nature. When I can divest myself of that, *then*, perhaps, I may follow your advice: I may seek to cultivate the friendship of Mrs. Beaumont; but, *till* then, she would not accept of mine.

O Grandison! born to distinction! princely in your munificence! amiable in your person! great in your mind, in your sentiments! you have conquered your ambition—You may, therefore, unite yourself to the politest country maid, and the loveliest that ever adorned your various climate: Yet, oh that in the same hour the Bolognese might assume the veil, and the lovely English maid refuse your offered hand!

My third request is (as before requested), that you will not refuse the cabinets which will be soon embarked for you.

Be not *afraid* of me, Grandison; I form no pretensions

upon you from this present ; valuable as you, perhaps, may think it. Your simple acceptance is all the return I hope for. Write only these words with your own hand—‘ Olivia, ‘ I accept your present, and thank you for it.’ Receive it only as a token of my past love, for a man whose virtues I admire, and, by degrees, shall hope to imitate. That, sir, when a certain event was *most* my wish, was not the least motive for that wish : but now, what will be the destiny of the bewildered creature, who is left at large to her own will, who can tell ? A will, that only one man in the world could have subjugated. His control would have been freedom.

I would not have you imagine, that a correspondence, by letter, is hoped for as a *return* for the present of which I entreat your acceptance : but when I can assure you, that your advice will probably be of great service to me, in the conduct of my future life, as I have no doubt it will, from the calm effects that the letter, which has now a place in my bosom, has already produced there, I am ready to flatter myself, that a wish so ardent, and so justifiable, will be granted to the repeated request of

OLIVIA.



Continuation of Sir Charles Grandison's Letter, No. XL.

[Begun p. 367.]

OLIVIA, you see, my dear Dr. Bartlett, concludes her letter with a desire of corresponding with me. As she has put it, I cannot refuse her request. How happy should I think myself, if I could be a means effectually to serve her in the conduct of her future life !

I have written to her, that I shall think an intercourse by letters an honour done me, if she will allow me to treat her with the freedom and the singleness of heart of an affectionate brother.

As to her particular recommendation of a *third person*, I tell her, that must be the subject of the future correspondence to which she is pleased to invite me.

Olivia *may be* in earnest, in her warm commendations of a lady, of whose excellences nobody can write or speak with indifference : but I have no doubt, that she is very earnest to know my sentiments on the subject. But what must be

the mind of the *bachelor widower*, as she calls me, if already I can enter into the subject with *any* body, with Lady Olivia especially? The most *sensible*, I will not say *subtle* creature on earth, is certainly a woman in love. What can escape her penetration? What can bound her curiosity?

I tell her, that I can neither decline nor accept of her present, till I see the contents of the cabinets she is pleased to mention. It will give me pain, I say, to refuse any favour from Lady Olivia, by which she intends to show her esteem of me: but favours of so high a price will, and ought to, give scruples to one who would not be thought ungenerous.

I had always admired, I tell her, her recollection of medals; but they are a family collection, of two or three generations: and I should not allow myself to accept of such a treasure unless I could have an opportunity given me to shew, if not my merit, my gratitude; and *that* I saw no possibility of being blessed with, in any manner that could make the acceptance tolerably easy to myself. I cannot, my dear Dr. Bartlett, receive from this munificent lady a present that is of such high intrinsic worth. Had she offered me anything that would have had its value *from* the giver, or to the receiver, for its own sake, and not equally to anybody else; for instance, had she desired me to accept of her picture, since the original could not be mine; I would not have refused it, though it had been encircled with jewels of price. But, circumstanced as this unhappy lady and I are, could I have asked her for a favour of that nature?

I think I have broken through one delicacy, in consenting to correspond with this lady. She should not have asked it. I never new a pain of so particular a nature as this lady (a not ungenerous, though a rash one) has given me. My very heart recoils, Dr. Bartlett, at the thought of a denial of marriage to a woman expecting the offer, whom delicacy has not quite forsaken.

But a word or two more on this subject of presents. When the whole family at Bologna were so earnestly solicitous to shew their gratitude to me by some permanent token, I had once the thought of asking for their Clementina's picture in miniature: but as I was never to think of her as mine, and as, probably, my picture, if but for politeness sake, would

have been asked for in exchange, I was afraid of cherishing, by that means, in her mind, the tender ideas of our past friendship, and thereby of making the work of her parents difficult. And do they not the more *excusably* hope to succeed in their views, as they think their success will be a means to secure health of mind to their child? But if they visit me in England, I will then request the pictures of the whole family, in one large piece, for the principal ornament of Grandison Hall.

By what Olivia says, of designs on my liberty, I believe she means to include the attempt made upon me at Florence; which I hinted at in my last, and supposed to come from that quarter. What she would have done with me, had the attempt succeeded, I cannot imagine. I should not have wished to have been the subject of so romantic an adventure—A prisoner to a lady in her castle! She is certainly one of the most enterprising women in Italy; and her temper is too well seconded by her power. She would not, however, in that case, have had recourse to *fatal* acts of violence. Once, you know, she had thoughts of exciting against me the holy tribunal: but I was upon such a foot, as a traveller, and as an English Protestant, though avowed, not behaving indiscreetly, that I had friends enow, even in the sacred college, to have rendered ineffectual any steps of that sort. And, after all, her machinations were but transitory ones, and, the moment she saw me, given over.

My first inquiry, after my arrival here, was after my poor cousin Grandison. My *poor* cousin indeed! What a spiritless figure does he make! I remember you once said, that it was more difficult for a man to behave well in prosperity than in adversity; but the man who will prove the observation to be true, must not be one, who, by his own extravagance and vice, has reduced himself, from an affluence to which he was born, to penury, at least to a state of obligation and dependence. Good God! that a man should be so infatuated, as to put on the cast of a dye, the estate of which he is in *unquestioned* possession from his ancestors! Yet who will say, that he who hopes to win what belongs to another, does not deserve to lose his own?

I soothed my cousin in the best manner I could, consistently with justice: yet I told him, that his repentance must

arise from his *judgment*, as well as from his *sufferings*; and that he would have less reason for regretting the unhappy situation to which he had reduced himself, if the latter brought him to a right sense of his errors. I was solicitous Dr. Bartlett, for the sake of his own peace of mind, that he should fall into a proper train of thinking: but I told him that preachment was no more my intention than recrimination.

I have two hands to one tongue, my cousin, said I; and the latter I use not but to tell you, that both the former are cordially at your service. You have considered this matter well, no doubt, added I: Can you propose to me any means of retrieving your affairs?

There is, said he, one way. It would do everything for me: but I am afraid of mentioning it to you.

If it be a just way, fear not. If it be anything I can do for you out of my own single purse, without asking any second or third person to contribute to it, command me—He hesitated.

If it be anything, my cousin, said I, that you think I ought not, in justice, in honour, to comply with, do *not*, for your own sake, mention it. Let me see that your calamity has had a proper effect upon you. Let not the *just man* be sunk in the man in adversity; and then open your mind freely to me.

He could not, he said, trust the mention of the expedient to me, till he had given it a further consideration.

Well, sir, be pleased to remember, that I will never *ask* you to mention it; because I cannot doubt but you *will*, if, on consideration, you think it a *proper* expedient.

When some friends, who came to visit me on my arrival, were gone, my cousin resumed the former subject: but he offered not to mention his expedient. I hope it was not, that he had a view to my Emily. I am very jealous for my Emily. If I thought poor Everard had but an imagination of retrieving his affairs by her fortune, nothing but his present calamity should hinder me from renouncing for ever my cousin.

I inquired particularly into the situation he was in; and if there were a likelihood of doing anything with the gamesters. But he could not give me room for such an expect-

tation. I find he has lost all his estate to them, Dunton farm excepted; which, having been much out of repair, is now fitting up for a new tenant; and will not, for three or four years to come, bring him in a clear fifty pounds a year.

I have known more men than one, who could not live upon fifteen hundred a year, bring themselves to be contented with fifty. But Mr. Grandison is so fallen in spirit, that he never will be able to survive such a change in fortune, if I do not befriend him. Poor man! he is but the shadow of what he was. The *first* formerly in the fashion: In body and face so erect; his steps so firm, gait so assured, air so genteel, eye so lively—But now, in so few months, gaunt sides; his half-worn tarnished laced coat big enough to lap over him; hollow cheeks, puling voice, sighing heart, creeping feet—O my Dr. Bartlett, how much does it behove men so little able to *bear* distress, to avoid falling into it by their own extravagance! But for a man to fall into indigence through *avarice* (for what is a spirit of gaming, but a spirit of avarice, and that of the worst sort?) how can such a one support his own reflections?

I had supposed, that he had no reason, in this shattered state of his affairs, to apprehend anything from the prosecution set on foot by the woman who claimed him on promise of marriage; but I was mistaken; she has, or pretends to have, he told me, witnesses of the promise. Poor shameful man! What witnesses *needed* she, if he *knows* he made it, and received the profligate consideration?

I am not happy, my dear friend, in my mind. I hope to be tolerably so, if my next letters from Bologna are favourable, as to the state of health of the beloved brother and sister there.

It would have been no disagreeable amusement to me, at this time, to have proceeded directly to Ireland; the rather, as I hope a visit to my estate there is become almost necessary, by the forwardness the works are in which I set on foot when I was on that more than agreeable spot. But the unhappy situation of Mr. Grandison's affairs, and my hopes of bringing those of Lady Mansfield to an issue, together with the impatience I have to see my English friends, determine me to the contrary. To-morrow will be the last day of my stay in this city; and the day after, my cousin

and I shall set out for Calais—Very quickly, therefore, after the receipt of this letter, which shuts up the account of my foreign excursions, will you, by your paternal goodness, if in London, help to calm the disturbed heart of your

CHARLES GRANDISON.

—o—

LETTER LXXI.

Lady G—— to Miss Byron.

London, Tuesday, Sept. 5.

CONGRATULATE us, my dearest Miss Byron, on the arrival of my brother. He came last night. It was late. And he sent to us this morning; and to others of his friends. My lord and I hurried away to breakfast with him. Ah, my dear! we see too plainly that he has been very much disturbed in mind. He looks more wan, and is thinner than he was; But he is the same kind brother, friend, and good man.

I expected a little hint or two from him on my past vivacities; but not a word of that nature. He felicitated my good man and me; and when he spoke of Lord and Lady L——, and his joy in their happiness, he put two sisters and their good men together, as two of the happiest pairs in England. Politic enough; for, as we sat at breakfast, two or three *toysome* things were said by my lord (no ape was ever so fond!) and I could hardly forbear him: but the reputation my brother *gave* me, was a restraint upon me. I see one may be flattered by undeserved compliments, into good behaviour, when we have a regard to the opinion of the complimenter.

Aunt Nell was all joy and gladness: she was in raptures last night, it seems, at her nephew's first arrival. He rejoiced to see her; and was so thankful to her for letting him find her in town, and at his house, that she resolves she will not leave him till he is married. The good old soul imagines she is of importance to him, in the direction of the family matters, now I have left him—I, Harriet! there's self-importance!—But, good creatures, these old virgins! they do *so* love to be thought useful—Well, and is not that a good sign, on Aunt Nell's part? Does it not look as if

she would have been a useful creature in the days of nightrail and notableness, had she been a wife in good time? I always think, when I see those badgerly virgins fond of a parrot, a squirrel, a monkey, or a lap-dog, that their imagination makes out husband and children in the animals—Poor things—But as to her care, I daresay, that will only serve to make bustle and confusion, where else would be order and regularity; for my brother has the best of servants.

I wished her in Yorkshire fifty times, as we sat at breakfast; for when I wanted to ask my brother twenty thousand questions, and to set him on talking, we were entertained with her dreams of the night before his arrival, and last night—Seas crossed, rivers forded—Dangers escaped by the help of angels and saints, were the reveries of the former night; and of the last, the music of the spheres, heaven, and joy, and festivity—The plump creature loves good cheer, Harriet. In short, hardly a word could we say, but what put her upon recollecting a part of one of her dreams: yet some excuse lies good, for an old soul, whose whole life has been but one dream, a little fal-lalishly varied—And, would you think it? (yes, I believe you would), *my* odd creature was once or twice put upon endeavouring to recollect two or three dreams of his own, of the week past; and would have gone on, if I had not silenced him by a frown, as he looked upon me for his cue, as a tender husband ought.

Beauchamp came in, and I thought would have relieved us: but he put my aunt in mind of an almost forgotten part of her dream; for *just* such a joyful meeting, *just* such expressions of gladness, did she dream of, as she now beheld, and heard, between my brother and him felicitating each other. Deuce take these dreaming souls, to remember their reveries, when realities infinitely more affecting are before them! But reflection and prognostic are ever uninspiring parts of the pretension of people who have lived long; dead to the present; the past and the future filling their minds: And why should not they be indulged in the thought that they know something more than those who are less abstracted; and who are contented with looking no further than the present?

Sir Charles inquired after Sir Harry's health. Mr. Beauchamp, with a concern that did him credit, lamented his declining way; and he spoke so respectfully of Lady

Beauchamp, and of her tenderness to his father, as made my brother's eyes glisten with pleasure.

Lord and Lady L——, Dr. Bartlett, and Emily, were at Colnebrook: but as they had left orders to be sent for, the moment my brother arrived (for you need not doubt but his last letter prepared us to expect him soon), they came time enough to dine with us. There was a renewal of joy among us.

Emily, the dear Emily, fainted away, embracing the knees of her guardian, as she, unawares to him, threw herself at his feet, with joy that laboured for expression, but could not obtain it. He was affected. So was Beauchamp. So were we all. She was carried out, just as she was recovering to a shame and confusion of face, for which only her own modesty could reproach her.

There are susceptibilities which will shew themselves in outward acts; and there are others which cannot burst out into speech. Lady L——'s joy was of the former, mine of the latter sort. But she is used to tenderness of heart. My emotions are ready to burst my heart, but never hardly can rise to my lips—My eyes, however, are great talkers.

The pleasure that Sir Charles, Lord L——, and Dr. Bartlett mutually expressed to see each other, was great, tender, and manly. My bustling nimble lord enjoyed over again his joy, at that of every other person; and he was ready, good-naturedly, to sing and dance—That's *his* way, poor man, to shew his joy; but he is honest for all that. Don't despise him, Harriet! He was brought up as an only son, and to know that he was a lord, or else he would have made a better figure in *your eyes*. The man wants not sense, I assure you. You may think me partial; but I believe the most foolish thing he ever did in his life, was at church, and that at St. George's, Hanover Square. Poor soul! He *might* have had a wife better suited to his taste, and then his very foibles would have made him shine. But, Harriet, it is not always given to us to know what is best for ourselves. Black women, I have heard remarked, like fair men; fair men, black women; and tempers suit best with contraries. Were we all to like the same person or thing equally, we should be for ever engaged in broils: As it *is*, human nature (*vile rogue!* as I have heard it called) is quarrelsome enough: So, my lord, being

a soft man, *fell in love*, if it please you, with a saucy woman. He *ought* to be meek and humble, you know. He would not let me be quiet, till I was his. We are often to be punished by our own choice. But I am very good to him *now*. I don't know, Harriet, whether it is best for me to break him of his trifling, or not : unless one were sure, that he could creditably support the alteration. Now can I laugh at him ; and if the baby is froppish, can coax him into goodhumour. A sugar plumb, and courtesy, will do at any time ; and, by setting him into a broad grin, I can laugh away his anger. But should I endeavour to make him wise, as the man has not been used to it, and as his education has not given him a turn to significance, don't you think he would be awkward ; and, what is worse, assuming ? Well, I'll consider of this, before I attempt to new-cast him. Meantime, I repeat—Don't you, my dear, for *my* sake, think meanly of Lord G——. Ha, ha, ha, hah !—What do I laugh at, do you ask me, Harriet ?—Something so highly ridiculous—I have—I have—sent him away from me, *so* much ashamed of himself—He bears anything from me *now*, that he knows I am only in play with him, and have so *very* right a heart—I must lay down my pen—Poor soul ! Hah, hah, hah, hah ! I do love him for his simplicity !

WELL, I won't tell you what I laughed at just now, for fear you should laugh at us both. My brother's arrival has tuned every string of my heart to joy. The holding up of a straw will throw me into a *titteration*—I can hardly forbear laughing again, to think of the shame the poor soul shewed, when he slunk away from me. After all, he ill brooks to be laughed at. Does not that look as if he were conscious ?—But what, Harriet (will you ask), mean I, by thus trifling with you, and at *this* time particularly ?—Why, I would be glad to make you smile, either *with* me, or *at* me : I am indifferent which, so that you do but smile—You do !—I protest you do !—Well ! now that I have obtained my wishes, I will be serious.

We congratulated my brother on the happy turn in the healths of his Italian friends, without naming names, or saying a word of the sister we had like to have had. He looked earnestly at each of us ; bowed to our congratula-

tions: but was silent. Dr. Bartlett had told us, that he never, in his letters to my brother, mentioned your being not well; because he knew it would disturb him. He had many things to order and do; so that, except at breakfast, when aunt Nell invaded us with her dreams, and at dinner, when the servants' attendance made our discourse general, we had hardly any opportunity of talking to him. But in the space between tea-time and supper, he came and told us, that he was devoted to us for the remainder of the day. Persons present were, Lord and Lady L——, myself, and my good man, Dr. Bartlett, Mr. Beauchamp, and Emily, good girl, quite recovered, and blithe as a bird, attentive to every word that passed the lips of her guardian.—Oh, but aunt Nell was also present!—Poor soul! I had like to have forgot her!

In the first place, you must take it for granted, that we all owned we had seen most of what he had written to Dr. Bartlett.

What troubles, what anguish of mind, what a strange variety of conflicts, has your heart had to contend with, my dear Sir Charles, began Mr. Beauchamp; and, at last, what a strange disappointment, from one of the noblest of women!

Very true, my Beauchamp. He then said great and glorious things of Lady Clementina. We all joined in admiring her. He seemed to have great pleasure in hearing us praise her—Very *true*, Harriet!—But you have generosity enough to be pleased with him for that.

Aunt Eleanor (I won't call her aunt Nell any more if I can help it) asked him, if he thought it were possible for the lady to hold her resolution? Now you have actually left Italy, nephew, and are at such a distance, don't you think her love will return?

Good soul! She has *substantial* notions still left, I find, of *ideal* love! Those notions, I fancy, last a long time with those who have not had the opportunity of gratifying the *silly* passion!—Be angry if you will, Harriet, I don't care.

Well, but, thus gravely, as became the question, answered my brother—The favour which this incomparable lady honoured me with was never disowned: On the contrary, it was always avowed, and to the very last. She had,

therefore, no uncertainty to contend with, she had no balancings in her mind. Her contention, as she supposed, was altogether in favour of her duty to Heaven. She is exemplarily pious. While she remains a zealous Roman Catholic, she must persevere; and I dare say she will.

I don't know what to make of these *papists*, said our old Protestant aunt Nell—(Aunt Nell, did I say? Cry mercy)!—Thank God, you are come home safe and sound, and without a *papistical* wife!—It is very hard if England cannot find a wife for you, nephew.

We all smiled at aunt Nell—The deuce is in me, I believe!—Aunt Nell again!—But let it go.

When, Lady G—— (asked Lady L——), saw you, or heard you from, the Dowager Countess of D——?

Is there any other Countess of D——, Lady L——? said Sir Charles: a fine glow taking possession of his cheeks.

Your servant, brother, thought I: I am not sorry for your charming apprehensiveness.

No, sir, replied Lady L——.

Would you, brother, said *Boldface* (you know who that is, Harriet), that there should be another Countess of D——?

I wish my Lord D—— happy, Charlotte. I hear him as well spoken of as any of our young nobility.

You don't know what I mean, I warrant, Sir Charles! resumed, with an intentional archness, your saucy friend.

I believe I do, Lady G——. I wish Miss Byron to be one of the happiest women in the world, because she is one of the best—My dear, to Emily, I hope you have had nothing to disturb or vex you, from your mother's husband——

Nor from my mother, sir—All is good, and as it should be. You have overcome——

That's well, my dear—Would not the Bath waters be good for Sir Harry, my dear Beauchamp?

A second remove, thought I! But I'll catch you, brother, I'll warrant (as rustics sometimes, in their play, do a ball), on the rebound.

Now, Harriet, you will be piqued, I suppose. Your delicacy will be offended, because I urged the question. I see a blush of disdain arising in your lovely cheek, and conscious eye, restoring the roses to the one, and its natural

brilliancy to the other. Indeed we all began to be afraid of a little affectation in my brother. But we needed not. He would not suffer us to put him upon the subject again. After a few other general questions and answers, of *who* and *who*; and *how* and *how*; and *what*, and *when*, and so forth; he turned to Dr. Bartlett.

My dear friend, said he, you gave me pain a little while ago, when I asked you after the health of Miss Byron, and her friends. You evaded my question, I thought, and your looks alarmed me. I am afraid poor Mrs. Shirley—Miss Byron spoke of her always as in an infirm state: How, Charlotte, would our dear Miss Byron grieve, were she to lose so good a relation!

I intended not, answered the doctor, that you should *see* I was concerned: But I think it impossible, that a father can love a daughter better than I love Miss Byron.

You would alarm me indeed, my dear friend, if Lady G—— had not, by her usual *liveliness* just now, put me out of all apprehensions for the health of Miss Byron. I hope Miss Byron is well.

Indeed, she is not, said I, with a gravity becoming the occasion.

God forbid! said he; with an emotion that pleased everybody——

Not for *your* sake, Harriet—Be not affectedly nice now; but for our own——

His face was in a glow—What, Lady L——, what, Charlotte, said he, ails Miss Byron?

She is not well, brother, replied I; but the most charming sick women that ever lived. She is cheerful, that she may give no uneasiness to her friends. She joins in all their conversations, diversions, amusements. She would fain be well; and likes not to be thought ill. Were it not for her faded cheeks, her pale lips, and her changed complexion, we should not know from herself that she ailed anything. Some people reach perfection sooner than others; and are as swift in their decay—Poor Miss Byron seems not to be built for duration.

But should I write these things to you, my dear? Yet I know that Lady Clementina and you are sisters in magnanimity.

My brother was quite angry with me—Dear Doctor Bartlett, said he, explain this speech of Charlotte. She loves to amuse—Miss Byron is blessed with a good constitution: She is hardly yet in the perfection of her bloom. Set my heart at rest. I love not either of my sisters more than I do Miss Byron. Dear Charlotte, I am really angry with you.

My good-natured lord reddened up to his naked ears, at hearing my lord say he was angry with me. Sir Charles, said he, I am sorry you are so soon angry with your sister. It is *too* true, Miss Byron is ill: She is, I fear, in a declining way——

Pardon me, my dear Lord G——. Yet I am ready to be angry with anybody that shall tell me Miss Byron is in a declining way—Dr. Bartlett—Pray——

Indeed, sir, Miss Byron is not well—Lady G—— has mingled her fears with her love in the description. Miss Byron cannot but be lovely: her complexion is still fine. She is cheerful, serene, resigned——

Resigned, Dr. Bartlett!—Miss Byron is a saint. She cannot but be resigned, in the solemn sense of the word—Resignation implies hopelessness. If she is so ill, would not you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, have informed me of it—Or was it from tenderness—*You* must be kind in all you do.

I did not apprehend, said Lady L——, that Miss Byron was so very much indisposed. Did you, my lord? (to Lord L——). Upon my word, doctor, sister, it was unkind, if so, that you made me not acquainted——

And then her good-natured eye dropt a tear of love for her Harriet.

I was sorry this went so far. My brother was very uneasy. So was Mr. Beauchamp, for him, and for you, my dear.

That she is, and endeavours to be, so cheerful, said Beauchamp, shows, that nothing lies upon her mind—My father's illness can only more affect me, than Miss Byron's.

Emily wept for her Miss Byron. She had always been afraid that her illness would be attended with ill consequences.

My dear love, my Harriet, you must be well! See how *everybody* loves you. I told my brother, that I expected a letter from Northamptonshire by the next post; and I would inform him truly of the state of your health, from the contents of it.

I would not for the world have you think, my Harriet, that I meant to excite my brother's attention to you, by what I said. Your honour is the honour of the sex. For are you not one of the most delicate-minded, as well as frankest of it? It is no news to say, that my brother dearly loves you. I did not want to know his solicitude for your health. Where he *once* loves, he *always* loves. Do you not observe, that I supposed it a *natural* decline? God grant that it may *not* be so. And thus am I imprudently discouraging you, in mentioning my apprehensions of your ill health, in order to show my regard for your punctilio: But you *shall*, you *will*, be well; and the wife of—the best of men—God grant it may be so!—But, however that is to be, we have all laid our heads together, and are determined, for your delicacy-sake, to let this matter take its course; since, after an opening so undesignedly warm, you might otherwise imagine our solicitude in the affair capable of being thought too urgent. I tell you, my dear, that, worthy as Sir Charles Grandison is of a princess, he shall not call you by his name, but with all his soul.

As my brother laid it out to us this evening, I find we shall lose him for some days. The gamesters whom Mr. Grandison permitted to ruin him are at Winchester; dividing, I suppose, and rejoicing over, their spoils of the last season. Whether my brother intends to see them or not, I cannot tell. He expects not to do anything with them. They, no doubt, will shew the foolish fellow, that *they* can keep what *he* could not: And Sir Charles aims only at practicable and legal, not at romantic redresses.

Sir Charles intends to pay his respects to Lord and Lady W——, at Windsor; and to the Earl of G——, and Lady Gertrude, who are at their Berkshire seat. My honest lord has obtained my leave, at the first asking, to attend him thither.—My brother will wait on Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp in his way to Lady Mansfield's.—Beauchamp will accompany him thither. Poor Grandison, as humble as a mouse, though my brother does all he can to raise him, desires to be in his *train*, as he calls it, all the way; and never to be from under his wing. My brother intends to make a short visit to Grandison Hall, when he is so near as at Lady Mansfield's: Dr. Bartlett will accompany him

thither, as all the way; and hopes he will approve of everything he has done there, and in that neighbourhood, in his absence. The good man has promised to write to me. Emily is sometimes to be with me, sometimes with aunt Eleanor, at the Ancient's request; though Lord and Lady L—— mutter at it. My brother's trusty Saunders is to be left behind, in order to despatch to his master, by man and horse, any letters that may come from abroad; and I have promised to send him an account of the healths, and so forth, of our Northamptonshire friends. I think it would be a right thing in him to take a turn to Selby House. I hope you think so too. Don't fib, Harriet.

Adieu, my dear. For God's sake be well! prays your sister, your friend, and the friend of all your friends, ever affectionate and obliged,

CHARLOTTE G——.

—o—

LETTER LXXII.

Miss Harriet Byron to Lady G——.

Thursday, September 7.

I WILL write to your letter as it lies before me.

I do most heartily congratulate you, my dear Lady G——, on the arrival of your brother. I do not wonder that his fatigues, and his disappointment, have made an alteration in his person and countenance. Sir Charles Grandison would not be the man he is, if he had not sensibility.

You could not know your brother, my dear, if you expected from him recriminations on your past odd behaviour to Lord G——. I hope he does not yet know a tenth part of it: But if he did, as he hoped you saw your error, and would be good for the future, he was right surely to forget what you ought not, but with contrition, to remember. You are very naughty in the letter before me; and I love you too well to spare you.‡

What can you mean, my dear, by exulting so much over your aunt, for living to an advanced age, a single woman? However ineffectual, let me add to my former expostulatory chidings on this subject: Would you have one think you are overjoyed, that you have so soon put it out of any one's

power to reproach you on the like account? If so, you ought to be more thankful, than you seem to be, to Lord G——, who has extended his generosity to you, and kept you from the odium. Upon my word, my dear Lady G——, I think it looks like a want of decency in women, to cast reflections on others of their sex, possibly for their prudence and virtue. Do you consider, how you exalt, by your ludicrous freedoms, the men whom sometimes you affect to despise. No wonder if *they* ridicule old maids. It is their interest to do so. *Lords of the Creation*, sometimes you deridingly call the insulters; lords of the creation, indeed, you make them!—And pray, do you think, that the same weakness which made your aunt Grandison tell her dreams in the joy of her heart, as an old maid, might not have made her guilty of the same foible, had she been an old wife? Joy is the parent of many a silly thing. Don't you own, that the arrival of your brother, which made your aunt break out into dream-telling; made you break into laughter (even in a letter), of which you were ashamed to tell the cause?—*Wives*, my dear, should not fall into the mistakes for which they would make *maids* the subject of their ridicule. You *know* better; and therefore should be above joining the foolish multitude, in a general cry to hunt down an *unfortunate* class of people (as you reckon them) of your own sex. Your aunt Grandison's dreams, let me add, were more innocent, than your waking mirth—You *must* excuse me—I could say a great deal more upon the subject; but if I have not said enough to make you sorry for your fault, a great deal more would be ineffectual—So much, therefore, for this subject.

Poor dear Emily!—I wonder not at the effect the arrival, and first sight of her guardian, had upon her tender heart.

Bnt how wickedly do you treat your lord!—Fie upon you, Charlotte!—And fie upon you again, for writing what I cannot, for your credit sake, read out to my friends. I wish, my dear, I could bring you to think, that there cannot be wit without justice; nor humour without decorum. My lord has some few foibles: But shall a wife be the first to discover them, and expose him for them? Cannot you cure him of them, without treating him with a ridicule which borders upon contempt?—Oh, my dear! you shew as much greater foibles in yourself than my lord ever yet had, when

you make so bad a use of talents that were given you for better purposes. One word only more on this subject—You cannot make me smile, my dear, when you are thus unseasonable in your mirth. Henceforth, then, remember, that your *excursiveness* (allow me the word, I had a rasher in my head) upon old maids, and your lord, can only please *yourself*; and I will not accept of your compliment. Why? Because I will not be a partaker in your fault; as I should be, if I could countenance your levity.

Levity, Harriet!

Yes, *levity*, Charlotte—I will not spare you. Whom do you spare?

But do you really think me so ill as you represented me to be to your brother? I do not think I am. If I did, I am sure I should endeavour to put my thoughts into an absolutely new train: Nor would I quit the hold which at proper times I do let go, to re-enter the world, as an individual, who imagines herself of some little use in it; and who is therefore obliged to perform, with cheerfulness, her allotted offices, however *generally* insignificant I may comparatively be.

You say, you had no thoughts of exciting your brother's *attention*, by your strong colouring, when you described the effects of my indisposition to him. *Attention!*—*Compassion*, you might as well have said—I hope *not*. And I am obliged to Mr. Beauchamp for his reference, from my cheerfulness, that nothing lay upon my mind. Now, though that inference seemed to imply, that he thought, if he had not made the observations, something *might* have been supposed to lie upon my mind, I am much better satisfied that *he* made it, than if Sir Charles had.

Upon the whole, I cannot but be pleased at two things in your letter: The one, that Sir Charles expressed so great a concern for my health: The other, that you have all promised, and that voluntarily, and from a sense of the fitness of the measure, that everything shall be left to its natural course—For my sake, and for goodness sake, pray let it be so. I think the opening, as you call it, was much, *very* much too *warm*. Bless me, my dear, how I trembled as I read that part!—I am not, methinks, quite satisfied with it, though I am with your intention.

Consider, my dear, Half a heart!—A preferred lady!—

For quality, fortune, and every merit, so greatly preferable!—O my Charlotte! I cannot, were the *best* to happen that *can*, take such *exceeding* great joy, as I once could have done, in the prospect of that *best*—I have pride—But let us hear what the next letters from Italy say; and it will be then time enough (if the truly admirable lady shall adhere to her resolution) to come with my scruples and drawbacks. Your aunt Grandison is of opinion, that she will *not* adhere. Who can tell what to say? Imagination, unnaturally heightened, may change into one altitude from another. I myself sincerely think (and have so often said it, that an uncharitable mind would perhaps charge me with affectation), that Lady Clementina, and no other woman, can deserve Sir Charles Grandison.

Adieu, my dear. Pray tell your brother that I never thought myself so ill as your friendly love made you apprehend me to be: and that I congratulate you with all my heart, and him also (it would be an affectation to forbear it, which would imply too much), on his safe arrival in England. But be sure remember, that I look upon you and your lord, upon my Lord and Lady L——, and upon my sweet Emily, if she sees what I write, as guardians of the honour (of the *punctilio*, if you please, since no *dis*-honour can be apprehended from Sir Charles Grandison) of your and their

HARRIET BYRON.

—o—

LETTER LXXIII.

Dr. Bartlett to Lady G——.

Monday, Sept. 11.

IN obedience to your ladyship's commands, I write, but it must be briefly, on account of our motions.

Sir Charles would not go out of town, till he had made a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and inquired after Miss Byron's health, of which he received an account less alarming than we, from our love and our fears, had given him.

We arrived at Windsor on Wednesday evening.

My Lord and Lady W—— expected him not till the next day.

I cannot find words to express the joy with which they

received him. My lord acknowledged, before us all, that he owed it to God, and to him, that he was the happiest man in the world. My lady called herself, with tears of joy, a happy woman: And Sir Charles told me, that when he was led by her to her closet, to talk about the affairs of her family, she exceedingly abashed him, by expressing her gratitude to him for his goodness to them all, on her knees; while he was almost ready, on *his*, he said, to acknowledge the aunt, that had done so much honour to his recommendation, and made his uncle so happy.

Sir Charles, in order to have leave to depart next morning, as soon as he had breakfasted, promised to pass several days with them, when he could think himself a *settled Englishman*.

You, madam, and Lady L——, equally love and admire Lady W——: I will not, therefore, enlarge to you on her excellences. Everybody loves her. Her servants as they attend look at their lady with the same delight, mingled with reverence, as those of my patron look upon him.

Poor Mr. Grandison could not help taking notice to me, with tears, on the joint acknowledgments of my lord and lady made to my patron, that goodness and beneficence brought with them their own rewards. Saw you not, my good Dr. Bartlett, said he, how my cousin's eyes shone with modest joy, as my lord and lady ran over with their gratitude? I thought of him, as an angel among men—What a wretch have I been! How can I sit at table with him! Yet how he overwhelms me with his goodness!

Sir Charles having heard, that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen was at his house on the forest, he rode to make him a visit, though some few miles out of his way. I attended him.

Sir Hargrave is one of the most miserable of men. He is not yet fully recovered of the bruises and rough treatment he met with near Paris: and he is so extremely sunk in his spirits, that my patron could not but be concerned for him. He received him with grateful acknowledgments, and was thankful for his visit: but he told him, that he was so miserable in himself, that he could hardly thank him for saving a life so wretched.

Mr. Merceda, it seems, died about a fortnight ago.

The poor man was thought to be pretty well recovered; and rode out several times: but was taken, on his return

from one of his rides, with a vomiting of blood; the consequence, as imagined, of some inward bruises; and died miserably. His death, and the manner of it, have greatly affected Sir Hargrave.—And poor Bagenhall, Sir Charles, said he, is as miserable a dog as I am!

Sir Hargrave, understanding, as he said, that I was a *parson*, begged me to give him *one prayer*—

He was so importunate, and for Sir Charles to join in it, that we both kneeled with him.

Sir Hargrave wept. He called himself a hardened dog.

Strange man!—But I think I was still *more* affected (Sir Hargrave *shocked* me!) by your noble brother's humanity, than by Sir Hargrave's wretchedness; tears of compassion for the poor man stealing down his manly cheek—God comfort you, Sir Hargrave! said he, wringing his hands—Dr. Bartlett is a good man. You shall have the prayers of us both.

He left him. He *could* stay no longer; followed by the unhappy man's blessings, interrupted by violent sobbings.

We were both so affected, that we broke not silence, as we rode, till we joined our company at my lord's.

I recounted what passed at this interview to Mrs. Grandison. Your ladyship will not want me to be very particular in relating what were his applications to, and reflections on, himself, when I tell you, that he could not have been more concerned had he been present on the occasion.

Mr. Beauchamp was with us when I gave this relation to Mr. Grandison. He was affected at it, and with Mr. Grandison's sensibility: But how happy for himself was it, that his concern had in it no mixture of self-reproach! It was a generous and humane concern, like that of his dear friend.

Sir Charles's next visit was to the good Earl of G—. And here we left my Lord G—; the best-natured, and one of the most virtuous and prudent young noblemen in the kingdom. Your ladyship will not accuse me of flattery, when you read this; but you will, perhaps, of another view—Yet, as long as I know that you love to have justice done to my lord; and in your heart are sensible of the truth of what I say, and I am sure rejoice in it; I give cheerful way to the justice; and the rather, as you look upon my lord as

so much *yourself*, that if you receive his praises with some little reluctance, it is with such a modest reluctance as you would receive your own; glad, at the same time, that you were so justly complimented.

My lord will acquaint your ladyship with all that passed at the good earl's; and how much overjoyed he and Lady Gertrude were at the favour they thought your brother did them in dining with them. His lordship will tell you also, how much they wish for you; for they propose to winter there, and not in Hertfordshire, as once they thought to do.

Here Sir Charles inquired after their neighbour, Mr. Bagenhall.

He is become a very melancholy man. His wife is as obliging as he will let her be; but he hates her; and the less wonder, for he hates himself.

Poor woman! she could not expect a better fate. To yield up her chastity; to be forced upon him afterwards, by the way of doing her poor justice; what affiance can he have in her virtue, were she to meet with a trial?

But that is not all; for though nobody questions her fidelity, yet what weight with him can her arguments have, were she to endeavour to enforce upon his mind those doctrines, which, were they to have proceeded from a pure heart might, now and then, have let in a ray of light on his benighted soul? A gloomy mind must occasionally receive great consolation from the interposal and soothing of a companionable love, when we know it comes from an untainted heart.

Poor Mr. Grandison found in *this* case also great room for self-application and regret, without my being so officious as to remind him of the similitude; though the woman who is endeavoured to be imposed on him for a wife, is a more guilty creature than ever Mrs. Bagenhall was.

And here, madam, allow me to observe, that there is such a sameness [in the lives, the actions, the pursuits of libertines, and such a likeness in the accidents, punishment, and occasions for remorse, which attend them, that I wonder they will not be warned by the beacons that are lighted up by every brother libertine whom they know; and that they will so generally be driven on the same rock,

overspread and surrounded as it is, in their very sight, by a thousand wrecks!—Did such know your brother, and learn from his example and history, what a *variety* there is in goodness, as he passes on from object to object, exercising, not officiously, but as opportunity offers, his noble talents to the benefit of his fellow-creatures, surely they would, like honest Mr. Sylvester, the attorney, endeavour to give themselves solid joy, by following what that gentleman justly called so *self-rewarding* an example.

Forgive me, madam, if sometimes I am ready to preach: it is my province. Who but your brother can make every province his, and accommodate himself to every subject?

We reached Sir Harry Beauchamp's that night; and there took up our lodgings.

Sir Harry seems to be in a swift decay; and he is very sensible of it. He rejoiced to see your brother. I was afraid, Sir Charles Grandison, said he, that our next meeting would have been in another world. May it be in the *same* world, and I shall be happy!

This was a wish, a thought, not to be discouraged in a dying man. Sir Charles was affected with it. You know, madam, that your brother has a heart the most tender, and at the same time, the most intrepid, of human hearts. I have learned much from him. He preaches by *action*. Till I knew him, young man as he then was, and still is, my preaching was by *words*: I was contented, that my actions disgraced not my words.

Lady Beauchamp, as my patron afterwards told me, confessed, in tears, that she should owe to him all the tranquillity of mind which she can hope for, if she survive Sir Harry. Oh, sir, said she, till I knew you, I was a narrow, selfish creature. I was jealous of a father's love to a worthy son; whose worthiness I knew not, as a son, and as a friend: that was the happiest day of our Beauchamp's life, which introduced him to an intimacy with you.

Here, on Friday morning, we left Mr. Beauchamp, sorrowing for his father's illness, and endeavouring, by every tender act of duty, to comfort his mother-in-law on a deprivation, with which, I am afraid, she will soon be tried.

My Beauchamp loves you, Sir Charles, said Sir Harry at

parting in the morning after breakfast; and so he *ought*. Wherever you are, he wants to be; but spare him to his mother and me for a few days: he is her comforter, and mine. Fain, very fain, would I have longer rejoiced, if God had seen fit, in the love of both. But I resign to the Divine will. Pray for me: You also, Dr. Bartlett, pray for me. My son tells me what a good man you are. And may we meet in heaven! I am afraid, Sir Charles, that I never shall see you again in this world—But why should I oppress your noble heart? God be your Guide and Protector! Take care of your precious health. You have a great deal to do, before you finish your glorious course, and come to this last period of human vanity.

My patron was both grieved and rejoiced—Rejoiced to see Sir Harry in a frame of mind so different from that to which he had been a witness in Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; and grieved to find him past all hopes of recovery.

Sir Charles pursued his journey, cross the country, to Lady Mansfield's. We found no convenient place for dining, and arrived at Mansfield House about five on Friday afternoon.

My Lady Mansfield, her daughter and sons, were overjoyed to see my patron. Mr. Grandison told me, that he never, from infancy till this time, shed so many tears as he has shed on this short tour, sometimes from joy, sometimes from grief. I don't know, madam, whether one should wish him re-established in his fortune, if it could be done; since calamity, rightly supported, is a blessing.

Here I left my patron, and proceeded on Saturday morning with Mr. Grandison to the Hall. If Sir Charles finds matters ripened for a treaty between the Mansfields and their adversaries, as he has been put in hopes, he will go near to stay at Mansfield House, and only visit us at the Hall incognito, to avoid neighbourly congratulations, till he can bring things to bear.

Mr. Grandison just now told me, that Sir Charles, before he left town, gave him a 400*l.* bank note, to enable him to pay off his debts to tradesmen; of which, at his desire, he had given him in a list, amounting to 360*l.*

He owes, he says, 100*l.* more to the widow of a wine-

merchant; but being resolved to pay it the moment money comes into his hands, he would not acquaint Sir Charles with it.

I have the honour to be, your ladyship's most faithful
and obedient servant, AMBROSE BARTLETT.

—o—

LETTER LXXIV.

Sir Charles Grandison to Dr. Bartlett.

Mansfield House, Thursday, Sept. 14.

You will be so good, my dear friend, as to let my neighbours, particularly the gentlemen you mention, know, that the only reason I forbear paying my compliments to them, now I am so near, is, because I cannot as yet enjoy their company with that freedom and ease which I hope in a little while to do. Tell them, that I purpose, after some particular affairs are determined (which will for a little while longer engross me), to devote the greatest part of my time to my native place: and that, then I will endeavour to make myself as good a neighbour, and as social a friend, as they can wish me to be.

On Sunday I had a visit from the two Hartleys.

They gave me very satisfactory proofs of what they were able, as well as willing, to do, in support of the right of the Mansfields to the estate of which they have been despoiled; and showed me a paper, which nobody thought was in being, of the utmost consequence in the cause.

On Monday, by appointment, I attended Sir John Lambton. Two lawyers of the Keelings were with him. They gave in their demands. I had mine ready; but theirs were so extravagant, that I would not produce them: but, taking Sir John aside, I love not, said I, to affront men of a profession; but I am convinced, that we never shall come to an understanding, if we consider ourselves as lawyers and clients. I am no lawyer; but I know the strength of my friends' cause, and will risk half my estate upon the justice of it. The Mansfields will commission *me*, if the Keelings will *you*; and we perhaps may do something. If not, let the law take its course. I am now come to reside in England. I will do nothing for myself, till I have done what *can* be done to make all my friends easy.

Sir John owned, that he thought the Mansfields had

hardships done them. Mr. Keeling, senior, he said, had heard of the paper in the Hartley's hands ; and praising his honesty, told me, in confidence, that he had declared, that if such a paper could have been produced in time, he would not have prosecuted the suit, which he had carried. But Sir John said, that the younger Keeling was a furious young man, and would oppose a compromise on the terms he supposed the Mansfields would expect to be complied with. But what are your proposals, sir ?

These, Sir John : the law is expensive ; delays may be meditated ; appeals may be brought, if we gain our point.—What I think it may cost us to establish the right of the injured, which cannot be a small sum, that will I prevail upon the Mansfields to give up to the Keelings. I will trust you, if you give me your honour, with our proofs ; and if you and your friends are satisfied with them, and will consent to establish our right by the form only of a new trial ; then may we be agreed : otherwise, not. And I leave you and them to consider of it. I shall hear from you within two or three days. Sir John promised I should ; but hoped to have some talk first with the Hartleys, with whom, as well as with me, he declared he would be upon honour.

Wednesday Evening.

I HAD a message from Sir John last night, requesting me to dine with him and the elder Mr. Keeling this day ; and to bring with me the two Mr. Hartleys, and the proofs I had hinted at.

Those gentlemen were so obliging as to go with me ; and took the important paper with them, which had been deposited with their grandfather, as a common friend, and contained a recognition of the Mansfields' right to the estates in question, upon an amicable reference to persons long since departed : an attested copy of which was once in the Mansfields' possession, as by a memorandum that came to hand ; but which never could be found. The younger Keeling was not intended to be there ; but he forced himself upon us. He behaved very rudely. I had once like to have forgotten myself. This meeting produced nothing : but as the father is a reasonable man ; as we have obtained a rehearing of the cause ; as he is much influenced by Sir

John Lambton, who seems convinced; and to whose honour I have submitted an abstract of our proofs; I am in hopes that we shall be able to accommodate.

I have Bolton's proposals before me. The first child is dead; the second cannot live many months. He trembles at the proofs he knows we have of his villany. He offers, on the death of this second child, to give us possession of the estate, and a large sum of money (but thought not to be half of what the superannuated Calvert left), if we will give him general releases. The wretch is not, we believe, married to the relict of Calvert.

I am loath, methinks, to let him escape the justice which his crimes call for: but such are the delays and chicaneries of the law, when practisers are found who know how to perplex an honest pursuer; and as we must have recourse to low and dirty people to establish our proofs; the vile fellow shall take with him the proposed spoils: they may not be much more than would be the lawyers' part of the estate, were we to push the litigation.

As to our poor Everard, nothing, I fear, can be done for him, with the men who are revelling on *his* spoils. I have seen one of them. The unhappy man has signed and sealed to his own ruin. He regrets, that a part of the estate which has been so long in the family and name should go out of it. What an empty pride is that of name! The general tenor of his life was not a credit to it; though he felt not that, till he felt distress. The disgrace is actually incurred. Does not all the world know his loss, and the winners' triumph? And if the world did *not*, can he conceal from himself those vices, the consequences of which have reduced him to what he is? But perhaps the unhappy man puts a value upon the name, in compliment to me.

Mention not to him what I write. The poor man is sensible enough of his folly, to engage pity: whether from a right sense, or not, must be left to his own heart.

As to the woman's claim: what in honour can I do, against a promise that he owns may be proved upon him? He did not condition with her, that she was to be a spotless woman. If he thought she was so when he solicited her to yield to his desires, he is the *less* to be excused: vile as she comes out to be, he had proposed to make her as vile, if he

had found her not so. He promised her marriage: meant he only a promise? *She* is punished in being what she *is*: *his* punishment cannot be condign, but by his being obliged to perform his promise. Yet I cannot bear to think, that my cousin Grandison should be made, for life, the dupe of a successful and premeditated villany; and the less, as, in all likelihood, the profligate Lord B—— would continue to himself, from the merit with her of having vindicated her claim, an interest in the bad woman's favour, were she to be the wife of our poor Everard.

But certainly this claim must be prosecuted with a view only to extort money from my cousin; and they know him to be of a family jealous of its honour. I think she must be treated with for releases. I could not bear to appear in such a cause as this, in open court, in support of my cousin, against a promise made by him. He is of age, and thought to be no novice in the ways of the town. I am mistaken in Mr. Grandison's spirit, if it do not lead him to think himself very severely punished (were he to have no *other* punishment), by the consequence of those vices which will bring an expense upon *me*.

But if I should be able to extricate the unhappy man from this difficulty, what can next be done for him? The poor remains of his fortune will not support one who has always lived *more* than genteelly. Will he be able, think you, to endure the thoughts of living in a constant state of dependence, however easy and genteel I should endeavour to make it to him? There may be many ways (in the public offices, for example), of providing for a broken tradesman: but for a man who calls himself, and is, a gentleman; who will expect, as such, to rank with his employer; who knows nothing of figures, or business of any kind; who has been brought up in idleness, and hardly knows the meaning of the word *diligence*; and never could bear confinement; what can be done for such a one in the public offices, or by any other employment that requires punctual attendance.'

But to quit this subject for a more agreeable one.

I have for some time had it in my thoughts to ask you, my dear friend, whether your nephew is provided for to *your* liking and his *own*? If not, and he would put it in *my* power to serve *him*, by serving *myself*, I should be obliged

to you for permitting him so to do, and to *him*, for his consent. I would not affront him, by the offer of a salary: my presents to him shall be such as befit the services done:—sometimes as my amanuensis; sometimes as a transcriber and methodiser of papers and letters; sometimes in adjusting servants' accounts, and fitting them for my inspection. You need not fear my regard to *myself* in my acknowledgments to be made to *him* (that, I know, will be all your fear); for I have always considered profusion and parsimony as two extremes, equally to be avoided. You, my dear Dr. Bartlett, have often enforced this lesson on my mind. Can it then ever be forgotten by your affectionate friend and servant,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

—o—

LETTER LXXV.

Signor Jeronymo Della Porretta to Sir Charles Grandison.

Bologna, Monday, Sept. 15, N. S.

YOUR kind letters from Lyons, my dearest friend, rejoiced us extremely. Clementina languished to hear from you. How was it possible for you to write with so much warmth of affection to her, yet with so much delicacy, that a rival could not have taken exceptions at it?

She writes to you. It is not for me, it is not for any of us, I think, to say one word to the principal subject of her letter. She shewed it to me, and to her mother, only.

Dear creature! *could* she but be prevailed upon!—But how can *you* be asked to support the family-wishes? Yet if you think them just, I know you will. You know not *self*, when justice and the service of your friend stand in opposition to it. All that I am afraid of is, that we shall be too precipitate for the dear creature's head.

Would to God you could have been my brother! That was the first desire of my heart!—But you will see by her letter (the least flighty that she has written of a long time), that she has no thoughts of that: and she declares to us, that she wishes you happily married to an Englishwoman. Would to Heaven we might plead *your* example to *her*!

I will certainly attend you in your England.—If one thing, that we all wish, could happen, you would have the whole

family, as far as I know. We think, we talk, of nobody but you. We look out for Englishmen, to do them honour for your sake.

Mrs. Beaumont is with us. Surely she is your near relation. She advises caution; but thinks that our present measures are not wrong ones, as we never can give into my sister's wishes to quit the world. Dear Grandison! love not Mrs. Beaumont the less for her opinion in our favour.

Mr. Lowther writes to you: I say nothing, therefore, of that worthy man.

I am wished to write more enforcingly to you, on a certain important subject: but I say, I cannot, dare not, will not.

Dear Grandison, love still your Jeronymo! Your friendship makes life worthy of my wish. It has been a consolation to me, when every other failed, and all around me was darkness and the shadow of death. You will often be troubled with letters from me. My beloved, my dearest friend, my Grandison, adieu! JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA.

—o—

LETTER LXXVI.

Lady Clementina to Sir Charles Grandison.

Bologna, Monday, Sept. 15, N. S.

How welcome to me was your letter from Lyons! My good Chevalier Grandison, my heart thanks you for it: yet it was possible that heart could have been still more thankful, had I not observed in your letter an air of pensiveness, though it is endeavoured to be concealed. What pain would it give me to know, that you suffer on my account!—But no more in this strain: a complaining one must take place.

O chevalier, I am persecuted! And by whom? By my dearest, my nearest friends. I was afraid it would be so. Why would you deny me your influence, when I importuned you for it? Why would you not stay among us till you saw me professed? Then had I been happy—In *time*, I should have been happy!—Now am I beset with entreaties, with supplications, from those who ought to command;—yet unlawfully, if they did: I presume to think so: since parents, though they ought to be consulted in the change of condition, as to the *person*: yet surely should not oblige

the child to marry, who chooses to be single all her life. A more cogent reason may be pleaded, and I do plead it to my relations, as Catholics, since I wish for nothing so much as to assume the veil.—But you are a Protestant: you favour not a divine dedication, and would not plead for me. On the contrary, you have strengthened their hands!—O chevalier! how could you do so, and ever love me! Did you not know, there was but one way to escape the grievous consequences of the importunities of those who justly lay claim to my obedience?—And they *do* claim it.

And in what forcible manner claim it?—Shall I tell you? Thus, then: My father, with tears in his eyes, beseeches me! My mother gently reminds me of what she has suffered for me in my illness; and declares, that it is in my power to make the rest of her days happy: nor shall she think my own tranquillity of mind secured, till I oblige her!—O chevalier, what pleas are these from a father, whose eyes plead more strongly than words; and from a mother, on whose bright days I cast a cloud!—The bishop pleads: how can a Catholic bishop plead, and not for me? The general declares, that he never wooed his beloved wife for her consent with more fervour than he does me for mine, to oblige them all. Nay, Jeronymo! Blush, sisterly love! to say it—Jeronymo, your friend Jeronymo, is solicitous on the same side—Even Father Marescotti is carried away by the example of the bishop.—Mrs. Beaumont argues with me in their favour—And Camilla, who was ever full of your praises, teases me continually.

They name not the man: they pretend to leave me free to choose through the world. They plead that, zealous as they are in the Catholic faith, they were *so* earnest for me to enter into the state, that they were desirous to see me the wife even of a Protestant, rather than I should remain single; and they remind me, that it was owing to *my* scruple only, that this was not effected.—But why will they weaken, rather than strengthen my scruple? Could I have got over three points—The sense of my own unworthiness, after my mind had been disturbed; the *insuperable* apprehension, that, drawn aside by your love, I should probably have ensnared my own soul; and that I should be perpetually lamenting the certainty of the loss of his whom it would be my duty

to love as my own; their importunity would hardly have been wanted.

Tell me, advise me, my good chevalier, my fourth brother [you are not now *interested* in the debate,] if I may not lawfully stand out? Tell me, as I know that I cannot answer their views, except I marry, and yet cannot consent to marry, whether I may not as well sequester myself from the world, and *insist* upon so doing?

What *can* I do?—I am distressed—O thou, my *brother*, my friend, whom my heart ever must hold dear, advise me! To you I have told them I will appeal. They are so good as to promise to suspend their solicitations if I will hold suspended my thoughts of the veil till I have your advice. But give it not against me—if you ever valued Clementina,
Give it not against her!

—o—

LETTER LXXVII.

Sir Charles Grandison to Lady Clementina.

London, Monday, Sept. 18-29.

WHAT can I say, most excellent of women, to the contents of the letter you have honoured me with? What a task have you imposed upon me! You take great, and, respecting your intentions, I will call it, *kind* care, to let me know that I can have no *interest* in the decision of the case you refer to me. I repeat my humble acquiescence; but must again declare, that it would have been next to impossible to do so, had you not made a point of conscience of your scruples.

But what weight is my advice likely to have with a young lady, who repeatedly, in the close of her letter, desires me not to give it *for* her parents?

I, madam, am *far* from being unprejudiced in this case: for, can the man who once himself hoped for the honour of your hand, advise you against marriage?—Are not your parents generously indulgent, when they name not any particular person to you? I applaud both their wisdom and their goodness, on this occasion. Possibly you *guess* the man whom they would recommend to your choice: and I am sure Lady Clementina would not refuse their recom-

mendation merely because it was *theirs*. Nor, indeed, upon any less reason than an unconquerable aversion or a preference to some other Catholic. A Protestant, it seems, it *cannot* be.

But let me ask my sister, my friend, What answer can I return to the lady who had shown, in one instance, that she had not an insuperable aversion to matrimony; yet, on conscientious reasons, refusing one man, and not particularly favouring any, can scruple to oblige (*obey* is not the word they use) ‘a father, who, with tears in his eyes, beseeches her; a mother, who gently reminds her of what she has suffered for her; who declares, that it is in her power to make the rest of her days happy; and who urges a still stronger plea, respecting them both, and the whole family, to engage the attention of the beloved daughter? —O madam! what pleas are those [let me still make use of your own pathetic words], from a father whose eyes plead more strongly than words! and from a mother, over whose bright days you had (though involuntarily) cast a cloud!—Your brother, the bishop, a man of piety; your confessor, a man of equal piety; your two other brothers, your disinterested friend Mrs. Beaumont; your faithful Camilla;’ all wholly disinterested.—What an enumeration against yourself:—Forbidden, as I am, to give the cause *against* you, what can I say? Dearest Lady Clementina, can I, on your own representation, give it *for* you?

You know, madam, the sacrifice I have made to the plea of *your* conscience, not *my* own. I make no doubt, but parents so indulgent as yours will yield to your reasons, if you can plead *conscience* against the performance of the *filial duty*; the more a duty, as it is so gently urged; nay, hardly urged; but by tears, and wishes, which the eyes, not the lips, express; and which if you will perform, your parents will think themselves under an obligation to their child.

Lady Clementina is one of the most generous of women: but consider, madam, in this instance of preferring your own will to that of the most indulgent of parents, whether there is not an apparent selfishness, inconsistent with your general character, even were you to be as happy in a convent as you propose. Would you not, in that case, live to yourself, and renounce your parents and family, as parts of that world

which you would vow to despise?—Dear lady! I asked you once before, Is there anything sinful in a sacrament? Such all good Catholics deem matrimony. And shall I ask you, Whether, as self-denial is held to be meritorious in your church, there is not a merit in denying yourself in the case before us, when you can, by performing the filial duty, oblige your whole family?

Permit me to say, that, though a Protestant, I am not an enemy to such foundations in general. I could wish, under proper regulations, that we had nunneries among us. I would not, indeed, have the obligation upon nuns be perpetual: let them have liberty, at the end of every two or three years, to renew their vows, or otherwise, by the consent of friends. Celibacy in the clergy is an indispensable law of your Church: yet a cardinal has been allowed to lay down the purple, and marry. You know, madam, I must mean Ferdinand of Medicis. Family reasons, in that case, preponderated, as well at Rome, as at Florence.

Of all the women I know, Lady Clementina della Porretta should be the last who should be earnest to take the veil. There can be but two persons in the world, besides herself, who will not be grieved at her choice. We know *their* reasons. The will of her grandfather, now with God, is against her; and her living parents, and every other person of her family, those *two* excepted, would be made unhappy, if she sequestered herself from the world and them. Clementina has charity: she wishes, she once said, to take a great revenge upon Laurana. Laurana has something to repent of: let *her* take the veil. The fondness she has for the world, a fondness which could make her break through all the ties of relation and humanity, requires a check: but are any of those in convents more pious, more exemplarily pious, than Clementina is out of them?

Much more could I urge on the same side of the question: but what I *have* urged has been a task upon me: a task which I could not have performed, had I not preferred to my own the happiness of you and your family.

May both earthly and heavenly blessings attend your determination, whatever it be, prays, dearest madam, your ever faithful friend, affectionate brother, and humble servant,

CH. GRANDISON.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Sir Charles Grandison to Signor Jeronymo Della Porretta.

London, Saturday, Sept. 18-29.

I HAVE written, my beloved friend, to Lady Clementina; and shall enclose a copy of my letter.

I own that, till I received hers, I thought there was a possibility, though not a probability, that she might change her mind in my favour. I *foresaw* that you would all join, for family reasons, to press her to marry: and when, thought I, she finds herself very earnestly urged, it is possible that she will forego her scruples, and, proposing some conditions for herself, will honour with her hand the man whom she has avowedly honoured with a place in her heart, rather than any other. The malady she has been afflicted with often leaves, for some time, an unsteadiness in the mind: my absence, as I proposed to settle in my native country, never more, perhaps, to return to Italy; the high notions she has of obligation and gratitude; her declared confidence in my honour and affection; all co-operating, she may, thought I, change her mind; and, if she does, I cannot doubt the favour of her friends. It was not, my Jeronymo, presumptuous to *hope*. It was *justice* to Clementina to attend the event, and to wait for the promised letter: but now, that I see you are all of one mind, and that the dear lady, though vehemently urged by all her friends to marry some other man, can appeal to me, only as to her *fourth brother*, and a man *not interested* in the event—I give up all my hopes.

I have written accordingly to your dear Clementina; but it could not be expected that I should give the argument all the weight that might be given it: yet, being of opinion that she was in duty obliged to yield to the entreaties of all her friends, I have been honest. But, surely, no man ever was involved in so many difficult situations as your Grandison; who yet never, by enterprise or rashness, was led out of the plain path into difficulties so uncommon.

You wish, my dear friend, that I would set an example to your excellent sister. I will unbosom my heart to you.

There is a lady, an English lady, beautiful as an angel, but whose beauty is her least perfection, either in my eyes

or her own: had I never known Clementina, I could have loved her, and *only* her, of all the women I ever beheld. It would not be doing her justice, if I could not say, I *do* love her; but with a flame as pure as the heart of Clementina, or as her own heart, can boast. Clementina's distressed mind affected me: I imputed her sufferings to her esteem for me. The farewell interview denied her, she demonstrated, I thought, so firm an affection for me, at the same time that she was to me, what I may truly call, a first love; that, though the difficulties in my way seemed insuperable, I thought it became me, in honour, in gratitude, to hold myself in suspense, and not offer to make my addresses to any other woman, till the destiny of the dear Clementina was determined.

It would look like vanity in me to tell my Jeronymo how many proposals, from the partial friends of women of rank and merit superior to my own, I thought myself obliged, in honour to the ladies themselves, to decline: but my heart never suffered uneasiness from the uncertainty I was in of ever succeeding with your beloved sister, but on this lady's account. I presume not, however, to say, I could have succeeded, had I thought myself at liberty to make my addresses to her: yet, when I suffered myself to balance, because of my uncertainty with your Clementina, I had hopes, from the interest my two sisters had with her (her affections disengaged), that, had I been at liberty to make my addresses to her, I might.

Shall I, my dear Jeronymo, own the truth? The two noblest-minded women in the world, when I went over to Italy, on the invitation of my lord the bishop, held almost an equal interest in my heart; and I was thereby enabled justly, and with the greater command of myself, to declare to the marchioness, and the general, at my last going over, that I held myself bound to you; but that your sister, and you all, were free. But when the dear Clementina began to shew signs of recovery, and seemed to confirm the hopes I had of her partiality to me; and my gratitude and attachment seemed of importance to her complete restoration; then, my Jeronymo, did I content myself with wishing another husband to the English lady, more worthy of her than my embarrassed situation could have made me. And

when I farther experienced the condescending goodness of your whole family, all united in my favour; I had not a wish but for your Clementina.

What a disappointment, my Jeronymo, was her rejection of me!—obliged, as I was, to admire the noble lady the more for her *motives* of rejecting me.

And now, my dear friend, what is your wish?—That I shall set your sister an example? How can I? Is marriage in my power? There is but one woman in the world, now your dear Clementina has refused me, that I can think worthy of succeeding her in my affections, though there are thousands of whom I am not worthy. And ought that lady to accept of a man whose heart had been another's and that other living, and single, and still honouring him with so much of her regard, as may be thought sufficient to attach a grateful heart, and occasion a divided love? Clementina herself is not more truly delicate than this lady. Indeed, Jeronymo, I am ready, when I contemplate my situation, on a *supposition* of making my addresses to her, to give up myself, as the unworthiest of her favour of all the men I know; and she has for an admirer almost every man who sees her—Even Olivia admires her! Can I do justice to the merits of both, and yet not *appear* to be divided by a double love?—For I will own to all the world my affection for Clementina; and, as once it was encouraged by her whole family, glory in it.

You see, my Jeronymo, how I am circumstanced. The example, I fear, must come from Italy; not from England, Yet say I not this for punctilio-sake: it is not in my *power* to set it, as it is in your Clementina's: it would be presumption to suppose it is. Clementina has not an aversion to the *state*: she cannot to the *man* you have in view, since prepossession in favour of another is over.—This is a hard push upon me. I presume not to say what Clementina *will*, what she *can* do: but she is naturally the most dutiful of children, and has a high sense of the more than common obligations she owes to parents, to brothers, to whom she has as unhappily as involuntarily given great distress: difference in religion, the motive of her rejecting me, is not in the question: filial duty is an article of religion.

I do myself the honour of writing to the marchioness,

to the general, to Father Marescotti, and to Mr. Lowther. May the Almighty perfect your recovery, my Jeronymo; and preserve in health and spirits the dear Clementina!—and may every other laudable wish of the hearts of a family so truly excellent, be granted to them!—prays, my dearest Jeronymo, the friend who expects to see you in England; the friend who loves you, as he loves his own heart; and equally honours all of your name; and *will*, so long as he is

CHARLES GRANDISON.

—o—

LETTER LXXIX.

Mrs. Reeves to Miss Byron.

Tuesday, Sept. 5.

OH my dear cousin! I am now sure you will be the happiest of women! Sir Charles Grandison made us a visit this very day.—How Mr. Reeves and I rejoiced to see him! We had but just before been called upon, by a line from Lady G——, to rejoice with her on her brother's happy arrival. He said, he was under obligation to go to Windsor and Hampshire, upon extraordinary occasions; but he could not go till he had paid his respects to us, as well for our own sakes, as to inquire after your health. He had received, he said, some disagreeable intimations in relation to it. We told him you were not well: but we hoped not dangerously ill. He said so many kind, tender, yet respectful things of you—Oh, my Harriet! I am sure, and so is Mr. Reeves, he loves you dearly. Yet we both wondered that he did not talk of paying you a visit. But he may have great matters in hand.—But what matters can be so great as not to be postponed, if he loves you?—and that he certainly does. I should not have known how to contain my joy before him, had he declared himself your lover.

He condescendingly asked to see my little boy—Was not that very good of him? He would have won my heart by this condescension, had he not had a great share of it before—For *your* sake, my cousin. You know I cannot mean otherwise: and you know that, except Mr. Reeves and my little boy, I love my Harriet better than anybody in the

world. Nobody in Northamptonshire, I am sure, will take exception at this.

I thought I would write to you of this kind visit: be well now, my dear: all things, I am sure, will come about for good: God grant they may!—I daresay he will visit you in Northamptonshire: and, if he does, what can be his motive? *Not* mere friendship: Sir Charles Grandison is no trifter!

I know you will be sorry to hear that Lady Betty Williams is in great affliction. Miss Williams has run away with an ensign, who is not worth a shilling: he is, on the contrary, *over head and ears*, as the saying is, in debt. Such a mere girl!—But what shall we say?

Miss Cantillon has made as foolish a step. Lord bless me! I think girls, in these days, are bewitched. A nominal captain too! Her mother vows, they shall both starve for her: and they have no other dependence. She cannot live without her pleasures: neither can he without his. A Ranelagh fop! Poor wretches! what will become of them? For everything is in her mother's power as to fortune.—She has been met by Miss Allestree; and looked *so shy! so silly! so slatternly!* Unhappy coquettish thing!

Well, but God bless you, my dear!—My nursery calls upon me: the dear little soul is so fond of me! Adieu. Compliments to everybody I have so much reason to love: Mr. Reeves' too. Once more, adieu. ELIZA REEVES.

—o—

LETTER LXXX.

Miss Byron to Mrs. Reeves.

Selby House, Friday, Sept. 8.

YOUR kind letter, my dear cousin, has, at the same time, delighted and pained me. I rejoice in the declared esteem of one of the best of men; and I honour him for his friendly love expressed to you and my cousin, in the visit he made you: but I am pained at your calling upon me (in pity to my weakness, shall I call it? a weakness so ill concealed) to rejoice, that the excellent man, when he has despatched all his affairs of consequence, and has nothing *else* to do, may *possibly*, for you cannot be certain, make me a visit in Northamptonshire.—Oh, my cousin! and were his absence,

and the apprehension of his being the husband of another woman, think you, the *occasion* of my indisposition; that I must, now that the other affair seems determined in a manner so unexpected, be bid at once to be well?

Sir Charles Grandison, my dear cousin, may honour us with the *prognosticated* visit, or not, as he pleases: but were he to declare himself my lover, my heart would not be so joyful as you seem to expect, if Lady Clementina is to be unhappy. What though the refusal of marriage was hers; was not that refusal the greatest sacrifice that ever woman made to her superior duty? Does she not still avow her love to him? And *must* he not, *ought* he not, ever to love her? And here my pride puts in its claim to attention—Shall your Harriet sit down and think herself happy in a second-place love? Yet let me own to you, my cousin, that Sir Charles Grandison is dearer to me than all else that I hold most dear in this world: and if Clementina could be not *un*-happy, [happy I have no notion she can be without him,] and he were to declare himself my lover; affectation, be gone! I would say; I will trust to my own heart, and to my future conduct, to make for myself an interest in his affections, that should enrich my content; in other words, that should make me *more* contented.

But time will soon determine my destiny: I will have patience to wait its determination. I make no doubt but he has sufficient reasons for all he does.

I am as much delighted, as you could be, at the notice he took of your dear infant. The brave must be humane: and what greater instance of humanity can be shewn, than for grown persons to look back upon the state they were once themselves in, with tenderness and compassion?

I am very sorry for the cause of Lady Betty's affliction. Pity! the good lady took not—But I will not be severe, after I have said, that children's faults are not always *originally* their own.

Poor Miss Cantillon!—But she was not under age; and as her punishment was of her own choosing—I am sorry, however, for both. I hope, after they have smarted, something will be done for the poor wretches. Good parents *will* be placable; bad ones, or such as have not given good examples, *ought to be* so.

God continue to you, my dear cousins both, your present comforts, and increase your pleasures! for all your pleasures are innocent ones; prays, your ever obliged and affectionate
HARRIET BYRON.

—o—

LETTER LXXXI.

Miss Byron to Lady G——

Selby House, Wedn., Sept. 20.

MY DEAREST LADY G——!—Do you know what is become of your brother? My grandmamma Shirley has seen his ghost; and talked with it near an hour; and then it vanished. Be not surprised, my dear creature. I am still in amaze at the account my grandmamma gives us of its appearance, discourse, and vanishing! Nor was the dear parent in a reverie. It happened in the middle of the afternoon, all in broad day.

Thus she tells it:

‘I was sitting,’ said she, ‘in my own drawing-room, yesterday, by myself; when in came James, to whom it first appeared, and told me, that a gentleman desired to be introduced to me. I was reading *Sherlock upon Death*, with that cheerfulness with which I always meditate the subject. I gave orders for his admittance: and in came, to appearance, one of the handsomest men I ever saw in my life, in a riding-dress. It was a courteous ghost: it saluted me; or, at least, I thought it did: for it answering to the description that you, my Harriet, had given me of that amiable man, I was surprised. But, contrary to the manner of ghosts, it spoke first—Venerable lady, it called me; and said, its name was Grandison, in a voice—so like what I had heard you speak of his, that I had no doubt but it was Sir Charles Grandison himself; and was ready to fall down to welcome him.

‘It took its place by me: You, madam, said it, will forgive this intrusion: and it made several fine speeches, with an air so modest, so manly. It had almost all the talk to itself. I could only bow, and be pleased; for still I thought it was corporally and indeed Sir Charles Grandison. It said, that it had but a very little while to stay: it must reach, I

don't know what place that night.—What, said I, will you, 'not go to Selby House? Will you not see my daughter 'Byron? Will you not see her aunt Selby? No, it desired 'to be excused. It talked of leaving a packet behind it; 'and seemed to pull out of its pocket a parcel of letters 'sealed up. It broke the seal, and laid the parcel on the 'table before me. It refused refreshment. It desired, in a 'courtly manner, an answer to what it had discoursed upon '—Made a profound reverence—and—vanished.'

And now, my dear Lady G—, let me repeat my question, What is become of your brother?

Forgive me this light, this amusing manner. My grand-mamma speaks of this visit as an appearance, so sudden, and so short, and nobody seeing him but she; that it gave a kind of amusing levity to my pen, and I could not resist the temptation I was under to surprise you, as he has done us all. How could he take such a journey, see nobody but my grandmamma, and fly the country? Did he do it to spare us, or to spare himself?

The direct truth is this: My grandmamma was sitting by herself, as above: James told her as above, that a gentleman desired to be introduced to her. He *was* introduced. He called himself by his own name; took her hand; saluted her—Your character, madam and mine, said he, are so well known to each other, that though I never before had the honour of approaching you, I may presume upon your pardon for this intrusion.

He then launched out in the praises of your happy friend. With what delight did the dear, the indulgent parent, repeat them from his mouth! I hope she mingled not her own partialities with them, whether I deserve them or not; for sweet is praise from those we wish to love us. And then he said, You see before you, madam, a man glorying in his affection to one of the most excellent of your sex! an Italian lady; the pride of Italy! And who, from motives which cannot be withstood, has rejected him, at the very time that, all her friends consenting, and innumerable difficulties overcome, he expected that she would yield her hand to his wishes—And they *were* his wishes. My *friendship* for the dear Miss Byron [*You and she must authorise me to call it by a still dearer name, before I dare do it*] is well known: that also

has been my pride. I know too well what belongs to female delicacy in general, and particularly to that of Miss Byron, to address myself first to her, on the subject which occasions you this trouble. I am not accustomed to make professions, not even to ladies—Is it consistent with your notions of delicacy, madam? Will it be with Mr. and Mrs. Selby's; to give your interest in favour of a man who is thus situated?—A rejected man! A man who dares to own, that the rejection was a disappointment to him; and that he tenderly loved the fair rejecter? If it will, and Miss Byron can accept the tender of a heart, that has been divided, unaccountably so (the circumstances, I presume, you know), then will *you*, then will *she*, lay me under an obligation, that I can only *endeavour* to repay by the utmost gratitude and affection.—But if not, I shall admire the delicacy of the *second* refuser, as I do the piety of the *first*, and, at least, *suspend* all thoughts of a change of condition.

Noblest of men—And my grandmamma was proceeding in high strains, but very sincere ones; when, interrupting her, and pulling out of his pocket the packet I mentioned above; I presume, madam, said he, that I see favour, and goodness to me, in your benign countenance: but I will not even be *favoured*, but upon your full knowledge of all the facts I am master of myself. I will be the guardian of the delicacy of Miss Byron and all her friends in this important case, rather than the discourager, though I were to suffer by it. You will be so good as to read these letters to your daughter Byron, to her Lucy, to Mr. and Mrs. Selby, and to whom else you will think fit to call to the consultation: they will be those, I presume, who already know something of the history of the excellent Clementina. If, on the perusal of them, I may be admitted to pay my respects to Miss Byron, consistently, as I hinted, with *her* notions and *yours* of that delicacy by which she was always directed, and at the same time be received with that noble frankness which has distinguished her in my eye above all woman but one; [Excuse me, madam, I must always put these sister-souls upon an equal footing of excellence;] then shall I be a happier man than the happiest. Your answer, madam, by pen and ink, will greatly oblige me; and the more the sooner I can be favoured with it; because, being requested by my

friends abroad to set an example to their beloved Clementina, as you will see in more than one of these letters; I would avoid all punctilio, and let them know, that I had offered myself to Miss Byron, and have not been mortified with absolute denial; if I may be so happy as to be allowed to write so.

Thus did this most generous of men prevent, by this reference to the letters, my grandmamma's heart overflowing to her lips. He should directly, he said, proceed on his journey to London; and was in such haste to be gone, when he had said what he had to say, that it precipitated a little my grandmamma's spirits: but the joy she was filled with, on the occasion, was so great, that she only had a concern upon her, when he was gone, as if something was left by her undone or unsaid, which she thought should have been said and done to oblige him.

The letters he left on the table were copies of what he wrote from Lyons to the marquis and marchioness, the bishop, the general, and Father Mariscotti; as also to Lady Clementina, and her brother, the good Jeronymo.* That to the lady cannot be enough admired, for the tenderness, yet for the acquiescence with her will, expressed in it. Surely they were born for each other, however it happens, that they are not likely to come together.

A letter from Signor Jeronymo, in answer to his from Lyons I will mention next. In this Sir Charles is wished to use his supposed influence upon Lady Clementina [what a hard task upon him!] to dissuade her from the thoughts of going into a nunnery, and to resolve upon marriage.†

Next is a letter of Lady Clementina to Sir Charles, complaining tenderly of persecution from her friends, who press her to marry; while she contends to be allowed to take the veil, and applies to Sir Charles for his interest in her behalf.

The next is Sir Charles's reply to Lady Clementina.

Then follows a letter from Sir Charles to Signor Jeronymo. I have copied these three last, and enclosed them in confidence‡.

By these you will see, my dear, that the affair between this excellent man and woman is entirely given up by both; and

* These letters are omitted in this collection.

† See Letter LXXV.

‡ See Letters LXXVI., LXXVII., and LXXVIII.

also, in his reply to Signor Jeronymo, that your Harriet is referred to as his next choice. And how can I ever enough value him, for the dignity he has given me, in putting it, as it should seem, in my power to lay an obligation upon him; in making for me my own scruples; and now, lastly, in the method he has taken in the application to my grandmamma, instead of to me; and leaving all to our determination? But thus should the men give dignity, even for their own sakes, to the women whom they wish to be theirs. Were there more Sir Charles Grandisons, would not even the female world (much better, as I hope it is, than the male) be amended?

My grandmamma, the moment Sir Charles was gone, sent to us, that she had some very agreeable news to surprise us with; and therefore desired the whole family of us, her Byron particularly, to attend her at breakfast the next morning. We looked upon one another, at the message, and wondered. I was not well, and would have excused myself; but my aunt insisted upon my going. Little did I or anybody else think of your brother having visited my grandmamma in person. When she acquainted us that he *had*, my weakened spirits wanted support: I was obliged to withdraw with Lucy.

I thought I could not bear, when I recovered myself, that he should be so near, and not *once* call in, and inquire after the health of the creature for whom he professed so high an esteem and even affection: but when, on my return to company, my grandmamma related what passed between them, and the letters were read; then again were my failing spirits unable to support me. They all gazed upon me, as the letters were reading, as well as while my grandmamma was giving the relation of what he said; and of the noble, the manly air with which he delivered himself.—With joy and silent congratulation they gazed upon me; while I felt such a variety of sensibilities in my heart, as I never felt before; sensibilities mixed with wonder; and I was sometimes ready to doubt whether I were not in a reverie; whether indeed I was in this world or another; whether I was Harriet Byron—I know not how to describe what I felt in my now fluttering, now rejoicing, now dejected heart——

Dejected?—Yes, my dear Lady G——! Dejection was a strong ingredient in my sensibilities. I know not why. Yet may there not be a fulness in joy, that will mingle dissatis-

faction with it? If there may, shall I be excused for my solemnity, if I deduce from thence an argument, that the human soul is not to be fully satisfied by worldly enjoyments; and that therefore the completion of its happiness must be in another, a more perfect state? You, Lady G——, are a very good woman, though a lively one; and I will not excuse *you*, if on an occasion that bids me look forward to a very solemn event, you will not forgive my *seriousness*—That *bids me look forward*, I repeat; for Sir Charles Grandison cannot alter his mind: the world has not wherewith to *tempt* him to alter it, after he has made *such* advances; except I misbehave.

Well, my dear, and what was the result of our conference?—My grandmamma, my aunt, and Lucy, were of opinion, that I ought no more to revolve the notions of a divided or second-placed love: that every point of female delicacy was answered: that he ought not only *still* to be allowed to love Lady Clementina, but that I and all her sex should revere her: that my grandmamma, being the person applied to, should answer for me, for us all, in words of her own choosing.

I was silent. What think *you*, my dear? said my aunt, with her accustomed tenderness.

Think! said my uncle, with his usual facetiousness; do you think, if Harriet had *one* objection, she would have been silent?—I am for sending up for Sir Charles out of hand. Let him come the first day of next week, and let them be married before the end of it.

Not *quite* so hasty, neither, Mr. Selby, said my grandmamma, smiling: let us send to Mr. Deane. His love for my child, and regard for us all, deserve the most grateful returns.

What a deuce, and defer an answer to Sir Charles, who gives a generous reason, for the sake of the lady abroad, and her family (and I hope he thinks a little of his *own* sake), for wishing a speedy answer?—

No, Mr. Selby: not defer writing, neither. We know enough of Mr. Deane's mind already. But, for my part, I don't know what terms, what conditions, what additions to my child's fortune, to propose—

Additions! madam—Why, ay; there must be some, to be sure—And we are able, and as willing as able, let me tell you, to make them—

I beseech you, sir, said I—Pray, madam—No more of this—Surely it is time enough to talk of these subjects.

So it is, niece. Mr. Deane is a lawyer. God help me! I never was brought up to anything but to live on the fat of the land, as the saying is. Mr. Deane and Sir Charles shall talk this matter over by themselves. Let us, as you say, send for Mr. Deane—But I will myself be the messenger of these joyful tidings.

My uncle then turned out, in his gay manner, a line of an old song; and then said, I'll go to Mr. Deane: I will set out this very day—Pull down the wall, as one of our kings said; the door is too far about.—I'll bring Mr. Deane with me to-morrow, or it shall cost me a fall.

You know my uncle, my dear. In this manner did he express his joy.

My grandmother retired to her closet; and this that follows is what she wrote to Sir Charles. Everybody is pleased whenever she takes up the pen. No one made objection to a single word in it.

DEAR SIR,—Reserve would be unpardonable on our side, though the woman's, to a man who is above reserve, and whose offers are the result of deliberation, and an affection, that, being founded in the merit of our dearest child, cannot be doubted. We all receive as an honour the offer you make us of an alliance which would do credit to families of the first rank. It will perhaps be one day owned to you, that it was the height of Mrs. Selby's wishes and mine, that the man who had rescued the dear creature from insult and distress, might be at liberty to entitle himself to her grateful love.

The noble manner in which you have explained yourself on a subject which has greatly embarrassed you, has abundantly satisfied Mrs. Selby, Lucy, and myself: we can have no scruples of delicacy. Nor am I afraid of suffering from yours by my frankness. But, as to our Harriet—You may perhaps meet with some (not affectation; she is above it) difficulty with *her*, if you expect her *whole* heart to be yours. She, sir, experimentally knows how to allow for a double, a divided love—Dr. Bartlett, perhaps, should not have favoured her with the character of a lady whom she prefers

to herself; and Mrs. Selby and I have sometimes, as we read her melancholy story, thought, not unjustly. If she can be induced to love, to honour, the man of her choice, as much as she loves, honours, and admires Lady Clementina; the happy man will have reason to be satisfied. You see, sir, that we, who were able to give a preference to the same lady against ourselves [Harriet Byron is ourselves], can have no scruples on *your* giving it to the same incomparable woman. May that lady be happy! If she were *not* to be so, and her unhappiness were to be owing to our happiness; that, dear sir, would be all that could pain the hearts of any of us, on an occasion so very agreeable to your sincere friend and servant,

HENRIETTA SHIRLEY.

BUT, my dear Lady G——, does your brother tell you and Lady L—— nothing of his intentions? Why, if he does, do not you?—But I *can* have no doubt. Is not the man Sir Charles Grandison? And yet, methinks, I want to know what the contents of his next letters from Italy will be.

You will have no scruple, my dear Lady G——, to shew my whole letter to Lady L——, and, if you please, to my Emily—But only mention the contents, in your own way, to the gentlemen. I beg you will yourself shew it to Mrs. Reeves: she will rejoice in her *prognostications*. Use that word to her: she will understand you. Your brother must now, less than ever, see what I write. I depend upon your discretion, my dear Lady G——.

HARRIET BYRON.

—o—

LETTER LXXXII.

Lady G—— to Miss Byron.

Wednesday, Sept. 23.

EXCELLENT Mrs. Shirley! Incomparable woman! how I love her! If I were such an excellent ancient, I would no more wish to be young, than she has so often told us, she does. What my brother once said, and you once wrote to your Lucy, is true; (in *her* case at least;) that the matronly and advanced time of life, in a woman, is far from being the *least* eligible part of it; especially, I may

add, when health and a good conscience accompany it. What a spirit does she, at her time of life, write with!—But her heart is in her subject—I hope I may say *that*, Harriet, without offending you.

Not a word did my brother speak of his intention, till he received that letter: and then he invited Lady L—— and me, and our two honest men, to afternoon tea with him—[Oh, but I have not reckoned with you for your saucy rebukes in your last of the 7th; I owe you a spite for it; and, Harriet, depend on payment—What was I writing?—I have it]—And when tea was over, he, without a blush, without looking down, as a girl would do in this situation—[But why so, Harriet? Is a woman, on these occasions, to act a part as if she supposed herself to be the greatest gainer by matrimony; and therefore was ashamed of consenting to accept of an honourable offer? As if, in other words, she was to be the self-denying receiver rather than conferrer of an obligation?—Lord, how we ramble-headed creatures break in upon ourselves!]
—with a good grace he told us of his intention to marry; of his apparition to Mrs. Shirley; of his sudden vanishing; and all that—And then he produced Mrs. Shirley's letter, but just received.

And do you think we were not overjoyed?—Indeed we were. We congratulated him: we congratulated each other: Lord L—— looked as he did when Caroline gave him his happy day: Lord G—— could not keep his seat: he was tipsy, poor man, with his joy: aunt Nell pranked herself, stroked her ribands of pink and yellow, and chuckled and mumped for joy, that her nephew at last would not go out of old England for a wife. She was *mightily* pleased too with Mrs. Shirley's letter. It was just such a one as she herself would have written upon the occasion.

I posted afterwards to Mrs. Reeves, to shew her, as you requested, your letter: and when we had read it, there was, dear madam, and, dear sir; and now this, and now that; and thank God—three times in a breath; and we were cousins, and cousins, and cousins: and, Oh blessed! and, Oh be joyful!—And, hail the day!—And, God grant it to be a short one!—And how will Harriet answer to the question? Will not her frankness be tried? He despises affectation: so he thinks does she!—Good sirs! and, Oh dears!—How

things are brought about !—Oh my Harriet, you never heard or saw such congratulations between three gossips, as were between our two cousins Reeves and me: and not a little did the good woman pride herself in her *prognostics*; for she explained that matter to me.

Dr. Bartlett is at Grandison Hall, with our unhappy cousin. How will the good man rejoice!

Now you will ask, what became of Emily?—

By the way, do you know that Mrs. O'Hara is turned *methodist*? True as you are alive. And she labours hard to convert her husband. Thank God she is anything that is serious! Those people have really great merit with me, in *her* conversion—I am sorry that our own clergy are not as zealously in earnest as they. They have, really, my dear, if we may believe aunt Eleanor, given a face of religion to subterranean colliers, tinnerns, and the most profligate of men, who hardly ever before heard either of the word, or thing. But *I* am not turning *methodist*, Harriet. No, you will not suspect me.

Now, Emily, who is at present my visitor, had asked leave, before my brother's invitation (and was gone, my Jenny attending her), to visit her mother, who is not well. My brother was engaged to sup abroad, with some of the Danbys, I believe: I therefore made Lord and Lady L——, cousin Reeves and cousin Reeves, and my aunt Grandison, sup with me.

Emily was at home before me—Ah the poor Emily!—I'll tell you how it was between us——

My lovely girl, my dear Emily, said I, I have good news to tell you about Miss Byron——

Oh thank God!—And is she well? Pray, madam, tell me, tell me; I long to hear good news of my dear Miss Byron.

Why, she will shortly be married, Emily!

Married, madam!——

Yes, my love!—And to your guardian, child!——

To my guardian, madam!—Well, but I hope so——

I then gave her a few particulars.

The dear girl tried to be joyful, and burst into tears!

Why weeps my girl?—Oh fie! are you sorry that Miss Byron will have your guardian? I thought you loved Miss Byron.

So I do, madam, as my own self, and more than myself, if possible—But the surprise, madam—Indeed I am glad!—What makes me such a fool? Indeed I am glad!—What ails me, to cry, I wonder! It is what I wished, what I prayed for, night and day. Dear madam, don't tell anybody. I am ashamed of myself.

The sweet April-faced girl then smiled through her tears.

I was charmed with her innocent sensibility; and if you are not, I shall think less of you than ever I did yet.

Dear madam, said she, permit me to withdraw for a few minutes: I must have my cry out—And I shall then be all joy and gladness.

She tript away; and in half an hour came down to me with quite another face.

Lady L—— was then with me.—I had told her of the girl's emotion. We are equally lovers of you, my dear, said I; you need not be afraid of Lady L——.

And have you told, madam?—Well, but I am not a hypocrite. What a strange thing! I who have always been so much afraid of another lady, for Miss Byron's sake, to be so oddly affected, as if I were sorry!—Indeed I rejoice.—But if you tell Miss Byron, she won't love me: she won't let me live with her and my guardian, when she is happy, and has made him so. And what shall I do then? for I have set my heart upon it.

Miss Byron, my dear, loves you so well, that she will not be able to deny you anything your heart is set upon, that is in her power to grant.

God bless Miss Byron as I love her, and she will be the happiest of women!—But what was the matter with me?—Yet I believe I know—My poor mother had been crying sadly to me, for her past unhappy life. She kissed me, as she said, for my *father's* sake: she had been the worst of wives to the best of husbands.

Again the good girl wept at her mother's remembered remorse—My guar—my guardian's goodness, my mother said, had awakened her to a sense of her wickedness. My poor mother did not spare herself: and I was all sorrow; for what could I say to her on such a subject?—And all the way that I came home in the coach I did nothing but cry. I had but just dried my eyes, and tried to look cheerful,

when you came in. And then, when you told me the good news, something struck me all at once, struck my very heart; I cannot account for it: I know not what to liken it to—and had I not burst into tears, I believe it would have been worse for me. But now I am myself; and if my poor mother could pacify her conscience, I should be a happy creature—*because* of Miss Byron's happiness. You look at each other, ladies: but if you think I should *not*, bid me begone from your presence for a false girl, and never see you more.

Now, Harriet, this emotion of Emily appears to me as a sort of phenomenon. Do *you* account for it as you will; but I am sure Emily is no hypocrite: she has no art: she *believes* what she says, that her sudden burst of tears was owing to her heart being affected by her mother's contrition: and I am also sure that she loves you above all the women in the world. Yet it is possible that the subtle thief, ycleped Love, had got very near her heart; and just at the moment threw a dart into one angle of it, which was the *something* that struck her, all at once, as she phrased it, and made her find tears a relief. This I know, my dear, that we may be very differently affected by the same event, when judged of at a distance, and near. If you don't already, or if you soon will not, experience the truth of this observation in the great event before you, I am much mistaken.

But you see, Harriet, what joy this happy declaration of my brother, and the kind reception it has met with from Northamptonshire, has given us all. We will keep your secret, never fear, till all is over; and, when it is, you shall let my brother know, from the letters we have had the favour of seeing, as much as *we* do. Till he does, excellent as he thinks you, he will not know one half of your excellences, nor the merit which your love and your suspenses have made you with him.

But with you, I long for the arrival of the next letters from Italy. God grant that Lady Clementina hold her resolution, now that she sees it is almost impossible for her to avoid marrying! If she should relent, what would be the consequence, to my brother, to herself, to you! And how shall all we, his friends and yours, be affected! You think the lady is obliged, in duty to her parents, to marry. Lady L—— and I are determined to be wise, and not give our opinions

till the events which are yet in the bosom of fate, disclosing themselves, shall not leave us a possibility of being much mistaken. And yet, as to what the filial duty requires of her, we think she ought to marry. Meantime, I repeat, 'God grant, that Lady Clementina now hold her mind!'

LADY L—— sends up her name. Formality in *her*, surely. I will chide her. But here she comes—I love, Harriet, to write to the moment; that's a knack I had from you and my brother: and be sure continue it, on every occasion: No *pathetic* without it.

Your servant, Lady L——.

And *your* servant, Lady G——. Writing? To whom? To our Harriet——

I will read your letter—Shall I?

Take it; but read it out, that I may know what I have written.

Now give it me again. I'll write down what you say to it, Lady L——.

Lady L. I say you are a whimsical creature. But I don't like what you have *last* written.

Charlotte. *Last written*—'Tis down—But why so, Lady L——?

Lady L. How can you thus tease our beloved Byron with your conjectural evils?

Ch. Have I supposed an impossibility?—But 'tis down—*Conjectural evils*.

Lady L. If you are so whimsical, write—'My dear Miss Byron'——

Ch. *My dear Miss Byron*—'Tis down.

Lady L. [Looking over me] 'Do not let what this 'strange Charlotte has written, grieve you:'——

Ch. Very well, Caroline!—*grieve you*.——

Lady L. 'Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.'

Ch. Well observed—Words of scripture, I believe—Well—*evil thereof*.——

Lady L. Never, surely, was there such a creature as you, Charlotte——

Ch. That's down, too.

Lady L. Is that down? laughing—That should not have been down—Yet 'tis true.

Ch. Yet 'tis true—What's next?

Lady L. Pish——

Ch. Pish.——

Lady L. Well, now to Harriet—'Clementina cannot alter her resolution: her objection still subsisting. Her love for my brother'——

Ch. Hold, Lady L——. Too much, at one time—*Her love to my brother*——

Lady L. 'On which her apprehensions that she shall not be able, if she be his wife'——

Ch. Not so much at once, I tell you: it is *too* much for my giddy head to remember—*if she be his wife*——

Lady L. —'to adhere to her own religion, are founded'——

Ch. —*founded.*

Lady L. 'Is a security for her adherence to a resolution so glorious to herself.'

Ch. Well said, Lady L——. May it be so, say, and pray I.—Any more, Lady L——?

Lady L. 'Therefore' ——

Ch. *Therefore*——

Lady L. 'Regard not the perplexing Charlotte'——

Ch. I thank you, Caroline—*perplexing Charlotte*——

Lady L. 'Is the advice of your ever affectionate sister, friend, and servant'——

Ch. So!—*Friend and servant*——

Lady L. Give me the pen——

Ch. Take another. She did—and subscribed her name, 'C. L.'

With all my heart, Harriet. And here, after I have repeated my hearty wishes, that nothing of this that I have so sagely apprehended may happen (for I desire not to be dubbed a witch so much at my own, as well as at your expense), I will also subscribe that of your no less affectionate sister, friend, and servant, CHARLOTTE G——.

My brother says, he has sent you a letter, and your grand-mamma another—Full of grateful sensibilities, both, I make no question.—But no flight, or goddess-making absurdity, I dare say. You will give us copies, *if you are as obliging as you used to be.*

LETTER LXXXIII.

*Miss Byron to Lady G——.**Monday, Sept. 25.*

WHAT have I done to my Charlotte? Is there not something cold and particular in your style, especially in that part of your letter preceding the entrance of my good Lady L——? And in your postscript—*You will give us copies, if you are as obliging as you used to be.*—Why should I, when likely to be more obliged to you than ever, be less obliging than before? I can't bear it from Lady G——. Are you giving me a proof of the truth of your own observation? 'That we may be very differently affected by 'the same event, when judged of at a distance, and near.'—I could not support my spirits, if the sister of Sir Charles Grandison loved me the less for the distinction her brother pays me.

And what, my dear, if Lady Clementina *should* RELENT, as you phrase it?—My *friends* might be now grieved—Well, and I might be affected too, more than if the visit to my grandmamma had not been made. I own it.—But the high veneration I truly profess to have for Lady Clementina, would be parade and pretension, if, whatever became of your Harriet, I did not resolve, in that case, to *try*, at least, to make myself easy, and give up to her prior and worthier claim: And I should consider her *effort*, though unsuccessful, as having entitled her to my highest esteem. To what we know to be right, we ought to submit; the more difficult, the more meritorious: And, in this case, your Harriet would conquer, or die. If she conquered, she would then in *that* instance be greater than even Clementina. Oh my dear, we know not, till we have the trial, what emulation will enable a warm and honest mind to do.

I will send you enclosed the two letters transcribed by Lucy.* I am very proud of them both; perhaps too proud; and it may be necessary that I should be pulled down; though I expected it not from my Charlotte. 'To be complimented in so noble and sincere a manner as you will see

* These letters do not appear. The contents may be gathered from what she here says of them.

‘I am, with the power of laying an obligation on him,’ (instead of owing it to his compassionate consideration, for a creature so long labouring in suspense, and then despairing that her hopes could be answered), is enough at the same time to flatter her vanity, and gratify the most delicate sensibility.

You will see ‘how gratefully he takes my grandmamma’s hint, that I knew how by experience to account for a double, a *divided* love, as she is pleased to call it—and the preference my aunt, and herself, and I, have given to the claim of Lady Clementina.’ You, my dear, know our sincerity in this particular. There is some merit in owning a truth when it makes against us. To do justice in another’s case, against one’s self, is, methinks, making at least a *second* merit for one’s self. ‘He asks my leave to attend me at Selby House.’—I should rejoice to see him—But I could wish, methinks, that he had first received letters from abroad. But how can I hint my wishes to him without implying either doubt or reserve?—*Reserve* in the delay of his visit implied by such hint; *doubt*, of his being at liberty to pursue his intentions: That would not become me to show; as it might make him think that I wanted protestations and assurances from him, in order to *bind* him to me; when, if the situation be such as obliges him to balance but in *thought*, and I could know it, I would die before I would accept of his hand: he has confirmed and established, as I may say, my pride (I had always some), by the distinction he has given me: yet I should despise myself, if I found it gave me either arrogance, or affectation. ‘He is so considerate as to dispense with my answering his letters;’ for he is pleased to say, ‘That if I do not *forbid* him to come down, by my aunt Selby, or my grandmamma, he will presume upon my leave,’

My uncle set out for Peterborough, in order to bring Mr. Deane with him to Selby House. Poor Mr. Deane kept his chamber for a week before; yet had not let us know he was ill. He was forbid to go abroad for two days more; but was so overjoyed at what my uncle communicated to him, that he said, he was not sensible of ailing anything; and he would have come with my uncle next day; but neither he nor the doctor would permit it: but on Tuesday he came—Such joy! Dear good man! Such congratula-

tions!—How considerable to their happiness, do they all make that of their Harriet!

They have been in consultation often; but they have excluded me from some particular ones. I guess the subject; and beg of them that I may not be *too much* obliged. What critical situations have I been in! When will it be at an end?

Mr. Deane has written to Sir Charles. I am not to know the contents of his letter.

The hearts of us women, when we are urged to give way to a *clandestine* and *unequal* address, or when inclined to favour such a one, are apt, and are pleaded with, to rise against the notions of bargain and sale. *Smithfield bargains*, you Londoners call them: but unjust is the intended odium, if preliminaries are necessary in all treaties of this nature. And surely previous stipulations are indispensable so among us changeable mortals, however promising the sunshine may be at our setting out on the journey of life; a journey too that will not be ended but with the life of one of the travellers.

If I ever were to be tempted to wish for great wealth, it would be for the sake of Sir Charles Grandison; that I might be a means of enlarging his power: since I am convinced, that the necessities of every worthy person within the large circle of his acquaintance would be relieved, according to his ability.

My dear Emily!—Ah, Lady G——! Was it *possible* for you to think, that my pity for the amiable innocent should not increase my love of her? I will give you leave *indeed* to despise me, if you ever find anything in my behaviour to Emily, let me be circumstanced as I will, that shall shew an abatement of that tender affection which ever must warm my heart in her favour. Whenever I can promise anything for myself, then shall Emily be a partaker of my felicity, in the way her own heart shall direct. I hope, for *her own* sake, that the dear girl puts the matter right, when she attributes her sudden burst of tears to the weakness of her spirits occasioned by her mother's remorse; but let me say one thing; it would grieve me as much as it did Sir Charles, in the Count of Belvedere's case, to stand in the way of anybody's happiness. It is not, you see, your

brother's fault, that he is not the husband of Lady Clementina: She wishes him to marry an Englishwoman.—Nor is even the hope of Lady Olivia frustrated by me. You know I always pitied her; and that before I knew, from Sir Charles's letter to Signor Jeronymo, that she thought kindly of me.—Lady Anne S——; Do you think, my dear, that worthy woman could have hopes, were it *not* for me? And could my Emily have any, were I out of the world?—No, surely: the very *wardship*, which he executes with so much indulgent goodness to her, would exclude all such hopes, considerable enough as his estate is, to answer a larger fortune than even Emily's. Were hers not half so much as it is, it would perhaps be more likely than now, that his generous mind might be disposed in her favour, some years hence.

Let me, however, tell you, that true sisterly pity overwhelmed my heart, when I first read that part of your letter which so pathetically describes her tender woe. Be the occasion her duty, or her love, or owing to a mixture of both, I am charmed with her beautiful simplicity: I wept over that part of your letter for half an hour; and more than once I looked round and round me, wishing for the dear creature to be near me, and wanting to clasp her to my bosom.

Love me still, and that as well as ever, my dear Lady G——, or I shall want a great ingredient of happiness, in whatever situation I may be. I have written to thank my dear Lady L—— for her goodness to me, in dictating to your pen; and I thank you, my dear, for being dictated to. I cannot be well. Send me but one line; ease my overburdened heart of one of its anxieties, by telling me that there has nothing passed of littleness in me, that has abated your love to—Your ever grateful, ever affectionate

HARRIET BYRON.

—o—

LETTER LXXXIV.

Lady G—— to Miss Byron.

Grosvenor Square, Wednesday, Sept. 27.

FLY, *script*, of one line; on the wings of the wind, fly, to acquaint my Harriet, that I love her above all women—

and all *men* too; my brother excepted. Tell her, that I now love her with an increased love; because I love her for *his* sake, as well as for her own.

Forgive, my dear, all the carelessnesses, as you always did the flippancies, of my pen. The happy prospect that all our wishes would be succeeded to us, had given a levity, a wantonness, to it. Wicked pen!—But I have burnt the whole parcel from which I took it!—Yet I should correct *myself*; for I don't know whether I did not intend to tease a little: I don't know whether my compassion for Emily did not make me more silly. If that were so (for really I suffered my pen to take its course at the time; therefore burnt it), I know you will the more readily forgive me.

Littleness, Harriet! You are all that is great and good in woman. The littleness of others add to your greatness. Have not *my* foibles always proved this?—No, my dear! you are as great as—Clementina herself: and I love you better, if possible, than I love myself.

A few lines more on other subjects; for I can't write a short letter to my Harriet.

The Countess of D—— has made my brother a visit. I happened to be at his house. They were alone together near an hour. At going away, he attending her to her chair, she took my hand: All my hopes are over, said she; but I will love Miss Byron, for all that. Nor shall *you*, Sir Charles, in the day of your power, deny me my correspondent: nor must you, madam, and Lady L——, a friendship with Sir Charles Grandison's two sisters.

Lady W—— and my sister and I correspond. I want you to know her, that you may love her as well as we do. Love matches, my dear, are foolish things. I know not how you will find it sometime hence: No general rule, however, without exceptions, you know. Violent love on one side is enough in conscience, if the other party be not a fool, or ungrateful: the *lover* and *lovée* make generally the happiest couple. Mild, sedate convenience, is better than a stark staring mad passion. The wall-climbers, the hedge and ditch-leapers, the river-forders, the window-droppers, always find reason to think so. Who ever hears of darts, flames, Cupids, Venuses, Adonises, and such like nonsense in matrimony?—Passion is transitory; but dis-

cretion, which never boils over, gives durable happiness. See Lord and Lady W——, Lord G——, and his good woman, for instances.

Oh my mad head! And why, think you, did I mention my corresponding with Lady W——?—Only to tell you (and I had like to have forgot it), that she felicitates me in her last, on the likelihood of a happy acquisition to our family, from what my brother communicated of his intention to make his addresses, to somebody—I warrant you guess to whom.

Lady Anne S——. Poor Lady Anne S——! I dare not tell my brother how much she loves him: I am sure it would make him uneasy.

Beauchamp desires his compliments to you. He is in great affliction. Poor Sir Harry is thought irrecoverable. Different physicians have gone their rounds with him: but the new ones only ask what the old ones did, that they may *guess* at something else to make trial of. When a patient has money, it is difficult, I believe, for a physician to be honest, and to say, till the last extremity, that the parson and sexton may take him.

Adieu, my love!—Adieu, all my grandmamma's aunts, cousins, and kin's kin in Northamptonshire—Adieu!

CHARLOTTE G——.

—o—

LETTER LXXXV.

Miss Byron to Lady G——.

Tuesday, Oct. 3.

A THOUSAND thanks to you, my dear Lady G——, for the favour of your last: You have reassured me in it. I think I could not have been happy even in the affection of Sir Charles Grandison, were I to have found an abatement in the love of his two sisters. Who, that knows you both, and that had been favoured with your friendship, could have been satisfied with the least diminution of it?

I have a letter from the Countess of D——.* She is a most generous woman. ‘She even congratulates me, on your ‘brother’s account, from the conversation that passed between

* This letter does not appear.

‘him and her. She gives me the particulars of it. Exceedingly flattering are they to my vanity.’ I *must*, my dear, be happy, if you continue to love me; and if I can know that Lady Clementina is not unhappy. This latter is a piece of intelligence, necessary, I was going to say, for my tranquillity: for can your brother be happy, if *that* lady be otherwise, whose grievous malady could hold in suspense his generous heart, when he had no prospects at that time of ever calling her his?

I pity from my heart Lady Anne S——. What a dreadful thing is hopeless love; the object so worthy, that every mouth is full of his praises! How many women will your brother’s preference of *one*, be she who she will, disappoint in their first loves! Yet out of a hundred women, how few are there, who, for one reason or other, have the man of their first choice!

I remember you once said, it was well that love is not a passion absolutely invincible: But, however, I do not, my dear, agree with you in your notions of all love-matches. Love merely *personal*, that sort of love which commences between the years of fifteen and twenty; and when the extraordinary *merit* of the object is not the foundation of it; may, I believe, and perhaps generally *ought* to, be subdued. But love that is founded on a merit that everybody acknowledges—I don’t know what to say to the vincibility of *such* a love. For myself, I think it impossible that I ever could have been the wife of any man on earth but one, and given him my affection in so *entire* a manner, as should, on reflection, have acquitted my own heart; though I hope I should not have been wanting in my general duties—And why impossible? Because I must have been conscious, that there was another man whom I would have preferred to him. Let me add, that when prospects were darkest with regard to my wishes, I promised my grandmamma and aunt to make myself easy, at least to endeavour to do so, if they never would propose to me the Earl of D——, or any other man. They *did* promise me.

Lady D——, in her letter to me, ‘is so good as to claim ‘the continuance of my correspondence.’ Most ungrateful, and equally self-denying, must I be, if I were to decline my part of it.

I have a letter from Sir Rowland Meredith.* You, who have seen his former letters to me, need not be shewn this. The same honest heart appears in them all; the same kind professions of paternal love.

You love Sir Rowland; and will be pleased to hear that his worthy nephew is likely to recover his health. I cannot, however, be joyful that they are resolved to make me soon one more visit. But you will see that Mr. Fowler thinks, if he could be allowed to visit me once more, he should, though hoping nothing from the visit, be easier for the rest of his life. A strange way of thinking! supposing love to be his distemper: Is it not?

I have a letter from Mr. Fenwick. He has made a very short excursion abroad. He tells me in it, that he designs me a visit on a particular subject. If it be, as I suspect, to engage my interest with my Lucy, he shall *not* have her: he is not worthy of her.

The friendship and favour of Lady W—— is one of the greatest felicities which seem to offer to bless my future lot.

Mr. Greville is the most persevering, as well as most audacious, of men. As other men endeavour to gain a woman's affections by politeness; he makes pride, ill-nature, and impetuosity, the proofs of his love; and thinks himself ill used, especially since his large acquisition of fortune, that they are not accepted as such. He has obliged Mr. Deane to hear his pleas; and presumed to hope for his favour. Mr. Deane frankly told him that his interest lay quite another way. He then insolently threatened with destruction the man, be he who he will, that shall stand in his way. He doubts not, he says, but Sir Charles Grandison is the man designed: but if so *cool* a lover is to be encouraged against so *fervent* a one as himself, he is mistaken in all the notions of women's conduct and judgments in love matters. A *discreet* lover, he says, is an unnatural character: Women, the odious wretch says, love to be devoured [Is he not an odious wretch?]; and if Miss Byron^a can content herself with another woman's *leavings*, for that, he says, he is well informed is the case, he knows what he shall think of her spirit. And then he threw out, as usual, reflections on our sex, which had malice in them.

* This letter appears not,

This man's threats disturb me. God grant that your brother may not meet with any more embarrassments from insolent men, on my account!

If these men, this Gréville in particular, would let be at peace, I should be better, I believe, in my health: but Lady Frampton is his advocate, by letter. He watches my footsteps, and in every visit I make, throws himself in the way: and on Sundays he is always ready with his officious hand, as I alight to enter the church; and to lead me back to my uncle's coach. My uncle cannot affront him, because he will not be affronted by him. He rallies off, with an intrepidity that never was exceeded, all that my aunt says to him. I repulse him with anger everywhere but in a place so public, and so sacred. He disturbs my devotion, with his bold eyes, always fixed on our pew; which draw every one's after them. He has the assurance, when he intrudes himself into my company, to laugh at my anger; telling me, that it is what he has long wished for; and that now he is so much used to it, that he can live on my frowns, and cannot support life without them. He plainly tells me, that Mr. Fenwick's arrival from abroad, and another certain person also, are the occasion of his resumed sedulity.

Everybody about us, in short, is interested for or against him. He makes me appear coy and ridiculous. He—But no more of this bold man. Would to Heaven that some one of those who like such would relieve me from him!

Visitors, and the post, oblige me, sooner than I otherwise should, to conclude myself, my dear Lady G——, ever yours,
HARRIET BYRON.

—o—

LETTER LXXXVI.

Mr. Deane to Sir Charles Grandison.

Selby House, Tuesday, Oct. 3.

AN alliance more acceptable, were it with a prince, could not be proposed, than that which Sir Charles Grandison, in a manner so worthy of himself, has proposed, with a family who have thought themselves under obligation to him, ever since he delivered the darling of it from the lawless attempts of a savage libertine. I know to whom I

write; and will own, that it has been *my* wish, in a most particular manner.

As to the surviving part of the family, *exclusive* of Miss Byron (for I will mention her parents by and by), it is, in all its branches, worthy: Indeed, sir, your wish of a relation to *them*, is not a discredit to your high character. As to the young lady—I say nothing of her—Yet how shall I forbear?—Oh, sir, believe me, she will dignify your choice! Her duty and her inclination through every relation of life were never divided.

Excuse me, sir—No parent was ever more fond of his child, than I have been, from her infancy, of this my daughter by adoption. Hence, sir, being consulted on this occasion, as my affection I will say for the whole family deserves, I take upon me to acquaint you, before any further steps are taken, what our dear child's fortune will be: for it has been always my notion, that a young gentleman, in such a case, should, the moment he offers himself, if his own proposals are acceptable, be spared the *indelicacy* of asking questions as to fortune. We know, sir, yours is great: but as your spirit is princely, you ought to have something worthy of your own fortune with a wife. But here, alas! we must fail, I doubt; at least, in hand.

Mr. Byron was one of the best of men; his lady a most excellent woman: there never was a happier pair. Both had reason to boast of their ancestry. His estate was upwards of four thousand pounds a-year; but it was entailed, and, in failure of male heirs, was to descend to a second branch of the family, which had made itself the more unworthy of it, by settling in a foreign country, renouncing, as I may say, its own. Mr. Byron died a young man, and left his lady *ensient*; but grief for losing him occasioned first her miscarriage, and then her death; and the estate followed the name. Hence, be pleased to know, that Miss Byron's fortune, in her own right, is no more than between thirteen and fourteen thousand pounds. It is chiefly in the funds. It has been called 15,000*l.*, but it is not much more than thirteen. Her grandmother's jointure is between 4000*l.* and 5000*l.* a year. We none of us wish to see my god-daughter in possession of it: she herself least of all. Mrs. Shirley is called by every one that knows her, or speaks of

her, the ornament of old age. Her husband, an excellent man, desired her to live always in the mansion-house, and in the hospitable way he had ever kept up, if what he left her would support her in it. She has been longer spared to the prayers of her friends, and to those of the poor, than was apprehended; for she is infirm in health. She therefore can do but little towards the increase of her child's fortune. But Shirley Manor is a fine old seat, sir!—And there is timber upon the estate, which wants but ten years' growth, and will be felled to good account. Mr. Selby is well in the world. He proposes, as a token of his love, to add 3000*l.* in hand to his niece's fortune; and by his will, something very considerable, further expectant on his lady's death; who being Miss Byron's aunt, by the father's side, intends, by her will, to do very handsomely for her.—By the way, my dear sir, be assured, that what I write is absolutely unknown to Miss Byron.

There is a man who loves her as he loves himself. This man has laid by a sum of money every year for the advancing her in marriage, beginning with the fifth year of her life, when it was seen what a hopeful child she was: this has been put at accumulated interest; and it amounts, in sixteen years or thereabouts, to very near 8000*l.* This man, sir, will make up the eight thousand ten, to be paid on the day of marriage: and I hope, without promising for what this man will do further at his death, that you will accept of this five or six-and-twenty thousand pounds, as the cheerfullest given and best-bestowed money that ever was laid out.

Let not these particulars pain you, sir: they should not: the subject is a necessary one. You, who ought to give way to the increase of that power which you so nobly use, must not be pained at this mention, once for all. Princes, sir, are not above asking money of their people, as free-gifts, on the marriage of their children. He that would be greater than a prince, may, before he is aware, be less than a gentleman. Of this ten thousand pounds, eight is Miss Byron's due, as she is likely to be so happy with all our consents; else it would not: for that was the man's *reserved* condition; and the sum, or the designation of it, was, till this day, only known to himself.

As to settlements in return, I would have acted the

lawyer, but the *honest* lawyer, with you, sir, and made demands of you; but Mr. and Mrs. Selby, and Mrs. Shirley, unanimously declare, that you shall not be prescribed to in this case. Were you not Sir Charles Grandison? was the question. I was against leaving it to you, for that *very* reason. It will be, said I, to provoke such a man as Sir Charles to do too much. Most other men ought to be spurred; but *this* must be held in. But, however, I acquiesced; and the more easily, because I expect that the deeds shall pass through my hands; and I will take care that you shall not, in order to give a proof of love where it is not wanted, exert an inadequate generosity.

These matters I thought it was absolutely necessary to apprise you of: you will have the goodness to excuse any imperfections in my manner of writing. There are none in my heart, when I assure you, that no man breathing can more respect you, than, sir, — your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

THOMAS DEANE.

—o—

LETTER LXXXVII.

Sir Charles Grandison to Thomas Deane, Esq.

Thursday, October 5.

YOU know not, my dear Mr. Deane, upon what an unthankful man you would bestow your favours. I pretend not to be above complying with the laudable customs of the world. Princes are examples to themselves. I have always, in things indifferent, been willing to take the world as I find it; and conform to it.

To say Miss Byron is a treasure in herself, is what every man would say, who has the honour to know her; yet I would not, in a vain ostentation, as the interest of a man and his wife is one, make a compliment to my affection, by resigning or giving from her her natural right; especially as there is no one of her family that wants to be benefited by such gifts or resignations. But then I will not allow, that any of her friends shall part with what is theirs, to supply—What? A *supposed* deficiency in her fortune. And by *whom*, as implied by you, supposed a deficiency—By me; and it is left to me to *confirm* the imputation by my accept-

ance of the addition so generously, as to the *intention*, offered. Had I encumbrances on my estate, which, undischarged, would involve in difficulties the woman I love; I know not what, for *her* sake, I might be tempted to do. But avarice only can induce a man, who wants it not, to accept of the bounty of a lady's friends, in their lifetime especially—When those friends are not either father or mother; one of them not a relation by blood, though he is by a nearer tie, that of love: and is not the fortune which the lady possessés in her own right, an ample one?

I am as rich as I wish to be, my dear Mr. Deane. Were my income *less*, I would live within it; were it *more*, it would increase my duties. Permit me, my good sir, to ask, has the MAN, as you call him (and a MAN, indeed, he appears to me to be), who intends to make so noble a present to a stranger, no relations, no friends, who would have reason to think themselves unkindly treated, if he gave from them such a large portion of his fortune?

I would not be thought romantic; neither aim I at ostentation. I would be as glad to *follow*, as to *set*, a good example. Can I have a nobler, if Miss Byron honours me with her hand, than she, in *that* case, will give, in preferring me to the Earl of D——, a worthy man, with a much more splendid fortune than mine? Believe me, my dear Mr. Deane, it would, on an event so happy, be a restraint to my own joy before friends so kindly contributing to the increase of her fortune, lest they should imagine that their generosity, on the occasion, was one of the motives of my gratitude to her for her goodness to me.

You tell me, that Miss Byron knows nothing of your proposals: I beseech you, let her *not* know anything of them: abase not so much, in her eyes, the man who presumes on her favour for the happiness of the rest of his life, by supposing (*your* supposition, sir, may have weight with *her*) he could value her the more for such an addition to her fortune. No, sir: let Miss Byron (satisfied with the consciousness of a worth which all the world acknowledges), in one of the most solemn events of her life, look round among her congratulating friends with that modest confidence which the sense of laying a high obligation on a favoured object gives to diffident merit; and which the receiving of favours

from all her friends, as if to supply a supposed defective worth, must either abate; or, or, if it do not, make her think less of the interested man, who could submit to owe such obligations.

If these friendly expostulations conclude against the offer of your *generous friend*, they equally do so against that of Mr. Selby. Were that gentleman and his lady the *parents* of Miss Byron, the case would be different: but Miss Byron's fortune is an *ascertained* one; and Mr. Selby has relations who stand in an equal degree of consanguinity to him, and who are all entitled, by their worthiness, to his favour. My best respects and thanks are however due; and I beg you will make my acknowledgments accordingly, as well to your *worthy friend* as to Mr. Selby.

I take the liberty to send you down the rent-roll of my English estate. Determine for *me* as you please, my dearest Mr. Deane: only take this caution—Affront me not a second time; but let the settlements be such, as may be fully answerable to my fortune; although, in the common methods of calculation, it may exceed that of the dear lady. That you may be the better judge of this, you will find a brief particular of my Irish estate subjoined to the other.

I was intending, when I received yours, to do myself the honour of a visit to Selby House. I am impatient to throw myself at the feet of my dear Miss Byron, and to commend myself to the favour of Mr. and Mrs. Selby, and every one of a family I am prepared, by their characters, as well as by their relation to Miss Byron, to revere and love: but as you seem to choose that the requisite preliminaries should be first adjusted by pen and ink, I submit, though with reluctance, to that course; but with the less, as I may, in the interim, receive letters from abroad, which, though they can now make no alteration with regard to the treaty so happily begun, may give me an opportunity of laying the whole state of my affairs before Miss Byron; by which means she will be enabled to form a judgment of them, and of the heart of, dear sir, her and your most affectionate, obliged, and faithful humble servant,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Miss Byron to Lady G——.

[With the two preceding letters.]

Selby House, Saturday, Oct. 7.

WELL did you observe, my dear, that we may be very differently affected by the same event, when judged of at a distance, and near. *May* I, in the present situation, presume to say *near*? Mr. Deane has entered into the particulars of my fortune with Sir Charles. The letter was not shown me before it went; and I was not permitted to see the copy of it till your brother's answer came; and then they showed me both.

Oh, my dear Mr. Deane! my ever-kind uncle and aunt Selby! was not your Harriet Byron too much obliged to you before?—As to your brother, What, my love, shall I do with my *pride*? I did not know I had so much of that bad quality. My poverty, my dear, has added to my pride. Were my fortune superior to that of your brother, I am sure I should not be so proud as I now, on this occasion, find I am. How generously does he decline accepting the goodness that was offered to give me more consideration with him (as kindly intended by them)! What can I say to him, but that his heart, still prouder than my own, and more generous than that of any other person breathing, will not permit me to owe uncommon obligations to any but himself?

He desires that I may not know anything of this transaction: but they thought the communication would give me pleasure. However, they wish me not to take notice to him, when he visits Selby House, that they have communicated it to me. If I did, I should think myself obliged to manifest a gratitude that would embarrass me in my present situation, and seem to fetter the freedom of my will. Millions of obligations should not bribe me to give up even a corner of my heart, to a man to whom I could not give the whole. Your brother, my dear, is in possession of the whole.

You know that I hate affectation: but must I not have great abatements in my prospects of happiness, because of Lady Clementina? And must they not be still greater

should she be unhappy, should she repent of the resolution she so nobly took, for his saying, that whatever be the contents of his next letters from Italy, they can make no alteration with regard to the treaty begun with us?—Dear, dear Clementina! most excellent of women! Can I bear to stand in the way of your happiness?—I cannot—*My* life, any more than yours, may not be a long one; and I will not sully the whiteness of it (pardon my vanity; I presume to call it so, on retrospecting it, regarding my *intentions* only), by giving way to an act of injustice, though it were to obtain for me the whole heart of the man I love.

Yet think you, my dear, that I am not mortified? ‘How can I look round upon my congratulating friends, in one of the most solemn events of my life, with that modest confidence which the sense of laying an obligation on a favoured object (you know in whose generous words I express myself), gives to diffident merit?’ Oh, my Charlotte! I am *afraid* of your brother! How shall I look up to him when I next see him?—But I will give way to this new guest, my *pride*. What other way have I?—Will you forgive me, if I try to look upon your brother’s generosity to me and my friends, in declining so greatly their offers, as a bribe to make me sit down satisfied with half, nay, *not* half a heart?—And now will you not say, that I am proud indeed? But his is the most delicate of human minds: and shall not the woman pretend to some delicacy who has looked up to him?

I thought of writing but a few lines in the cover of the two letters. I hope I should not incur displeasure from anybody here, were they to know I send them to you for your perusal. But let only Lord G——, your other self, and Lord and Lady L——, read them, and return them by the next post. I know you four will pity the poor and proud girl, who is so inexpressibly obliged almost to every one she knows; but who, believe her, proud as she is, never will be ashamed to own her obligations to you and Lady L——.

Witness,
HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER LXXXIX.

*Lady G—— to Miss Byron.**Grosvenor Square, Tuesday, Oct. 10.*

I RETURN your two letters: very good ones both. I like them. Lord L—— and Lord G—— thank you for allowing them to peruse them. We will know nothing of the matter.

My brother will soon be with you, I believe. I wish Dr. Bartlett were in town: one should then know something of the motions of my brother—Not that he is reserved, neither. But he is so much engaged, that I go four times to St. James's Square, and perhaps do not see him once. My lord had the assurance to say, but yesterday, that I was there more than at home. He is very impertinent: I believe he has taken up my sauciness. I laid it down, and thought to resume it occasionally; but when I came to look for it, behold! it was gone!—But I hope, if he has it not, it is only mislaid. I intend, if it come not soon to hand, to set the parish-crier to proclaim the loss, with a reward for the finder. It might be the ruin of some indiscreet woman, should such a one meet with it, and try to use it. Aunt Eleanor [there I remembered myself: no more aunt Nell!] is as joyful, to think her nephew will soon be married, and to an *English* woman, as if she were going to be married herself! Were there to be a wedding in the family, or among her acquaintance once a-year! what with preparation, what with solemnisation, good old soul! she would live for ever. Chide again, Harriet; I value it not. Yet in your last chiding you were excessively grave: but I forgive you. Be good, and write me everything how and about it; and write to the moment: you cannot be too minute.

I want you to see Lady Olivia's present: they are princely, I want to see a letter she wrote to my brother: he mentioned it as something extraordinary. When you are his, you must shew me all he writes, that you are permitted to have in your power long enough to transcribe. He and she correspond. Do you like that, Harriet?—Lady L—— writes: Emily writes. So I have only to say, I am—your humble servant, and so-forth,

CH. G——.

LETTER XC.

Miss Byron to Lady G——.

Selby House, Thursday, Oct. 12.

MY DEAR LADY G——,—I expect your brother every hour. I hope he comes in pursuance of letters from Italy! —May it be so! and such as will not abate his welcome.

We heard by accident of his approach, by a farmer, tenant to my uncle; who saw a fine gentleman, very handsomely attended, alight, as he left Stratford, at the *very* inn where we baited on our return from London. As a dinner was preparing for him, perhaps, my dear, he will dine in the *very* room we dined in at that time. The farmer had the curiosity to ask who he was; and was answered by the most courteous gentleman's servants he ever spoke to, that they had the honour to serve Sir Charles Grandison. And the farmer having said he was of Northampton, one of them asked him, How far Selby House was from that town? The farmer was obliged to hurry home on his own affairs; and meeting my uncle with Mr. Deane, and my cousin James Selby, taking an airing on horseback, told him the visitor he was likely to have. My uncle instantly despatched his servant to us with the tidings, and that he was gone to meet him, in hopes of conducting him hither.

This news gave me such emotion, being not well before, that my aunt advised me to retire to my closet, and endeavour to quiet my spirits.

Here then I am, my dear Lady G——, and the writing implements being always at hand in this place, I took up my pen. It is not possible for me to write at this time, but to you, and on this subject. It is good for a busy mind to have something to be employed in; and I think, now I am amusing myself on paper, my heart is a little more governable than it was.

I am glad we heard of his coming before we saw him. But surely Sir Charles Grandison should not have attempted to *surprise* us: should he, my dear? Does it not look like the pride of a man assured of a joyful welcome? I have read of princes, who, acquainted with their ladies by picture only,

and having been married by proxy, have set out to their frontiers *incognito*, and in disguise have affected to surprise the poor apprehensive bride.—But here, not only circumstances differ, since there has been no betrothment; but, were he of princely rank, I should have expected a more delicate treatment from him.

How will the consciousness of inferiority and obligation set a proud and punctilious mind upon hunting for occasions to justify its caprices!—A servant of Sir Charles is just arrived with a billet, directed for my uncle Selby. My aunt opened it. It is dated from Stratford. The contents are, after compliments of inquiry of our healths, to acquaint my uncle, that he shall put up at the George, at Northampton, this night; and hopes to be allowed to pay his compliments to us to-morrow morning, at breakfast; so he did not *intend* to give himself the consequence, of which my capricious heart was so apprehensive. Yet then, as if resolved to find fault, Is not this a little too parading for his natural freedom? thought I: or does he think we should not be able to outlive our joyful surprise, if he gave us not notice of his arrival in these parts before he saw us? O Clementina! Goddess! Angel! What a mere mortal, what a woman, dost thou make the poor Harriet Byron appear in her own eyes! How apprehensive of coming after thee! The sense I have of my own littleness will make me little indeed!

Well, but I presume, that if my uncle and Mr. Deane meet him, they will prevail upon him to come hither this night: yet I suppose he must be allowed to go to the proposed inn afterwards—But here he is come!—Come, indeed! My uncle in the chariot with him! My cousin and Mr. Deane, Sally tells me, just alighted. Sally adores Sir Charles Grandison—Begone, Sally. Thy emotions, foolish girl, add to those of thy mistress!

THAT I might avoid the appearance of affectation, I was going down to welcome him, when I met my uncle on the stairs. Niece Byron, said he, you have not done *justice* to Sir Charles Grandison. I thought your *love-sick heart* [What words were these, my dear! and at that moment too!] must have been partial to him. He prevailed on me to go into his chariot. You may think yourself very happy.

For fifteen miles together did he talk of nobody but you. Let *me* go down with you : let *me* present you to him.

I had before besought my spirits to befriend me, but for one half hour. Surely there is nothing so unwelcome as an unseasonable jest. *Present me to him ! Love-sick heart !* Oh my uncle ! thought I. I was unable to proceed. I hastened back to my closet, as much disconcerted as a child could be, who, having taken pains to get its lesson by heart, dashed by a chiding countenance, forgot every syllable of it when it came to *say* it. You know, my dear, that I had not of some time been well. My spirits were weak, and joy was almost as painful to me as grief could have been.

My aunt came up—My love, why don't you come down ?—What now ! Why in tears ?—You will appear, to the finest man I ever saw in my life, very particular !—Mr. Deane is in love with him : Your cousin James——

Dear madam, I am already, when I make comparisons between him and myself, humbled enough with his excellences. I did *intend* to avoid particularity ; but my uncle has quite disconcerted me—Yet he always means well : I ought not to complain. I attend you, madam.

Can you, Lady G——, forgive my pride, my petulance ?

My aunt went down before me. Sir Charles hastened to me, the moment I appeared, with an air of respectful love. He took my hand and bowing upon it, I rejoice to see my dear Miss Byron ; and to see her so well. How many sufferers must there be, when you suffer !

I bid him welcome to England. I hope he heard me. I could not help speaking low : he must observe my discomposure. He led me to a seat, and sat down by me, still holding my hand. I withdrew it not presently, lest he should think me precise : but, as there were so many persons present, I thought it was free in Sir Charles Grandison. Yet perhaps, he could not well quit it, as I did not withdraw it ; so that the fault might be rather in my passiveness, than in his forwardness.

However, I asked my aunt afterwards, if his looks were not those of a man assured of success ; as, indeed, he might be from my grandmother's letter, and my silence to *his*. She said, there was a manly freedom in his address to me ; but that it had such a mixture of tenderness in it, that never

in *her* eyes was freedom so becoming. While he was restrained by his situation, added she, no wonder that he treated you with respect only as a *friend*; but now he finds himself at liberty to address you, his behaviour ought, as a *lover*, to have been just what it was.

Sir Charles led me into talk, by mentioning you and Lady L——, your two lords, and my Emily.

My uncle and aunt withdrew, and had some little canvassings, it seems [All their canvassings are those of assured lovers], about the propriety of my uncle's invitation to Sir Charles to take up his residence, while he was in these parts, at Selby House. My uncle, at coming in, had directed Sir Charles's servants to put up their horses: but they not having their master's orders to do so, held themselves in readiness to attend him; as they knew that Sir Charles had given directions to his gentleman, Richard Saunders, who brought the billet to my uncle, to go back to Northampton, and provide apartments for him at the George Inn there.

My aunt, who you know is a perfect judge of points of decorum, pleaded to my uncle, that it was too well known among our select friends, by Mr. Greville's means, that Sir Charles had never before made his addresses to me; and that, therefore, though he was to be treated as a man whose alliance is considered as an honour to us; yet that some measures were to be kept, as to the *look* of the thing; and that the world might not conclude that I was to be won at his very first appearance; and the rather, as Mr. Greville's violence, as well as virulence, was so well known.

My uncle was petulant. *I*, said he, am always in the wrong: you women, never. He ran into all those peculiarities of words, for which you have so often rallied him—His *adsheart*, his *female scrupulosities*, his *what a prize*, his hatred of *shilly shally's* and *fiddle-faddles*, and the rest of our *female nonsenses*, as he calls them. He hoped to salute his niece, as Lady Grandison, in a fortnight: What a *deuce* was the matter it could *not* be so, both sides now of a mind?—He warned my aunt, and bid her warn me, against affectation, now the crisis was at hand. Sir Charles, he said, would think meanly of us, if we were *silly*; and then came in another of his odd words: Sir Charles, he said, had

been so much already *bamboozled*, that he would not have patience with us; and *therefore*, and for all these *reasons*, as he called them, he desired that Sir Charles might not be suffered to go out of the house, and to an inn; and this as well for the *propriety* of the thing, as for the credit of his own invitation to him.

My aunt replied, that Sir Charles *himself* would expect delicacy from us. It was evident that he expected not (no doubt for the sake of the world's eye) to reside in the house with *me* on his *first* visit, by his having ordered his servant who brought the billet, to take apartments for him at Northampton, even not designing to visit us over-night, had he not been met by Mr. Deane and himself, and *persuaded* to come. In short, my dear, said my aunt, I am as much concerned about Sir Charles's *own* opinion of our conduct, as for that of the world: yet you know that every genteel family around us expects examples from us and Harriet. If Sir Charles is not with us, the oftener he visits us the more respectful it will be construed. I hope he will live with us all day, and every day: but, indeed, it must be as a visitor, not as an inmate.

Why then bring me off somehow, that I may not seem the blunderer you are always making me by your *documents*—Will you do *that*?

When my uncle and aunt came in, they found Sir Charles, and Mr. Deane, and me, talking. Our subject was, the happiness of Lord and Lady W—, and the whole Mansfield family, with whom Mr. Deane, who began the discourse, is well acquainted. Sir Charles arose at their entrance. The night draws on, said he—I will do myself the honour of attending you, madam, and this happy family, at tea in the morning—My good Mr. Selby, I had a design upon you, and Mr. Deane, and upon you, young gentleman (to my cousin James), as I told you on the road; but it is now too late. Adieu, till to-morrow—He bowed to each, to me profoundly, kissing my hand; and went to his chariot.

My uncle whispered my aunt, as we all attended him to that door of the hall which leads into the court-yard, to invite him to stay. Hang punctilio! he said.

My aunt wanted to speak to Sir Charles; yet, she owned she knew not what to say: such a conscious awkwardness

had, indeed, possession of us both, as made us uneasy : we thought all was not right ; yet knew not that we were wrong. But when Sir Charles's chariot drove away with him, and we took our seats, and supper was talked of, we all of us shewed dissatisfaction ; and my uncle was quite out of humour. He would give a thousand pounds, he said, with all his heart and soul, to find in the morning, Sir Charles, instead of coming hither to breakfast, had set out on his return to London.

For my part, Lady G——, I could not bear these recriminations. I begged to be excused sitting down to supper. I was not well ; and this odd situation added *uneasiness* to my indisposition : a dissatisfaction, that I find will mingle with our highest enjoyments : nor were the beloved company I left happier. They canvassed the matter, with so much good-natured earnestness, that the supper was taken away, as it was brought, at a late hour.

What, my dear Lady G——, in your opinion, should we have done ? Were we right, or were we wrong ? Over-delicacy, as I have heard observed, is under-delicacy. You, my dear, your lord, our Emily, and Dr. Bartlett, all standing in so well-known a degree of relation to Sir Charles Grandison, were our most welcome guests : and was not the brother to be received with equal warmth of respect ?—Oh, no ! Custom, it seems, tyrant custom, and the apprehended opinion of the world, obliged us (especially as so much bustle had been made about me, by men so bold, so impetuous) to shew him—Shew him what ?—In effect, that we had expectations upon him, which we could not have upon his brother and sister ; and, therefore, because we hoped he would be more *near*, we were to keep him at the *greater* distance !—What an indirect acknowledgment was this in his favour, were there room for him to doubt ! Which, however, there could not be. What would I give, said my aunt to me, this moment, to know *his* thoughts of the matter !

Lucy and Nancy will be here at dinner ; so will my grandmamma. She has, with her usual inquiries after my health, congratulated me by this line, sealed up :

‘ I long, my best love, to embrace you, on the joyful

‘ occasion. I need say no more, than that I think myself,
 ‘ at this instant, one of the happiest of women. I shall
 ‘ dine with you to-day. Adieu, till then, joy of my heart,
 ‘ my own Harriet!’

Lucy, in a billet just now brought, written for herself and Nancy, on the intelligence sent her of Sir Charles’s arrival, expresses herself thus:

‘ Our joy is extreme! Blessings on the man! Blessings
 ‘ attend our Harriet! They must: Sir Charles Grandison
 ‘ brings them with himself. Health now will return to our
 ‘ lovely cousin. We long to see the man of whom we have
 ‘ heard so much. We will dine with you. Tell Sir Charles,
 ‘ before we come, that you love us dearly: it shall make us
 ‘ redouble our endeavour to deserve your love. Your declared
 ‘ friendship, and love of us, will give consequence to

LUCY }
 NANCY } SELBY.’

We are now in expectation—My aunt and I, though early risers, hurried ourselves to get everything, that, however, is never out of order, in high order. Both of us have a kind of consciousness of defect, where yet we cannot find reason for it: If we did, we should supply it. Yet we are careful that everything has a natural, not an extraordinary, appearance—Ease, with propriety, shall be our aim. My aunt says, that were the king to make us a visit, she is sure she could not have a greater desire to please.—I will go down, that I may avoid the appearance of parade and reserve, when he comes.

HERE, in her closet, again, is your poor Harriet. Surely the determined single state is the happiest of lives, to young women, who have the greatness of mind to be above valuing the admiration and flatteries of the other sex. What tumults, what a contrariety of passions, break the tranquillity of the woman who yields up her heart to love?—No Sir Charles Grandison, my dear!—Yet ten o’clock!—He is a very *prudent* man!—No expectations *hurry* or *discompose* him!—Charming *steadiness of soul*! A fine thing for himself, but *far* otherwise for the woman, when a man is *secure*! He will possibly ask me, and hold again my passive hand, in presence of half a score of my friends, Whether I was *greatly* uneasy because of his absence?

But let me try to *excuse* him. May he not have *forgot* his engagement? May he not have *overslept* himself?—Some *agreeable dream* of the Bologna family—I am offended at him—Did he learn his tranquillity in Italy?—Oh no, no, Lady G——!

I now cannot help looking back for *other* faults in him with regard to me. My memory is not, however, so malicious as I would have it be. But do you think every man, in the like situation, would have stopt at Stratford to dine by himself?—Not but your brother can be very happy in his *own* company. If *he* cannot, who can? But, as to that, his horses might require rest, as well as baiting: one knows not in how short a time he might have prosecuted his journey so far. He who will not suffer the noblest of all animals to be deprived of an ornament, would be merciful to them in greater instances. He says, that he cannot bear indignity from superiors. Neither can we. In that light he appears to us. But why so?—My heart, Lady G——, begins to swell, I assure you; and it is twice as big as it was last night.

My uncle, before I came up, sat with his watch in his hand, from half an hour after nine, till near ten, telling the minutes as they crept. Mr. Deane often looked at me, and at my aunt, as if to see how we bore it. I blushed; looked silly, as if your brother's faults were mine.—Over in a fortnight! cried my uncle; *ads-heart*, I believe it will be half a year before we shall come to the question. But Sir Charles, to be sure, is offended. Your confounded female niceties!

My heart rose—Let him, if he *dare*, thought the proud Harriet.

God grant, added my uncle, that he may be gone up to town again!

Perhaps, said Mr. Deane, he is gone, by mistake, to Mrs. Shirley's.

We then endeavoured to recollect the words of his self-invitation thither. My cousin James proposed to take horse, and go to Northampton, to inform himself of the occasion of his not coming: some misfortune, perhaps.

Had he not servants, my aunt asked, one of whom he might have sent?—Shall my cousin Jemmy go, however, Harriet? said she.

No, indeed, answered I, with an air of anger. My teasing uncle broke out into a loud laugh, which, however, had more of vexedness than mirth in it.—He is certainly gone to London, Harriet! *Just* as I said, dame Selby!—Certainly tearing up the road: his very hopes resenting, for their master, your *scrupulosities*. You'll hear from him next, at London, my life for yours, niece—Hah, hah, hah! What will your *grandmamma* say, by and by? Lucy, Nancy, how will *they* stare! Last night's supper, and this day's dinner, will be alike, served in, and taken away.

I could not stand all this: I arose from my seat. Are you not unkind, sir? said I to my uncle, courtesying to him, however; and, desiring his and Mr. Deane's excuse, quitted the breakfasting parlour. Teasing man! said my aunt. Mr. Deane also blamed him; gently, however; for everybody acknowledges his good heart, and natural good temper.

My aunt followed me to the door; and, taking my hand, Harriet, said she, speaking low, Not Sir Charles Grandison himself shall call you his, if he is capable of treating you with the least indifference. I understand not this, added she: he cannot surely be offended.—I hope all will be cleared up before your *grandmamma* comes; she will be very jealous of the honour of her girl.

I answered not: I could not answer! but hastened up to my place of refuge; and, after wiping from my cheeks a few tears of real vexation, took up my pen. You love to know my thoughts as occasions arise. You bid me continue to write to the moment—Here comes my aunt.

My aunt came in, with a billet in her hand—Come down to breakfast, my dear. Sir Charles comes not till dinner-time. Read this: It was brought by one of his servants. He left it with Andrew. The dunce let him go. I wanted to have asked him a hundred questions.

To Mrs. Selby.

DEAR MADAM,—I am broken in upon by a most *impertinent* visitor. Such, at this time, must have been the dearest friend I have in the world. You will be so good as to excuse my attendance till dinner-time. For the past two hours I thought every moment of disengaging myself, or I should have sent sooner.

Ever yours, &c.

What visitor, said I, can make a man stay against his mind? Who can get rid politely of an *impertinent* visitor, if Sir Charles Grandison cannot, on a previous engagement?—But come, madam, I attend you.—Down we went.

My uncle was out of patience. I was sorry for it. I tried to make the best of it; yet, but to pacify him, should perhaps have had petulance enough myself to make the worst of it. Oy, oy, with all my heart, said he, in answer to my excuses, let us hear what Sir Charles has to say for himself. But, old as I am, were my dame Selby to give me another chance, no man on earth, I can tell you, should keep me from a previous engagement with my mistress. It is kind of *you*, Harriet, to excuse him, however: Love hides a multitude of faults.

My aunt said not one syllable in behalf of Sir Charles. She is vexed and disappointed.

We made a very short breakfasting; and looked upon one another as people who would have helped themselves, if they could. Mr. Deane, however, would engage, he said, that we should be satisfied with Sir Charles's excuses, when we came to hear them.

But my dear, this man, this visitor, whoever he is, must be of *prodigious* importance, to detain him from an engagement that I had hoped might have been thought a *first* engagement;—yet owned to be *impertinent*. And must not the accident be very uncommon, that should bring such a one, stranger as Sir Charles is, in his way? Yet this might very well happen, my uncle observes, at an *inn*, whither we thought fit to send him.

Now I think of it, I was strangely disturbed last night in my imperfect slumbers: Something, I thought, was to happen to prevent me ever being his. But hence, recollection! I chase thee from me. Yet when realities disturb, shadows will officiously intrude on the busy imagination as realities.

Friday, 12 o'clock.

My grandmamma is come.—Lucy, Nancy, are come—Oh how vexed at our disappointment and chagrin are my two cousins! But my grandmamma joins with Mr. Deane, to think the best. I have stolen up. But here, he is come!

how shall I do to *keep* my anger? He shall find me below. I will see how he looks, at entrance among us—*If* he be careless—*If* he makes slight excuses——



LETTER XCI.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Friday, two o'clock.

I AM stolen up again, to tell you how it is. I never will be petulant again—Dear sir, forgive me! How wicked in us all, but my grandmamma and Mr. Deane, to blame a man who cannot be guilty of a wilful fault! The fault is all my aunt's and mine—Was my aunt ever in fault before?

We were altogether when he entered. He addressed himself to us, in that noble manner, which engages everybody in his favour at first sight. How, said he, bowing to every one, have I suffered, in being hindered by an unhappy man, from doing myself the honour of attending you sooner!

You see, my dear, he made not apologies to *me*, as if he supposed me disappointed by his absence. I was afraid he would. I know I looked very grave.

He then particularly addressed himself to each; to me first; next to my grandmamma; and taking one of her hands between both his, and bowing upon it, I rejoice to see you, madam, said he—Your last favours will ever be remembered by me with gratitude. I see you well, I hope. Your Miss Byron will be well, if *you* are; and *our* joy (looking round him) will then be complete.

She bowed her head, pleased with the compliment. I was still a little sullen; otherwise I should have been pleased too, that he made my health depend on that of my grandmamma.

Madam, said he, turning to my aunt, I am afraid I made you wait for me at breakfast. A most impertinent visitor; he put me out of humour. I dared not to let you and *yours* (looking at me) see how much I *could* be out of humour. I am naturally passionate: But passion is so ugly, so deforming a thing, that, if I can help it, I will never, by those I love, be seen in it.

I am sorry, sir, said my aunt, you met with anything to disturb you.

My uncle's spirit had not come down: He, too, was sullen in behalf of the punctilio of the girl whom he honours with his jealous love. How, how is that, Sir Charles? said he.

My aunt presented Lucy and Nancy to him: but before she could name either—Miss Selby, said he, Miss Byron's *own* Lucy, I am sure. Miss Nancy Selby!—I know your characters, ladies! saluting each; and I know the interest you have in Miss Byron—Honour me with *your* approbation, and that will be to give me hope of *hers*.

He then turning to my uncle and Mr. Deane, and taking a hand of each—My dear Mr. Deane smiles upon me, said he—But Mr. Selby looks grave.

At-ten-tive only, Sir Charles, to the *cause* of your being put out of humour, that's all.

The cause, Mr. Selby!—Know, then, I met with a man at my inn, who would force himself upon me: Do you know I am a quarrelsome man? He was so hardy as to declare, that he had pretensions to a lady in this company, which he was determined to assert.

Oh that Greville! said my aunt—

I was ready to sink. Wretched Harriet! thought I at the instant: Am I to be for ever the occasion of embroiling this excellent man!

Dear, dear Sir Charles, said one, said another, all at once, How, how was it?

Both safe! Both unhurt, replied he. No more of the rash man at this time. He is to be pitied. He loves Miss Byron to distraction.

This comes of nicety! whispered my uncle to my aunt; *foolish* nicety!—To let such a man as this go to an inn!—Inhospitable! vile punctilio! Then turning to Sir Charles—Dear sir, forgive me! I *was* a little serious, that I must own. [I pulled my uncle by the sleeve, fearing he would say too much by way of atonement for his seriousness]: I, I, I, *was* a little serious, I must own—I, I, I, was afraid something was the matter—turned he off, what he was going to say—*too* freely, shall I add?—Hardly so! had he said what he would; though habitual punctilio made me almost

involuntarily twitch my uncle by the sleeve ; for my heart would have directed my lips to utter the kindest things ; but my concern was too great to allow them to obey it.

I must go down, Lady G——. I am inquired after ; it is just dinner time.—Let me only add, that Sir Charles waved further talk of the affair between him and that wretch, while I stayed—Perhaps they have got it out of him since I came up.

I SHALL be *so* proud, my dear!—A thousand fine things he has said of your Harriet in her little absence! How is he respected, how is he admired, by all my friends! My grandmamma, with all her equanimity, has much ado to suppress her joyful emotions: And he is so respectfully tender to her, that had he not my heart before, he would have won it now.

He had again waved the relation of the insult he met with: Mr. Greville himself, he supposed, would give it. He had a mind to see if the gentleman, by his report of it, was a gentleman. Thank God, said he, I have not hurt a man who boasts of his passion for Miss Byron ; and of his neighbourhood to this family!

OUR places were chosen for us at table: Sir Charles's next me. Cannot I be too minute, do you say?—So easy, so free, so polite ; something so happily addressed occasionally to each person at table—Oh my dear! I am abundantly kept in countenance ; for every one loves him as well as I. You have been pleased to take very favourable notice of our servants—They *are* good, and sensible. What reverence for him, and joy for their young mistress's sake, shone in their countenances, as they attended.

My cousin James, who has never been out of England, was very curious to be informed of the manners, customs, diversions, of the people in different countries—Italy, in particular—Ah, the dear Clementina! What abatement from recollection. ‘The sighing heart,’ I remember he says in one of his letters to Dr. Bartlett, ‘will remind us of imperfection, ‘in the highest of our enjoyments.’ And he adds, ‘It is fit ‘it should be so.’ And on what occasion did he write this?—Oh, my Charlotte, *I* was the occasion. It was in kind remembrance of me. He could not, at that time, have

so written, had he been indifferent, even then, to your Harriet.

I am so apprehensive of my uncle's after-remarks, that I am half-afraid to look at Sir Charles: And he must, by and by, return to this wicked inn—They wonder at my frequent absences. It is to oblige you, Lady G——, and indeed myself: There is vast pleasure in communicating one's pleasure to a friend who interests herself, as you do, in one's dearest concerns.

YOU know and admire my grandmamma's cheerful compliances with the innocent diversions of youth. She made Lucy give us a lesson on the harpsichord, on purpose, I saw, to draw me in. We both obeyed.

I was once a little out in an Italian song. In what a sweet manner did he put me in! touching the keys himself, for a minute or two. Every one wished him to proceed; but he gave up to me, in so polite a manner, that we all were satisfied with his excuses.

My poor cousin Jemmy is on a sudden very earnest to go abroad; as if, silly youth, travelling would make him a Sir Charles Grandison.

I have just asked your brother, if all is over between Mr. Greville and him? He says, he hopes and believes so. God send it may; or I shall hate that Greville!

MY uncle, Mr. Deane, and my cousin James, were too much taken with Sir Charles to think of withdrawing, as it might have been expected they would; and after some general conversation, which succeeded our playing, Sir Charles drew his chair between my grandmamma and aunt, and taking my grandmamma's hand, May I not be allowed a quarter of an hour's conversation with Miss Byron in your presence, ladies? said he, speaking low. We have indeed only friends and relations present: But it will be most agreeable, I believe, to the dear lady, that what I have to say to her, and to you, may be rather reported to the gentlemen than heard *by* them.

By all means, Sir Charles, said my grandmamma. Then whispering to my aunt, No man in this company *thinks*, but Sir Charles. Excuse me, my dear.

The moment Sir Charles applied himself in this parti-

cular manner to them, my heart, without hearing what he said, was at my mouth. I arose, and withdrew to the cedar parlour, followed by Lucy and Nancy. The gentlemen, seeming to recollect themselves, withdrew likewise to another apartment. My aunt came to me—Love!—But ah! my dear, how you tremble!—You must come with *me*. And then she told me what he had said to my grandmamma and her.

I have no courage—None at all, said I. If apprehension, if timidity, be signs of love, I have them all. Sir Charles Grandison has not one.

Nay, my dear, said Lucy, impute not to him want of respect, I beseech you.—*Respect*, my Lucy! what a poor word!—Had I only respect for him, we should be nearer an equality. Has he said anything of Lady Clementina?

Don't be silly, Harriet, said my aunt. You used to be——

Used to be!—Ah, madam! Sir Charles's heart, at *best*, a divided heart! I never had a trial till now.

I tell you all my foibles, Lady G——.

My aunt led me in to Sir Charles and my grandmamma. He met me at my entrance into the room, and in the most engaging manner, my aunt having taken her seat, conducted me to a chair which happened to be vacant between her and my grandmother. He took no notice of my emotion, and I the sooner recovered myself; and still the sooner, as he himself seemed to be in some little confusion. However, he sat down, and with a manly, yet respectful air, his voice gaining strength as he proceeded, thus delivered himself:

Never, ladies, was man more particularly circumstanced than he before you. You know my story: You know what once were the difficulties of my situation with a family that I must ever respect; with a lady of it whom I must ever revere: and you, madam (to my grandmamma), have had the goodness to signify to me, in a most engaging manner, that Miss Byron has added to the innumerable instances which she has given me of her true greatness of mind, a *kind*, and even a *friendly* concern for a lady who is the Miss Byron of Italy. I ask not excuse for the comparison. The heart of the man before you, madam (to me), in sincerity and frankness, emulates your own——

You want not excuse, sir, said my grandmamma—We all reverence Lady Clementina? We admire her.

He bowed to *each* of us ; as my aunt and I looked, I believe, assentingly to what my grandmamma said. He proceeded.

—Yet in so particular a situation, although what I have to say, may, I presume, be collected from what you know of my story ; and though my humble application to Miss Byron for her favour, and to you, ladies, for your interest with her, have not been discouraged ; something, however, may be necessary to be said, in this audience, of the state of my own heart, for the sake of this dear lady's delicacy and yours. And I will deliver myself with all the truth and plainness which I think are required in treaties of this nature, equally with those set on foot between nation and nation.

I am not insensible to beauty ; but the beauty of person *only*, never yet had power over more than my eye ; to which it gave a pleasure like that which it receives from the flowers of a gay parterre. Had *not* my heart been out of the reach of *personal* attractions, if I may so express myself ; and had I been my own master ; Miss Byron, in the first hour that I saw her (for her beauty suffered not by her distress) would have left me no other choice : but when I had the honour of conversing with her, I observed in her mind and behaviour that true dignity, delicacy, and noble frankness, which I ever thought characteristic in the sex, but never met with in equal degree, but in *one* lady. I soon found, that my admiration of her fine qualities was likely to lead me into a gentler, yet a more irresistible passion ; for of the lady abroad I then could have no reasonable, at least no *probable* hope : Yet were there circumstances between her and me, which I thought, in strict justice, obliged me to attend the issue of certain events.

I called myself therefore to account, and was alarmed when I found that Miss Byron's graces had stolen so imperceptibly on my heart, as already to have made an impression on it too deep for my tranquillity. I determined therefore, in honour, in justice to both ladies, to endeavour to restrain a passion so new, yet likely to be so fervent.

I had avocations in town, while Miss Byron was with my sisters in the country. Almost afraid of trusting myself in her presence, I pursued the *more* willingly those avocations in person, when I could have managed some of them, per-

haps, near as well, by other hands. Compassion for the one lady, because of her calamity, might at that time, I found, have been made to give way, *could those calamities have been overcome*, to love for the other. Nor was it difficult for me to observe, that my sisters and Lord L——, who knew nothing of my situation, would have chosen for a sister the young lady present, before every other woman.

Sometimes, I will own to you, I was ready, from that self-partiality and vanity which is too natural to men of vivacity and strong hopes, to flatter myself, that I might, *by my sister's interest*, have made myself *not unacceptable* to a lady, who seemed to be wholly disengaged in her affections: But I would not permit myself to dwell on such hopes: Every look of complaisance, every smile, which used to beam over that lovely countenance, I attributed to her natural goodness, and frankness of heart, and to that grateful spirit which made her over-rate a common service that I had been so happy as to render her. Had I even been free, I should have been careful not to deprive myself of that animating sunshine, by a too early declaration; for well did I know, by *other* men's experience, that Miss Byron, at the same time that her natural politeness, and sweetness of manners, engaged every heart, was not, however, easily to be won.

But, notwithstanding all my efforts to prevent a competition which had grown so fast upon me, I still found my uneasiness increase with my affection for Miss Byron. I had then but one way left—It was, to strengthen my heart in Clementina's cause, by Miss Byron's assistance: In short, to acquaint Miss Byron with my situation; to engage her generosity for Clementina, and thereby deprive myself of the encouragement my fond heart might have hoped for, had I indulged my wishes of obtaining her favour. My end was answered, as to the latter. Miss Byron's generosity was engaged for the lady; but was it possible that my obligations to her for that generosity should not add to my admiration of her?

At the time I laid before her my situation (it was in Lord L——'s study at Colnebrook), she saw my emotion. I could not conceal it. My abrupt departure from her must convince her, that my heart was too much engaged for that situation.* I desired Dr. Bartlett to take an airing with me, in hopes, by

* See vol. ii. p. 241-

his counsels, to compose my disordered spirits.* He knew the state of my heart: he knew, with regard to the proposals I had formerly made to the family at Bologna, relating to religion and residence (as I had also declared to the brothers of the lady), that no worldly grandeur should ever have induced me to allow, in a *beginning* address, the terms I was willing, as a compromise, to allow to that lady; for thoroughly had I weighed the inconveniences which must attend such an alliance: the lady zealous in her religion; the confessor, who was to be allowed her, equally zealous; the spirit of making proselytes so strong, and held by Roman Catholics to be so meritorious; and myself no less in earnest in my religion; I had no doubt to pronounce, I told the good ‘doctor, in confidence, that I should be much more happy ‘in marriage with the lady of Selby House, were she to be ‘induced to honour me with her hand, than it was possible ‘I could be with Lady Clementina, even were they to ‘comply with the conditions I had proposed; as I doubted ‘not but that lady would *also* be, were her health restored, ‘with a man of her own nation and religion:’ and I owned ‘to him, besides, ‘that I could have no hope of conquering ‘the opposition given me by the friends of Clementina; and ‘that I could not at times but think hardly of the indignities ‘cast upon me by some of them.’

The doctor, I knew, at the same time that he lamented the evil treatment Clementina met with from her mistaken friends, and her unhappy malady; admired her for her manifold excellences; next to adored Miss Byron: and he gave his voice accordingly. ‘But here, doctor, is the case, said I —Clementina is a woman with whom I had the honour of ‘being acquainted before I knew Miss Byron: Clementina ‘has infinite merits: she herself refused me not: *she* consented to accept of the terms I offered: she even besought ‘her friends to comply with them. She has an opinion of my ‘honour and of my tenderness for her. Till I had the happiness of knowing Miss Byron, I was determined to wait either ‘her recovery or release; and will Miss Byron herself, if she ‘knows that, forgive me (the circumstances not changed (for ‘the change of resolution of which Clementina was so ‘worthy? The treatment the poor lady has met with, *for*

* See vol. ii. p. 242.

‘ *my sake*, as once she wrote, though virgin modesty induced her to cross out those words, has heightened her disorder. She still, to this moment, wishes to see me: while there is a possibility, though not a probability of my being made the humble instrument of restoring an excellent woman, who in herself deserves from me every consideration of tenderness, *ought* I to wish to engage the heart (were I able to succeed in my wishes) of the *equally*-excellent Miss Byron?—Could I be happy in my own mind, were I to try, and to succeed? And if not, must I not be as ungrateful to her, as ungenerous to the other?—Miss Byron’s happiness cannot depend on *me*. She *must* be happy in the happiness she will give to the man of her choice *whoever* shall be the man!’

We were all silent. My grandmamma and aunt seemed determined to be so; and I *could* not speak. He proceeded.

‘ You knew not, dear Miss Byron, I wished you *not* to know, the conflicts my mind laboured with, when I parted with you on my going abroad. My destiny was wrapt up in doubt and uncertainty. I was invited over: Signor Jeronymo was deemed irrecoverable: he wished to see me, and desired but to *live* to see me. My presence was requested as a last effort to recover his noble sister. You yourself, madam, applauded my resolution to go: but, that I might not be thought to wish to engage you in my favour (so circumstanced as I was, that to have done so, would have been to have acted unworthily to *both* ladies) I insinuated my hopelessness of ever being nearer to you than I was.

‘ I was not able to take a formal leave of you. I went over. Success attended the kind, the soothing treatment which Clementina met with from her friends. Success also attended the means used for the recovery of the noble Jeronymo. Conditions were again proposed. Clementina, on her restoration, shone upon us all even with a brighter lustre than she did before her disorder. All her friends consented to reward with the hand of their beloved daughter, the man to whom they attributed secondarily the good they rejoiced in. I own to you, ladies, that what was before *honour* and *compassion*, now became *admiration*; and I should have been unjust to the merits of so excellent a woman, if I could not say, *love*. I concluded myself already the husband of Clementina; yet it would have been

‘strange, if the welfare and happiness of Miss Byron were not the next wish of my heart. I rejoiced that (despairing as I did of such an event before I went over, because of the articles of religion and residence) I had not sought to engage more than her friendship; and I devoted myself wholly to Clementina—*I own it, ladies*—And had I thought, angel as she came out, upon proof, that I could not have given her my heart, I had been equally unjust and ungrateful. For, dear ladies, if you know all her story, you must know, that occasion called her out to act gloriously; and that gloriously she answered the call.’

He paused. We were still silent. My grandmamma and aunt looked at each other by turns. But their eyes, as well as mine, at different parts of his speech, showed their sensibility. He proceeded, gracefully looking down, and at first with some little hesitation :

‘I am sensible, it is with a very ill grace, that, *refused*, as I must in justice call it though on the noblest motives, by Clementina, I come to offer myself, and so soon, after her refusal, to a lady of Miss Byron’s delicacy. I should certainly have acted more laudably, respecting my own character *only*, had I taken at least the usual time of a *widower-love*. But great minds, such as Miss Byron’s, and yours, ladies, are above common forms, where decorum is not neglected. As to myself, what do I, but declare a passion, that would have been, but for one obstacle, which is now removed, as fervent as man ever knew? Dr. Bartlett has told me, madam [*to me*], that you and my sisters have seen the letters I wrote to him from Italy: by the contents of some of those, and of the letters I left with *you*, madam [*to my grandmamma*], you have seen Clementina’s constant adherence to the step she so greatly took. In this letter, received but last Wednesday [taking one out of his bosom], you will see (my last letters to them unreceived as they must be) that I am urged by all her family, for the sake of setting *her* an example, to address myself to a lady of my own country. This *impels* me, as I may say, to *accelerate* the humble tender of my vows to you, madam. However hasty the step may be thought, in my situation, would not an inexcusable neglect, or seeming indifference, as if I were balancing as to the person, have

‘been attributable to me, had I, for *dull* and *cold* form’s sake, been capable of postponing the declaration of my affection to Miss Byron? And if, madam, you can so far get over observances, which perhaps, on consideration, will be found to be punctilious only, as to give your heart, with your hand, to a man who himself has been perplexed by what some would call (particular as it sounds) a *double love* (an embarrassment, however, not of his own seeking, or which he could possibly avoid), you will lay him under obligation to your goodness (to your magnanimity, I will call it), which all the affectionate tenderness of my life to come will never enable me to discharge.’

He then put the letter (a translation of it enclosed) into my hand. ‘I have already answered it, madam,’ said he, and acquainted my friend, that I have actually tendered myself to the acceptance of a lady worthy of a sisterly relation to their Clementina; and have not been rejected. Your goodness must enable me (I humbly hope it will) to give them still stronger assurances of your favour. On my happiness they have the generosity to build a part of their own.’

Not well before, I was more than once apprehensive of fainting, as he talked; agreeable as was his talk, and engaging as was his manner. My grandmamma and aunt saw my complexion change at his particular address to me, in the last part of his speech. Each put her kind hand on one of mine, and held it on it, as my other hand held my handkerchief now to my eyes, and now as a cover to myself-felt varying cheek.

At the same moment that he ceased speaking, he took our triply united hands in both his; and in the most respectful, yet graceful manner, his letter laid in my lap, pressed each of the three with his lips; mine twice. I could not speak. My grandmamma and aunt, delighted, yet tears standing in their eyes, looked upon each other, and upon me; each as expecting the other to speak. ‘I have, perhaps (said he, with some emotion), taken up too much of Miss Byron’s attention on this my first personal declaration: I will now return to the company below. To-morrow I will do myself the honour to dine with you. We will for this evening postpone the important subject. Miss Byron, I presume, will be best pleased to have it so. I shall to-morrow be favoured with the result of your deliberations. Meantime may I meet with an

‘interceding friend in every one I have had the pleasure to see this day! I must flatter myself with the honour of Miss Byron’s *whole* heart, as well as with the approbation of all her friends. I cannot be thought at *present*, to deserve it: but it shall be the endeavour of my life so to do.’

He withdrew, with a grace which was all his own.

The moment he was gone from us, my grandmamma threw her arms about her Harriet, then about my aunt; and they congratulated me, and each other.

We were all pained at heart, when we read the letter. It is from Signor Jeronymo, urging your brother to set the example to his sister, which they so much want her to follow. I send you the translation. Poor Lady Clementina! without seeing the last letters he wrote to them, she seems to be tired into compliance. I will not say one half that is upon my mind on this occasion, as you will have the letter before you. His last written letters will not favour her wishes. Poor lady! can I forbear to pity her? And still the more is she to be pitied, as your brother’s excellences rise upon us.

I besought my aunt to excuse me to the company.

Sir Charles joined his friends [*His* friends indeed they all are!] with a vivacity in his air and manner, which charmed everybody; while the silly heart of your Harriet would not allow her to enter into company the whole night. Indeed it wanted the inducement of his presence; for, to every one’s regret, he declined staying supper; yet my uncle put it to him—What, sir, do you choose to sup at your inn? My uncle will have it, that Sir Charles *looked* an answer of displeasure for suffering him to go to it at all. My uncle is a good-natured man. He will sometimes concede, when he is not convinced; and on every appearance which makes for his opinion, we are sure to hear of it.

I shall have an opportunity to-morrow morning early [This morning, I *might* say] to send this long letter by a neighbour, who is obliged to ride post to town on his own affairs.

Had I *not* had this agreeable employment, rest, I am sure, would not have come near me. Your brother, I hope, has found it. Remember, I always mean to include my dear Lady L—— in this correspondence: anybody else, but discretionally. My dear ladies both, Adieu.

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XCII.

Signor Jeronymo Della Porretta to Sir Charles Grandison.

Bologna, Sunday, { Sept. 24.
Oct. 5.

WE have, at last, my Grandison, some hopes given us that our dear Clementina will yield to our wishes.

The general, with his lady, made us a visit from Naples, on purpose to make a decisive effort, as he called it; and vowed that he would not return till he left her in a disposition to oblige us. The bishop, at one time, brought the patriarch to reason with her; who told her, that she ought not to think of the veil, unless her father and mother consented to her assuming it.

Mrs. Beaumont was prevailed upon to favour us with her company. She declared for us: and on Thursday last Clementina was still harder set. Her father, mother, the general, and his lady, the bishop, all came into my chamber, and sent for her. She came. Then did we all supplicate her to oblige us. The general was at first tenderly urgent: the bishop besought her: the young marchioness pressed her: my mother took her hand between both hers, and in silent tears could only sigh over it: and, lastly, my father dropt down on one knee to her.—My daughter, my child, said he, oblige me. Your Jeronymo could not refrain from tears.

She fell on her knees—O my father, said she, rise or I shall die at your feet!—Rise, my father!

Not, my dear, till you consent to oblige me.

Grant me but a little time, my father! my dear, my indulgent father!

The general thought he saw a flexibility which we had never before seen in her on this subject, and called upon her for her *instant* determination. Shall a father kneel in vain? said he. Shall a mother in weeping silence in vain entreat?—Now, my sister, comply—or—He sternly stopt.

Have patience with me, said she, but still the chevalier's next letters come: you expect them soon. Let me receive his next letter. And, putting her hand to her forehead—Rise, my father, or I die at your feet!

I thought the general pushed too hard. I begged that the next letters might be waited for.

Be it so, said my father, rising, and raising her: but whatever be the contents, remember, my dearest child, that I am your father, your indulgent father; and oblige me.

Will not this paternal goodness, my dear Clementina, said the general, prevail upon you? Your father, mother, brothers, are all ready to kneel to you: yet are we all to be slighted? And is a foreigner, an Englishman, an heretic (great and noble as is the man; a man, too, whom you have so gloriously refused) to be preferred to us all? Who can bear the thoughts of such a preference!

And remember, my sister, said the bishop, that you already know his opinion. You have already had his advice, in the letters he wrote to you in the month's correspondence which passed between you, before he left Italy. Think you, that the Chevalier Grandison can recede from an opinion solemnly given, the circumstances not having varied?

I have not been well. It is wicked to oppose my father, my mother: I cannot argue with my brothers. I have not been well. Spare me, spare me, my lords, to the general and the bishop. My father gives me time: Don't *you* deny it me.

My mother, afraid of renewing her disorder, said, Withdraw, my dear, if you choose to do so, and compose yourself: the intention is not to compel, but to persuade you.

O madam! said she, persuasion so strongly urged by my parents, is *more* than compulsion.—I take the liberty you give me.

She hurried to Mrs. Beaumont, and, throwing her arms about her, O madam, I have been oppressed! Oppressed by persuasion! By a kneeling father! By a weeping mother! By entreating brothers!—And this is but persuasion!—Cruel persuasion!

Mrs. Beaumont then entered into argument with her. She represented to her the general's inflexibility: her father's and mother's indulgence: the wishes of her two other brother's: she pleaded your opinion given as an impartial man, not merely as a Protestant: she told her of an admirable young lady of your own country, who was qualified to make you happy of whom she had heard several of your

countrymen speak with great distinction. This last plea, as the intimate friendship between you and Mrs. Beaumont is so well known, took her attention. She would not for the world stand in the way of the Chevalier Grandison. She wished *you* to be happy, she said, whatever became of *her*. Father Marescotti strongly enforced this point; and advised her to come to some resolution, *before* your next letters arrived, as it was not to be doubted but the contents of them would support your former opinion. The patriarch's arguments were re-urged with additional force. A day was named when she was again to be brought before her assembled friends. Mrs. Beaumont applauded her for the magnanimity she had already shewn, in the discharge of her duty to Heaven; and called upon her to distinguish herself equally in the filial.

Clementina took time to consider of these and other arguments; and after three hours passed in her closet, she gave the following written paper to Mrs. Beaumont: which, she said, she hoped, when read in full assembly, would excuse her from attending her friends in the proposed congress.

‘ I AM tired out, my dear Mrs. Beaumont, with your kindly meant importunities:

‘ With the importunities, prayers, and entreaties of my brothers.

‘ O my *mamma*! how well do you deserve even implicit obedience, from a daughter who has overclouded your happy days! You never knew discomfort till your hapless Clementina gave it you! The sacrifice of my life would be a poor atonement for what I have made you suffer.

‘ But who can withstand a *kneeling* father? Indeed my papa, ever good, ever indulgent, I dread to see you! Let me not again behold you as on Thursday last.

‘ I have denied to myself, and *such* the motive, that I must not, I do not repent it, the man I esteemed. I never can be his.

‘ Father Marescotti, though he now loves the *man*, suggests that my late disorder might be a judgment upon me for suffering my heart to be engaged by the *heretic*.

‘ I am absolutely forbidden to think of atoning for my fault by the only measure that, in my opinion, could have done it.

‘ You tell me, Mrs. Beaumont, and all my friends join
‘ with you, that honour, generosity, and the esteem which
‘ I avow for the Chevalier Grandison, as my friend, as my
‘ fourth brother, all join to oblige me to promote the happi-
‘ ness of a man I myself have disappointed. And you are
‘ of opinion, that there is one particular woman of his own
‘ country, who is capable of making him happy—But do
‘ you say, that I ought to give the *example*?—Impossible!
‘ Honour, and the punctilio of women, will not permit me
‘ to do *that* !

‘ But thus pressed ; thus dreading again to see a *kneeling*
‘ father ; a weeping mother ; and having reason to think I
‘ may not live long ; that a relapse into my former malady,
‘ with the apprehensions of which Father Marescotti terrifies
‘ me, may be the punishment of my disobedience [Cruel
‘ Father Marescotti, to terrify me with an affliction I so
‘ much dread !] and that it will be a consolation to me, in
‘ my departing hour, to reflect that I have obeyed my parents,
‘ in an article on which their hearts are immovably fixed ;
‘ and still further being assured, that they will look upon
‘ my resignation as a compensation for all the troubles I
‘ have given them, for many, many months passed—God
‘ enable me, I pray, to resign to *their* will. But if I *cannot*,
‘ shall I be still entreated, still persuaded?—I hope not.—I
‘ will do my endeavour to prevail on myself to obey—But
‘ whatever be the event of my self-contendings, Grandison
‘ must give the example.’

How, my Grandison, did we congratulate ourselves, when we read this paper, faint as are the hopes it gives us !

Our whole endeavour is now to treat her with tender observance, that she may not think of receding. Nor will we ask her to see the person she knows we favour, till we can assure her, that you will set her the example. And if there be a lady with whom you think you could be happy, may not this, my dear Grandison, pleaded by you, be a motive with her ?

The Count of Belvedere has made overtures to us, which are too great for our acceptance, were this alliance to take place. We have been told, but not by himself, the danger to which his despair had subjected him, in more than one

visit to you at Bologna, had you not borne with his rashness. You know him to be a man of probity, of piety. He is a zealous Catholic; and you must allow, that a religious zeal is a strengthener, a confirmer, of all the social sanctions. He is learned; and, being a domestic man, he, contrary to the Italian custom, admires in a wife those intellectual improvements which make a woman a fit companion for her husband. You know how much the marchioness excels almost all the women of quality in Italy, in a taste for polite literature: you know she has encouraged the same taste in her daughter; and the count considers her as the only woman in Italy with whom he can be happy.

As you, my Grandison, cannot now be my brother by marriage, the Count of Belvedere is the only man in the world I can wish to be so. He is of Italy. My sister, always so dear to us, and he, will be ever with us, or we with them. He knows the unhappy way she has been in; and was so far from making that an objection, that when her malady was at the height (being encouraged by physicians to hope that her recovery would be the probable consequence), he would have thought himself the happiest of men, could he have been honoured with her hand. He knows her love of you. He adores her for her motive of refusing you. He loves you; and is confident of the inviolable honour of both. Whose alliance, on all these considerations, can be so desirable to us as that with the Count of Belvedere?

Surely, my dear friend, it must be in your power to set the example: In *yours* who could subdue a whole family of zealous Catholics, and keep your own religion; and who could engage the virgin heart of one of the most delicate women in the world. What woman, who has a heart to bestow; what family, that has a daughter or sister to give; can withstand you? Religion and country of both the same?

Give us hope, therefore, my dear Grandison, that you will make the effort. Assure us, that you will not scruple, if you can succeed, to set the example; and on this assurance we will claim from Clementina the effects of the hope she has given us: and if we *can* prevail, will in England

return you thanks for the numberless favours you have conferred upon us.

Thus earnestly, as well from inclination, as in compliance with the pressing entreaties of every one of a family which I hope are still, and ever will be, dear to you, do I, your Jeronymo, your brother, your friend, solicit you. Mrs. Beaumont joins with us. She scruples not, she bids me tell you, to pronounce, that you and Clementina will both be more happy ; she with the Count of Belvedere [your respective countries so distant, your religion so different] : you with an Englishwoman : than you could have been with each other. Mrs. Beaumont has owned to me in private, that you often in conversation with her, even while you had hope of calling Clementina yours, lamented, for her sake, as well as your own, the unhappy situation, with respect to religion, you were both in ; and that you had declared more than once to her, as indeed you did once to us, that in a *beginning* address you would not have compromised thus with a princess. May we not expect everything, my Grandison, from your magnanimity ? We hope it is in your *power*, and we doubt not your *will*, to contribute to our happiness. But whatever be the event, I beseech you, my dear friend, continue to love your

JERONYMO.



LETTER XCIII.

Lady G—— to Miss Byron.

Grosvenor Square, Sunday, Oct. 15.

CAN I forgive your pride, your petulance ?—No, Harriet ; positively no ! I write to scold you ; and having *ordered* my lord to sup abroad, I shall perhaps oblige you with a long letter. We honest folks, who have not abundance of love-fooling upon our hands, find ourselves happy in a good deal of quiet leisure : and I love to chide and correct you wise ones.—Thus then I begin :—

Ridiculous parade among you ! I blame you all. Could he not have been Mrs. Shirley's guest, if he was not to be permitted to repose under the same roof with his sovereign lady and mistress ? But must you let him go to an inn ?—What for ? Why to show the world he was but on a foot,

at present, with your other humble servants ; and be *thought* no more, by the insolent Greville, and affronted as an invader of his rights. Our sex is a foolish sex. Too little or too much parade. Yet, Lord help us ! were it not that we must be afraid to appear over forward to the man *himself*, we should treat the opinion of the world with contempt.

And yet, after all, what with Lady Clementina, what with the world, and what with our own punctilio, and palpitating hearts, and so forth, and all that, and more than all that ; I own you are pretty nicely circumstanced. But, my life for yours, you will behave like a simpleton, on occasion of his next address to you : And why ? Did you ever know that people did not, who were full of apprehensions, who aimed at being very delicate, who were solicitous to take their measures from the judgment of those without them ; pragmatistical souls, perhaps, who form their notions either on what they have *read*, or by the addresses to them of their own silly fellows, awkward and unmeaning, and by no means to be compared, for integrity, understanding, politeness, to my brother ? Consider, child, that he having seen, in different countries, perhaps a hundred women equally specious with the present mistress of his destiny, were form and outward grace to be the attractives, is *therefore* fitter to *give* than *take* the example.

But, Harriet, I write to charge you not to increase your own difficulties by too much parade : your frankness of heart is a prime consideration with him. He expects not to meet with the *girl*, but the *sensible woman*, in his address to you. He is pursuing a laudable end—Don't tease him with pug's tricks—'What, my dear Lady G——, should I have 'done ?' say you—What signifies asking me now ? Did not you lay your heads together ? And the wisest which ever were set on women's shoulders ? But indeed I never knew consultations of any kind turn to account. It is only a parcel of people getting together, proposing doubts, and puzzling one another, and ending as they began, if not worse. Doctors differ. So many persons, so many minds.

And oh how your petulant heart throbbed with indignation, because he came not to breakfast with you ! What benefit has a polite man over an unpolite one, where the latter shall have his rusticity allowed for (oh *that is his way* !)

and when the other has expectations, drawn upon him, which if not *critically* answered, he is not to be forgiven ! He is a prudent man : he may have overslept himself—Might dream of *Clementina*. Then it was a fault in him, that he stayed to dine on the road—His horses might want rest, truly ! —Upon my word, Harriet, a woman in love, is—a woman in love. Wise or foolish before, we are all equally foolish then : the same forward, petulant, captious babies :—I protest, we are very silly creatures, all of us, in these circumstances ; and did not love make men as great fools as ourselves, they would hardly think us worthy of their pursuit. Yet I am so true to the freemasonry myself, that I would think the man who should dare to say half I have written, of our *dollships*, ought not to go away with his life.

My sister and I are troubled about this Greville. Inform us, the moment you can, of the particulars of what passed between my brother and him ; pray do. We long also to see the letter he has put into your hands from Bologna. It is on the road, we hope.

Caroline and I are as much concerned for your honour, your punctilio, as you, or any of you, can be. But, by the account you give of my brother's address to you in presence of your grandmother and aunt, as well as from our knowledge of his politeness, neither you nor we need to trouble our heads about it : it may be all left to him. He knows so well what becomes the character of the woman whom he hopes to call his wife, that you will be sure of your dignity being preserved, if you place a confidence in him. And yet no man is so much above mere formal regards as he is. Let me enumerate instances, from your letter before me.

His own intention, in the first place, not to surprise you by his visits, as you apprehended he would, which would have made him look like a man of self-imagined consequence to you—His providing himself with accommodations at an inn ; and not giving way to the invitation, even of your *sagacious* uncle Selby—[I must rally him. Does he spare me?]—His singling you out on Friday from your men friends, yet giving you the opportunity of your aunt's and grandmother's company, to make his personal application, to you for your favour—His requesting the interest of your other friends with you, as if he presumed not on your former

acquaintance, and this after an application, not discouraged, made to your friends and you.

As to his equanimity in his first address to you ; his retaining your hand, forsooth, before all your friends, and so-forth ; never find fault with that, Harriet. [Indeed you do make an excuse for the very freedom you blame—*So lover like !—*] He is the very man, that a conscious young woman, as you are, should wish to be addressed by : so much courage, yet so much true modesty—What, I warrant, you would have had a man chalked out for you, who should have stood at a distance, bowed, scraped, trembled ; while you had nothing to do, but bridle, and make stiff courtesies to him, with your hands before you—Plagued with *his* doubts, and with *your own* diffidences ; afraid he would *now*, and *now*, and *now*, pop out the question ; which he had not the courage to put ; and so running on, simpering, fretting, fearing, two parallel lines, side by side, and never meeting ; till some interposing friends, in pity to you both, put one's head pointing to the other's head, and stroking and clapping the shoulders of each, set you at each other, as men do by other dunghill-bred creatures.

You own, he took no notice of your emotion when he first addressed himself to you ; so gave you an opportunity to look up, which otherwise you would have wanted. Now don't you think you know a man creature or two, who would, on such an occasion, have grinned you quite out of countenance, and insulted you with their pity for being modest ?—But you own, that he had emotion too, when he first opened his mind to you—What a deuce would the girl have ?—Orme and Fowler in your head, no doubt ! The tremblings of rejected men, and the fantasies of romantic women, were to be a rule to my brother, I suppose, with your mock-majesty !—Ah, Harriet ! Did I not say that we women are very silly creatures ?—But my brother is a *good* man—So we must have something to find fault with him for.—Hah, hah, hah, hah ! What do you laugh at, Charlotte ?—What do I laugh at, Harriet ?—Why, at the idea of a couple of *loveyers*, taken each with a violent ague fit, at their first approach to each other—Hands shaking—Knees trembling—Lips quivering—Tongue faltering—Teeth chattering—I had a good mind to present you with an ague dialogue between such a trembling couple.—I, I, I, I, says the lover—You, you, you, you, says

the girl, if able to speak at all. But, Harriet, you shall have the whole on demand. Rave at me, if you will: but love, as it is called by boys and girls, shall ever be the subject of my ridicule. Does it not lead us girls into all manner of absurdities, inconveniences, undutifulness, disgrace?—Villanous cupidity!—It does.

To be serious—Neither does my brother address you in a style that impeaches either his own understanding, or yours. —Another fault, Harriet, is it not?—But sure you are not so *very* a girl!

The justice he does to Lady Clementina and her family [Let me be very serious, when I speak of Clementina], is a glorious instance as well of his greatness of mind, as of his sincerity. He has no need to depreciate one lady, to help him to exalt (or do justice, I should rather say, to) another. By praising her, he makes noble court to you, in supposing you, as you are, one of the most generous of women. How great is his compliment to *both* ladies, when he calls Clementina the Miss Byron of Italy! Who, my dear, ever courted woman as my brother courts you? Indeed there can be but very few men who have such a woman to court.

He suffers you not to ask for an account of the state of his heart from the time he knew you first till now. He gives it to you unasked. And how glorious is that account, both to you and himself!

Let us look back upon his conduct when last in Italy, and when every step seemed to lead to his being the husband of another woman.

The recovery of Clementina, and of her noble brother, seem to be the *consequence* of his friendly goodness. The grateful family all join to reward him with their darling's hand; her heart supposed to be already his. He, like the man of honour he is, concludes himself bound by his former offers. They accept him upon those terms. The lady's merits shine out with transcendent lustre in the eyes of every one, even of us his sisters, and of *you*, Harriet, and your best friends: Must they not in *his*, to whom *Merit* was ever the *first*, *Beauty* but the *second* attractive? He had no tie to any other woman on earth: he had only the tenderness of his own heart, with regard to Miss Byron, to contend with. *Ought* he not to have contended with it? He *did*; and so far

conquered, as to enable himself to be *just* to the lady, whose great qualities, and the concurrence of her friends in his favour, had converted compassion for her into love. And who that hears her story, can forbear to love her? But with what tenderness, with what politeness, does he, in his letter to his chosen correspondent, express himself of Miss Byron! He declares, that if *she* were not to be happy, it would be a great abatement of his own felicity. You, however, remember how politely he recalls his apprehensions that you may not, on his account, be altogether so happy as he wishes, as the suggestions of his own presumption; and censures himself for barely supposing, that he had been of consequence enough with you to give you pain.

How much to your honour, before he went over, does he account for your smiles, for your frankness of heart, in his company! He would not build upon them: Nor indeed could he know the state of your heart, as *we* did: He had not the opportunity. How silly was your punctilio, that made you sometimes fancy it was out of mere compassion that he revealed to you the state of his engagement abroad! You see he tells you, that such was his opinion of your greatness of mind, that he thought he had no other way but to put it in your power to check him, if his love for you should stimulate him to an act of neglect to the lady to whom (she having never refused him, and not being then in a condition either to claim him, or set him free) he thought himself under obligation. Don't you revere him for his honour to her, the nature of her malady considered?—What must he have suffered, in this conflict!

Well, and now, by a strange turn in the lady, but glorious to herself, as he observes, the obstacle removed, he applies to Miss Byron for her favour. How sensible is he of what delicacy requires from her! How justly (respecting his love for you) does he account for not postponing, for the sake of *cold* and *dull* form, as he justly expresses it, his address to you! How greatly does the letter he delivered to you favour his argument! Ah the poor Clementina! *Cruel* persuaders her relations! I hate and pity them in a breath. Never, before, did hatred and pity meet in the same bosom, as they do in mine, on this occasion. His difficulties, my dear, and the uncommon situation he is in, as if he were offering you

but a divided love, enhance your glory. You are reinstated on the female throne, to the lowermost step of which you once was afraid you had descended. You are offered a man, whose perplexities have not proceeded from the entanglements of intrigue, inconstancy, perfidy; but from his own compassionate nature: And could you, by any other way in the world than by this supposed divided love, have had it in your power, by accepting his humbly-offered hand, to lay him under obligation to you, which he thinks he never shall be able to discharge? Lay *him*—Who?—SIR CHARLES GRANDISON—For whom so many virgin hearts have sighed in vain!—And what a triumph to our sex is this, as well as to my Harriet!

And now, Harriet, let me tell you, that my sister and I are both in great expectations of your next letter. It is, it must be, written before you will have this. My brother is more than man: you have only to shew yourself to be superior to the *forms* of woman. If you play the fool with him, now that you have the power you and we have so long wished you—If you give pain to his noble, because sincere heart, by any the least shadow of female affectation; you, who have hitherto been distinguished for so amiable a frankness; you, who cannot doubt his honour—the honour of a man who solicits your favour in even a *great* manner, a manner in which no man before him ever courted a woman, because few men before him have ever been so particularly circumstanced; a manner that gives you an opportunity to outshine, in your acceptance of him, even the noble Clementina in her refusal; as bigotry must have been, in part, her motive—If, I say, you act foolishly, weakly, now—Look to it—You will depreciate, if not cast away, your own glory, Remember you have a man to deal with, who, from the behaviour of us his sisters to Mrs. Oldham, at his first return to England, took measure of our minds, and, without loving us the less for it, looked down upon us with pity; and made us, ever since, look upon ourselves in a diminishing light, and as sisters who have greater reason to glory in their brother, than he has in them. Would you not rather, you who are to stand in a still nearer relation to him, invite his admiration, than his pity? Till last Friday night you had it: What Saturday has produced, we shall soon guess.

Not either Lord L—— or Lord G——, not Emily, not aunt Eleanor, now, either see or hear read what you write, except here and there a passage, which you yourself would not scruple to hear read to them. Are not you our third sister? To each of us our next self: And, what gives you still more dignity, the elected wife of our brother!

Adieu, my love! In longing expectation of your next, we subscribe your affectionate

CAROLINE L——.

CHARLOTTE G——.

—o—

LETTER XCIV.

Miss Byron to Lady G——.

Saturday, Oct. 14.

MR.^s FENWICK has just now been telling us, from the account given him by that Greville, vile man! how the affair was between him and Sir Charles Grandison. Take it briefly, as follows.

About eight yesterday morning, that audacious wretch went to the George, at Northampton; and, after making his inquiries, demanded an audience of Sir Charles Grandison. Sir Charles was near dressed, and had ordered his chariot to be ready, with intent to visit us early.

He admitted of Mr. Greville's visit. Mr. Greville confesses that his own behaviour was *peremptory* (his word for *insolent*, I suppose). I hear, sir, said he, that you are come down into this country in order to carry off from us the richest jewel in it—I need not say whom. My name is Greville: I have long made my addresses to her, and have bound myself under a vow, that, were a prince to be my competitor, I would dispute his title to her.

You seem to be a *princely* man, sir, said Sir Charles, offended with his air and words, no doubt. You need not, Mr. Greville, have told me your name: I have heard of you. What *your* pretensions are, I know not; your vow is nothing to me. I am master of my own actions; and shall not account to you, or any man living, for them.

I presume, sir, you came down with the intention I have hinted at? I beg only your answer as to that. I beg it as a favour, gentleman to gentleman.

The manner of your address to me, sir, is not such as will entitle you to an answer for your *own* sake. I will tell you, however, that I am come down to pay my devoirs to Miss Byron. I hope for acceptance; and know not that I am to make allowance for the claim of any man on earth.

Sir Charles Grandison, I know your character: I know your bravery. It is from that knowledge that I consider you as a fit man for me to talk to. I am not a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, sir.

I make no account of *who* or *what* you are, Mr. Greville. Your visit is not, at this time, a welcome one: I am going to breakfast with Miss Byron. I shall be here in the evening, and at leisure, then, to attend to anything you shall think yourself authorised to say to me, on this or any other subject.

We may be overheard, sir—Shall I beg you to walk with me into the garden below? You are going to breakfast, you say, with Miss Byron. *Dear* Sir Charles Grandison, oblige me with an audience, of five minutes only, in the back-yard or garden.

In the evening, Mr. Greville, command me anywhere: but I will not be broken in upon now.

I will not leave you at liberty, Sir Charles, to make your visit where you are going, till I am gratified with one five minutes' conference with you below.

Excuse me then, Mr. Greville, that I give orders, as if you were not here. Sir Charles rang. Up came one of his servants—Is the chariot ready?—Almost ready, was the answer.—Make haste. Saunders may see his friends in this neighbourhood: he may stay with them till Monday. Frederick and you attend me.

He took out a letter, and read in it, as he walked about the room, with great composure, not regarding Mr. Greville, who stood swelling, as he owned, at one of the windows, till the servant withdrew; and then he addressed himself to Sir Charles in language of reproach on this contemptuous treatment.—Mr. Greville, said Sir Charles, you may be thankful, perhaps, that you are in my own apartment: this intrusion is a very ungentlemanly one.

Sir Charles was angry, and expressed impatience to be gone. Mr. Greville owned, that he knew not how to contain himself, to see his rival, with so many advantages in his

person and air, dressed avowedly to attend the woman he had so long—Shall I say, been troublesome to? For I am sure he never had the shadow of countenance from me.

I repeat my demand, Sir Charles, of a conference of five minutes below.

You have no right to make any demand upon me, Mr. Greville: if you think you have, the evening will be time enough. But, even then, you must behave more like a gentleman, than you have done hitherto, to entitle yourself to be considered as on a foot with me.

Not on a foot with you, sir!—And he put his hand upon his sword. A gentleman is on a foot with a prince, sir, in a point of honour——

Go, then, and find out your prince, Mr. Greville: I am no prince: and you have as much reason to address yourself to the man you never saw as to me.

His servant just then shewing himself, and withdrawing; Mr. Greville, added he, I leave you in possession of this apartment. Your servant, sir. In the evening I shall be at your command.

One word with you, Sir Charles—One word——

What would Mr. Greville? turning back.

Have you made proposals? Are your proposals accepted?

I repeat, that you ought to have behaved differently, Mr. Greville, to be entitled to an answer to these questions.

Answer me, however, sir: I beg it as a favour.

Sir Charles took out his watch.—After nine: I shall make them wait. But thus I answer you: I have made proposals; and, as I told you before, hope they will be accepted.

Were you any other man in the world, sir, the man before you might question your success with a woman whose difficulties are argued by the obsequiousness of her admirers. But such a man as you would not have come down on a fool's errand. I love Miss Byron to distraction. I could not shew my face in the county, and suffer any man out of it to carry away such a prize.

Out of the county, Mr. Greville? What narrowness is this! But I pity you for your love of Miss Byron: and——

You *pity* me, sir! interrupted he.—I bear not such

haughty tokens of superiority. Either give up your pretensions to Miss Byron, or make me sensible of it, in the way of a gentleman.

Mr. Greville, your servant: and he went down.

The wretch followed him; and when they came to the yard, and Sir Charles was stepping into his chariot, he took his hand, several persons present—We are observed, Sir Charles, whispered he. Withdraw with me, for a few moments. By the great God of heaven, you must not refuse me! I cannot bear that you should go thus triumphantly on the business you are going upon.

Sir Charles suffered himself to be led by the wretch: and, when they were come to a private spot, Mr. Greville drew, and demanded Sir Charles to do the like, putting himself in a posture of defence.

Sir Charles put his hand on his sword, but drew it not. Mr. Greville, said he, know your own safety; and was turning from him, when the wretch swore he would admit of no alternative, but his giving up his pretensions to Miss Byron.

His rage, as Mr. Fenwick describes it from himself, making him dangerous, Sir Charles drew.—I only defend myself, said he—Greville, you keep no guard—He put by his pass with his sword; and, without making a push, closed in with him; twisted his sword out of his hand; and, pointing his own to his breast, You see my power, sir—Take your life, and your sword—But if you are either wise, or would be thought a man of honour, tempt not again your fate.

And am I again master of my sword, and unhurt? 'Tis generous—The evening, you say?

Still I say, I will be yours in the evening, either at your own house, or at my inn; but not as a duellist, sir: you know my principles.

How can this be? and he swore. How was it done?—Expose me not at Selby House—How she devil could this be?—I expect you in the evening here.

He went off a back-way. Sir Charles, instead of going directly into his chariot, went up to his apartment; wrote his billet to my aunt to excuse himself, finding it full late to get hither in time, and being somewhat discomposed in his temper, as he owned to us; and then he took an airing in his chariot, till he came hither to dine.

But how should we have been alarmed, had we known that Sir Charles declined supping here, in order to meet the violent man again at his inn! And how did we again blame ourselves for taking amiss his not supping with us!

Mr. Fenwick says, that Mr. Greville got *him* to accompany him to the George.

Sir Charles apologised, with great civility, to Mr. Greville, for making him wait for him. Mr. Greville, *had* he been disposed for mischief, had no use of his right arm. It was strained by the twisting of his sword from it, and in a sling.

Sir Charles behaved to them both with great politeness; and Mr. Greville owned, that he had acted nobly by him, in returning his sword, even before his passion was calmed, and in not using his own. But it was some time, it seems, before he was brought into this temper. What a good deal contributed to it, was Sir Charles's acquainting him, that he had not given particulars at Selby House, or to anybody, of the affray between them; but referred it to himself to give them, as he should think proper. This forbearance he highly applauded, and was even thankful for it. Fenwick shall, in confidence, said he, report this matter to your honour, and my own mortification, as the truth requires, at Selby House. Let me not be hated by Miss Byron, on this account. My passion gave me disadvantage. I will try to honour you, Sir Charles: but I must hate you, if you succeed. One condition, however, I make: that you reconcile me to the Selbys, and Miss Byron; and if you are likely to be successful, let me have the credit of reporting that it is by my consent.

They parted with civility; but not, it seems, till a late hour. Sir Charles, as Mr. Beauchamp and Dr. Bartlett have told us, was always happy in making, by his equanimity, generosity, and forgivingness, fast friends of inveterate enemies. Thank God, the issue was not unhappy.

Mr. Fenwick says, that the rencounter is very little guessed at, or talked of; [Thank God for that, too!] and to those few, who have inquired of Mr. Greville or Mr. Fenwick about it, it has been denied; and now Greville, as Mr. Fenwick had done before, declares he will give out, that he yields up all his hopes of Miss Byron; but says, that Sir Charles Grandison, of whose address everybody already talks,

is the only man in England to whom he could resign his pretensions.

He insists upon Sir Charles's dining with him to-morrow; Mr. Fenwick also. Sir Charles is so desirous that the neighbourhood should conclude, that he and these gentlemen are on a foot of good understanding, that he made the less scruple, for every one's sake, to accept of his invitation.

I am very, very thankful, my dearest Lady G——, that the constant blusterings of this violent man, for so many months past, are so happily overblown.

Mr. Fenwick, as I guessed he would, made proposals to my aunt and me for my Lucy. Lucy has a fine fortune: but if she had not, he should not have her: indeed he is not worthy of Lucy's mind. He must be related to me, he said: but I answered, No man must call Lucy Selby his, who can have any other motive for his wishes but her merit.

We hourly expect your brother. The new danger he has been in on my account, endears him still more to us all. How, how, will you forbear, said my uncle, throwing yourself into his arms at once, when he demands the result of our deliberations? If I follow Mr. Deane's advice, I am to give him my hand at the *first* word: if Lucy's and Nancy's, he is not to ask me *twice*: if my grandmamma's and aunt's [They are always good], I am to act as occasion requires, and as my own confided-in prudence will suggest at the time; but to be sure not to be guilty of affectation. But still, my dear ladies, something sticks with me (and ought it not?) in relation to the noble Clementina!

END OF VOL. III.

